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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS













THE LIFE  
AND  
LITERARY REMAINS  
OF  
CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON:  
WITH  
REMARKS ON HIS CHARACTER AND GENIUS,  
By W. J. FOX.

---

EDITED BY JOHN FOWLER,  
SECRETARY OF THE SHEFFIELD MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

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LONDON:  
CHARLES FOX, 67, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1843.

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## INTRODUCTION.

---

To those who knew and loved Charles Reece Pemberton, this volume of his collected writings will be dearly welcome: it will by them be received—as it is intended—as a remembrancer and memorial of one of the most remarkable and affection-inspiring men of genius that ever lived. The beautiful and life-like portrait—with its look of spiritualized intelligence—will, it is supposed, materially enhance the value of the book in the estimation of those to whom his personal appearance was familiar. “Better late than never” is an old saying; and though “The Life and Literary Remains” of “poor Charles” would have appeared to more advantage sooner after his death, his gentleness, his truth, and his unequalled abilities are still in the vivid recollections of many.

With one or two exceptions, this work is perhaps as complete as it has been possible for me to make it. His writings were, as his life, fragmentary; and in them may be found inequalities and seeming incongruities; but as they were written so are they here presented. As far as my own knowledge extends, I have omitted nothing of importance that was available. The whole of the three Dramas are printed because the author expressed a desire for their preservation. I had an opportunity of seeing many of his unpublished papers—equal in interest to anything of his the world has yet seen—but I have forbore to use them for fear of breaking his death-bed injunction.

I regret that it has not been in my power to give a more accurate and connected biography of a man so deserving of note. With the exception of a few casual social meetings, I knew nothing of him personally beyond seeing him in the capacity of a public lecturer; and as he has himself, in the “Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice,” described his early life, and as he passed many years in a manner altogether unknown, even to his nearest relatives and friends, I have, of necessity, been merely able to make a poor and slight sketch, where the subject was worthy of a good and finished picture. But entirely apart from the striking in-



cidents of his life, his character, as a man and an artist, is in every way entitled to attention ; and his varied powers and peculiarities have been analyzed and illustrated, in a spirit of candour and sympathy, by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. W. J. Fox, and other friends of genius and of truth. As far as has been practicable I have quoted the opinions of these gentlemen in preference to giving my own ; feeling sure that all admirers of Pemberton would be glad to see the estimation he was held in by some of those who are not only eminent in station but great in talent.

The Editorship of this work was undertaken by me at the request of a number of Pemberton's friends : amongst them might have been found many who knew him better than I did, and whose capabilities to do him justice are far greater than mine. From many gentlemen of great literary reputation, I have received warm wishes for the success of the enterprize ; but Mr. W. J. Fox has proved his interest in the cause, by writing and contributing a most valuable paper, which will be found at the end of the volume.

In the exercise of my duties as Editor, I have had little to do beyond the arrangement of the matter for the printers and the supervision of the work while in their hands. It is here necessary to say that the nature of my daily avocations has prevented me paying the close and constant attention to the correction of the proof-sheets which I desired ; and to that circumstance I trust will be attributed the verbal or other errors—(few I hope they are)—that may be found. I have very carefully avoided making alterations in the language of the Author, except where absolutely necessary : it has been my object to give not merely his opinions, but his words entire. There is as much originality and individuality in his language as in his sentiments.

With his views on some subjects I do not agree ; but of his truth-loving spirit and his truth-searching intentions in all his enquiries, whether on politics, morals, or religion, I have the most implicit faith.

My connexion with this work affords me great gratification. I know no man living—and few men dead—who have done more than Charles Reece Pemberton for some of the best interests of humanity ; and to assist, however humbly, in perpetuating his memory, is a source of pleasure and of pride.

JOHN FOWLER.

October, 1843.

Occupation Road, Sheffield.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE  
OF  
CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON.

---

THE man lives not, I believe, that could write a just and full account of the life of CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON. There are a few—very few individuals who might give a truthful estimate of his aims and his powers, but none could narrate in succession the whole of the remarkable adventures through which he passed. His feelings spoke in his actions, his genius shone in his lectures and writings; and his feelings and genius might be described by those who had the requisite amount of sympathy and perception: but as a great portion of his life was spent away from the land of his birth, and in a manner unknown to his relatives and friends, (and as he left nothing on the subject, except “The Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice,” and occasional fragments delivered to friends in moments of social enjoyment,) not much can be said about facts and dates. This, however, is comparatively little to be regretted. “The Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice” shews the formation of the author’s mind—it is, indeed, written in “words that burn,” and is worth volumes of *mere* facts and dates—and this, with Mr. Fox’s admirable essay on his character and genius, throws so much light upon the mental and moral nature of the man, that how he lived and where he lived become of secondary importance. For my own part, I cannot pretend to more than a very slight acquaintance with the actual occurrences of his life; and as his character has been analyzed and illustrated by others (much better than I could hope to do), from whom I shall quote, I must be content to note down, of necessity very briefly, such information as I have been able to obtain. Of his early history I know scarcely anything, except what he has himself written in the “Pel. Verjuice” papers; and of his later years I am acquainted chiefly through newspaper reports and conversations with friends.

CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON (or, as he was registered, Thomas Reece Pemberton) was born in Pontypool, South Wales, January 23rd,

1790. His father was a Warwickshire man,—his mother a Welsh-woman; and he was the second of three children. His elder brother was called Richard Reece, and his younger brother William Dobson. When he was about four or five years of age, his parents, with their family, left Wales for Birmingham. Shortly afterwards he was placed in a Unitarian Charity School at Birmingham, which was under the superintendence of Mr. Daniel Wright, of whom he said a few weeks before his death—"I owe more to Daniel Wright than I do to any other man on earth, except my father." The instruction he here received, so far as it went, appears to have been of the most valuable kind: and the feeling heart and sound sense of his tutor were themes on which he delighted to dwell.

The period, however, allowed for learning at school was brief. He was early apprenticed to an uncle, a brass founder, at the corner of Livery Street, Great Charles Street, Birmingham. Now came his first great struggle with the world and worldliness. The few years he spent in the service of his uncle were marked by a rapid succession of character-forming incidents, on which it would be worse than useless here to dwell, as he has himself detailed them in a most graphic manner in his autobiography. Owing to misunderstandings between himself and his uncle-master, his situation was at times intolerable, and the only relief he found was in the periodical visits he made to his father, who appears to have been a man of an intelligent and independent spirit. At the age of seventeen he ran away, with a companion, from his uncle's house and went to Liverpool. He was there kidnapped by a press-gang and sent to sea. His name was entered on the ship-books "Charles Reece." For several years he served in ships of war, and was occasionally engaged in skirmishes and battles; and passed through many strange adventures consequent upon his seafaring life.

Up to this period his autobiography furnishes an account of his "outgoings and incomings;" but to the events of the next twenty or more years following, there is no satisfactory clue. He became an actor and was manager of several theatres in the West Indies. By this profession he there earned a brilliant reputation with a prospect of great pecuniary success. Untoward circumstances destroyed his hopes. He married a lady of great beauty and talent (Fanny Pritchard was her name, I believe) and he anticipated a life of domestic happiness: but the marriage was not fortunate, and his promised joy proved his certain misery. They had one son, of whose fate I am ignorant. His desire for change of scenes returned—if it had ever left him—with the departure of his heart's dear hopes. He was without house and without home, and roamed all the world over. He was "acquainted

with all classes of society, as well as with all coasts of country ; and was subjected to all manner of vicissitudes." He became emphatically A WANDERER.

When he returned to England I know not, but in 1828 he was lecturing, reciting, and acting in some of our country towns. It was quite impossible for Pemberton to live in any place, but for a day or two, without making devoted friends ; and consequently, though partially neglected by the public, he met with many enthusiastic admirers of himself and his abilities. Even then, unknown as he was, a few individuals, who dared to think for themselves, declared that he was a man of extraordinary genius. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the author of " Ion," then editor of the " New Monthly Magazine," saw him perform at the Hereford Theatre, and generously exerted himself in his behalf, and wrote such a notice of his acting as caused considerable excitement in the parties who then took an interest in the Drama. This is the article extracted from the " New Monthly Magazine" of September, 1828 :—

" A NEW TRAGIC ACTOR.

" We had begun almost to despair of witnessing the appearance of any actor of real tragic power to whom we may look as capable of filling the vacancy which the retirement of Young, Macready, or Kean, would create. We had, indeed, heard that a gentleman named Pemberton, who has been for some time delivering lectures and recitations in the country, exhibited talent of a high order, though mingled with some eccentricity, and had not only developed striking and original views of his art in theory, but had given indications of ability to embody them in practice. The accounts, however, which we heard, seemed to partake so much of a partial interest, that we were more inclined to consider them as proofs of sympathy for an amiable person unduly neglected, than as having any great foundation in reality. A fortunate accident has enabled us to put them to the test of observation—we have seen Mr. Pemberton, not as a lecturer, but as an actor, and having no personal knowledge of him, have watched him with all the disinterested severity of practised criticism ; and the result is, that we think his claims well worthy of a particular introduction to the theatrical public of London. We saw him, during the assize week, at Hereford, in *Hotspur*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Shylock*, and *Virginius* ; for the two first he was entirely unsuited, and left us with a decidedly unfavourable impression ; in the second he gave some clever touches, though it was obviously out of his line ; but in the two last he exhibited such power of conceiving and expressing tragic passion as we have rarely seen equalled. His *Shylock* was altogether more deeply toned than any performance of the character we can call to mind ; less various and pointed than Kean's, but more intense in its sorrow, and more terrible in its revenge. With him, the purposed slaughter of Antonio wore the air not of a murder but of a sacrifice. His joy at the losses of his

enemy, his savage determination, and his thirst for vengeance, were tempered and deepened by a solemnity which seemed to belong to the old times of Hebrew austerity and greatness. You might fancy that beneath the gaberdine of the despised usurer his bosom swelled with the proud recollections of his race ; and that, by a fraud derived from the necessity of long oppression, he had snatched the judicial balance and knife in which, with the flesh of the scorner, his wrongs might be weighed and avenged. Others have vindicated for Shylock the affections and the rights of a man, so long denied to his injured nation ; but no one has, to our apprehensions, so finely asserted the dignity of his ancient line, and the fearful energies of a people who once dispensed the visible judgments of offended Heaven. A little coarseness there sometimes was ; now and then an ill-regulated tone which might provoke a momentary disposition to smile ; but the next moment a heart-searching look and tone would make one feel that there was true passion, far past jesting with. In *Virginius*, the early part was chiefly remarkable for the entire absence of all imitation of Macready's performance ; so entire, that we should guess he never saw it ; as it is difficult for us to conceive the possibility of refraining from the involuntary attempt to borrow some traits from a picture so rich, various, and true. Here he played sensibly and feelingly ; but we missed that warmth of colouring in which the old Roman father has been wont to live before us. He first struck us powerfully in the closing scene of the third act, where the atrocious claim of Appius is gradually unfolded by the reluctant messenger ; he gave the stifled passion with great effect, and afterwards grew too loud for the area in which we saw him ; but his main effect was produced in the scene where *Virginius* stabs his beloved daughter to preserve her from the grasp of the ravisher. His haggard gaze of despair, when suddenly bereft of all hope by the defeat of his faint-hearted friends, and surrounded by the guards of the Decemvir ; the deadly glare of his eye and sudden convulsion of his frame, when he sees the knife and instantly perceives the use to which it must be applied ; the maze of horror in which he inflicts the fatal wound ; the moment for which he stands stupidly gazing at the bloody instrument, and his fearful awakening to the sense of that revenge for which alone he is to live, were as appalling as any of the mortal horrors which people our darkest remembrances of tragic acting. In the last act, his distraction was conceived in the true spirit of poetry, and executed finely ; his attack on Appius was almost too frightful, and his melting into natural sorrow at the end, though less picturesque than Macready's, had a pathos of its own. After this statement, in which we have set down nothing heedlessly or partially, our readers will ask, must not Mr. Pemberton succeed in London ? In truth we cannot say ; for he possesses genius, with strong peculiarities, which have been confirmed by long habit and unmerited obscurity ; and we cannot tell whether the town will understand him sufficiently at first to give him fair play ; but if, by some strange inflexion, he does not make them laugh before he makes them weep and tremble, his peculiarities will be consecrated into

virtues. We have not heard him lecture ; but we understand he has a theory, which he illustrates most forcibly, of the delineation of every feeling by its appropriate tone ; and we suspect that the singularities of voice to which we have alluded arise from an anxiety to realise his own conceptions, which, unless carefully guarded against, or largely allowed for, may be prejudicial to the just appreciation of his merits. It is the tendency of every original mind to run into extremes, especially where it has been unsoftened by intercourse with congenial spirits ; and it is obvious that such a theory, however just in the main, may easily lead its professor into practical errors, by inducing him to attempt more varieties of tone than are consistent with the harmony of an individual part, and transitions which may take an audience too harshly by surprise, and may be treated by them as ridiculous, merely because they are strange. With all our sense, therefore, of Mr. Pemberton's power, we cannot feel assured of his entire success ; but we are quite sure that he must have, and will have a trial ; and if that trial be a fair one on the part of the public, and he has nerve enough and sense enough to improve it, as he may, we believe that he will produce that rare effect which belongs exclusively to genius."

In consequence of this criticism, and of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's application to Mr. Charles Kemble, then Manager of Covent Garden Theatre, Mr. Pemberton appeared at that Theatre in March, 1829, in "Virginius" and "Shylock." His success was not triumphant, but he won great praise from the best and most candid judges. The newspapers of the day, in discussing his merits, contradicted themselves and each other even more than they usually do ; and that proves that they understood little or nothing of the subject on which they wrote. There are and have been some noble exceptions, but generally speaking newspaper critics judge of acting not by what should be, but by what has been. Here is the "summing up" by the actor's learned friend in the *New Monthly* :—

"MR. PEMBERTON AND HIS CRITICS.

"Mr. Pemberton has appeared at Covent-Garden Theatre, in *Virginius* and *Shylock* ; the two principal characters in which we saw him some months ago in the country, and our honest opinion of which we then presented to our readers. We have been unfortunately prevented from witnessing his performances of these parts in London ; but, on comparing the judgments of those on whom we can rely with our own vivid recollection of what we saw, we conclude that, amidst more than the usual embarrassments of a first appearance in an enormous theatre, he *did* give assurance, to those who observed him attentively and candidly, of possessing the rare qualities of original thought and passionate expression, with which we believe him to be endowed in no ordinary measure. Indeed, the singular contrariety of opinion which has been expressed respecting his merits, confirms us in the belief we have avowed,

and in the earnest hope that fair opportunity may be afforded him for the development of his powers, and for the conviction of those who have too rashly and hastily denied them.

"There are some differences of opinion on the merits of actors which sufficiently explain their own causes, as where the critic approves or dislikes the entire style of the performer. Thus we can understand one man regarding John Kemble with unmingled admiration, as the highest specimen of a grand and learned school; another, turning from the naked majesty of such classical impersonations, to be thrilled and agitated by the passion and tenderness of Kean; and a third preferring to either the warm, full, and harmonious pictures of romantic character which Macready presents in his happiest moods. All this discrepancy is mere matter of taste; no one denies grace and dignity to Kemble, or fury to Kean, or poetical enthusiasm to Macready: but each has his own preference, and at the same time his own blindness or indulgence to the defects incident to the peculiar excellence which he admires. But this is not the kind of difference which has prevailed respecting Mr Pemberton; it is not that one critic has been willing or able to forgive to genius the peculiarities which have been found insuperable by another, but that the writers who profess to guide the public taste are directly and curiously at issue *as to the facts* on which a judgment should be founded. According to 'The Times,' the new tragedian possesses mental qualities of the highest order, but wants practice, and an acquaintance with the mechanism of his art; according to 'The Morning Herald,' he has all the mechanism and practice, but 'has not the sort of *mind* which can illustrate the higher walks of the drama;' and 'The Weekly Times' gently dismisses him as 'adding another name to the list of those numerous and unfortunate persons, who are usually designated respectable tragedians.' If the reader believes 'The Times,' his action is evidently, though freely, moddled after Kean; if he puts his trust in 'The Chronicle,' he will understand that he is a servile copyist of Macready; if he follows 'The Herald,' he must take Mr. Pemberton to have utterly failed in the pathetic passages; whereas, according to 'The Examiner' these are precisely the points in which he electrified the house. 'The Spectator,' says of his *Virginius*, that it manifested 'study, stage-knowledge, and, above all, *passion*;' while 'The Atlas' gives summary judgment, that 'he appears to be an experienced player, whose sole ability seems to consist in his knowledge of the stage;' expresses its 'hatred of mere *artistes*, those clever men who never commit mistakes;' and observes that 'one stroke of genius, with its countless indiscretions, is worth a score of such performances as Mr. Pemberton's *Virginius*!' Poor Mr. Pemberton! Judge of him by the newspapers, and he is at once practical and inexperienced—extravagant and formal—capable of thinking and feeling deeply, yet without power of expression, and at the same time commanding the trickery of his art without thought or feeling—distinguished especially by passion, though painful and eccentric, and yet coldly correct without a touch of genius.

"The *truth*, according to the testimony of persons less interested in his success than we acknowledge ourselves to have become, is that Mr Pemberton did appear to a great disadvantage in the earlier scenes of 'Virginus,' but that he ultimately found 'the cue for passion,' and made a great and lasting impression on all who were sufficiently near to observe the workings of his countenance, and to mark the varieties of his intonation. So far from the house being packed to support him, as 'The Morning Herald' is pleased to assume, he was absolutely a stranger in London, scarcely known to a dozen people there, though his performances and his lectures have procured him many warm and earnest admirers in remote parts of the country. The play of 'Virginus' has been woefully hacknied of late; one actor is inseparably associated with its hero; and not being on this occasion graced and lighted up by Miss Foote's beauty, it attracted but a very thin house. In this large and half desolate theatre, the new actor—old in his own notions and habits, and fearing lest they should offend—had to stand the hazard of the die to which he had been looking for years, and which was to decide his fortune. And we believe that, thus situated, he was stiff and constrained; that respect for his audience, and apprehension of himself, gave a formality to his manner; and that in proportion as his feeling was deep and his conception original, he hesitated to give them fair utterance. But he did at last touch on the right key; and becoming warmed by the situation, grappled with his difficulties, and mastered them. Of the impression he then produced an excellent idea is given by 'The Examiner,' in whose description we recognise the exact image of what we saw at Hereford, but could not so graphically describe:—'In the scene with the messenger, who brings him intelligence of the violence of the Decemvir, his countenance became distorted; his whole frame trembled with rage; his voice also rising to an astonishing pitch of strength with clearness, upon the words, 'dragged through the streets!' Again, in the scene before Appius, after judgment has been pronounced, when with a half-distracted look he sends away Icilius; and then endeavouring to soothe his daughter with a promise of relief, he brings that relief with the blow of his dagger, saying with a quick whisper, 'It is this!' His attitude after this action was perhaps rather theatrical, but the short, shrill shriek, which accompanied his first seeing her blood on the blade, was exceedingly affecting. The subsequent scenes of insanity were, to our feelings (who were close before him), so terrible, that their effect remained many hours after we left the house.' There are also, in 'The Spectator,' two articles by a correspondent, on the Virginus and the Shylock; not giving mere results, but entering into particulars, which bear the strong marks of fine and accurate observation, and which cannot be read by an unprejudiced person without a conviction that their subject is a man of genius."

"Amidst all the varieties of opinion which have been expressed, it is, we apprehend, fully established that Mr. Pemberton does possess very high qualities for his art, with whatever imperfections they may be developed, and with whatever alloy they may be mingled. The existence



of these endowments is not matter of opinion, but of evidence. If they have been observed by credible witnesses, it matters not by how many they may be unperceived and denied. If we have felt our blood curdle and grow cold at a piercing tone of misery; if the stony gaze of the fixed eye haunts us for long after we have left the theatre; if we have been awe-struck by the visible struggles of strong emotion, and have seen it mastered by the will, or triumphant over it, we are as much assured of the existence of a power in the actor capable of producing these results, as we are of the physical strength which we see producing an impression on matter. There is, in both cases, precisely the same certainty. We recognise the symbols of rage, affection, or horror, with even greater assurance than the voice of a friend; and mistake is impossible. Unless then the description given by several critics of what they allege they have seen, are mere inventions, the actor must have power to agitate, to melt, and to thrill, because by him they were agitated, melted, and thrilled. How far this power may be directed by right judgment; with what defects of voice and manner it may be attended; and how far its accompanying defects and peculiarities may be set off against it, is matter of taste and critical discussion; but its existence is *matter of fact*; and, in this case, is beyond all controversy. Surely this power is not so common on the stage, that we should rashly dismiss its possessor! Surely a cold and correct mediocrity need not be cherished to the exclusion of genius, however faulty and imperfect, from a fair trial of its capacities and its failings!"

"If we desired to confirm our own experience—to strengthen the testimony of our senses and our affections, as to the endowments of Mr. Pemberton, we should find ample support in the very differences of opinion to which we have alluded. Mere mediocrity is not thus mistaken, it has no suchameleon hues. The respectable tragedians of our day are the same in all aspects, and at all times; except, indeed, that they disdain to be bound by the words of their author. The only varieties are those of memory. They have no refined conceptions which they fear to body forth; no 'thoughts which lie too deep for tears,' about which they hesitate; but they proceed right on with the text, or something like it, in the same lofty tone, and obtain and deserve the established returns of applause. But who does not recollect the endless disputations which followed the outbursting of Mr. Kean's genius? His power, indeed, could not be denied; it might be hated, or regarded as overbalanced by his irregularities and his mannerism; but then it was, and its exercise gave a new impulse, not only to theatrical taste but to dramatic criticism. He made us think, as well as feel; cast new lights on passages unheeded before; and gave new and vivid commentaries on Shakspeare and the human heart. So might it be, in a great measure, with Mr. Pemberton, if he had full houses to encourage his audacity, and Mr. Hazlitt to praise it. We do not mean to represent that he is calculated to succeed in the same degree as Mr. Kean, though we believe his conceptions are original, and his feelings true. He wants the buoyancy, the lightness, the grace of Mr. Kean, in his best days; he

has not the same delicacy of touch, or poignancy of sarcasm, or facility of execution; but in passion—the all in all of tragic acting—he is at least his equal; and there is a certain weight and grandeur about his sternest expressions of agony and rage, which is as fearful as any thing within our remembrance. We have not heard any of Mr. Pemberton's lectures on the Drama; but we know that they have not only produced an immediate impression in many parts of the country, but have sown the seeds of thought and opened new veins of feeling in many who take the warmest interest in his success. For ourselves, we have only to say that we met with him by mere accident; that we had never spoken to him till we had seen him in two or three characters; and that we have no other motive for advocating his cause than a sympathy for talent which has been too long neglected, and for unmerited suffering. "The Morning Chronicle" may disbelieve this, for the reason it assigns for disbelieving another assertion, "that it is in print;" but it is nevertheless true; and we cannot abandon the hope that a man of such endowments may be rescued from the misery of a wandering life and unappreciated talent, and that the theatrical spirit may be quickened anew by the touch of original genius."

After his appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, (and after an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, where he was enthusiastically received) Mr. Pemberton performed occasionally in the provinces, but devoted himself chiefly to lecturing on Social Reading, Poetry, and Shakspeare's Tragic Characters; and it was as a lecturer that he became known, admired, and loved in many of the principal towns of the kingdom. In 1833 he commenced writing "The Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice" for the "Monthly Repository," which was then under the Editorship of Mr. W. J. Fox. By that time his fame as a lecturer was spread far and wide, and his services were much in request by popular Literary Societies, both in London and the country. It was to members of Mechanics' Institutes, however, that he took the greatest pleasure in speaking. He had at heart the improvement of the people; and after the means of a bare subsistence he cared little for pecuniary advantages, so that he could but have the opportunity of doing good. The funds of many Mechanics' Institutions were materially augmented by the attractions of his lectures; and wherever the poverty of a Society stood in the way of his engagement, he was usually (perhaps invariably) willing to accommodate his terms to the circumstances of the case. At Birmingham he was very popular, and attracted as crowded audiences as ever assembled in that town. In 1834 he visited Sheffield for the first time. After the delivery of a course of lectures to the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, he was engaged by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institution; and from that time he was an established favourite in the town. He lectured again to the

Sheffield Mechanics' Institution in the spring of 1835, and delivered a subscription course on Shakspeare's Characters in that town towards the end of the same year. In 1836 he performed *Macbeth* and *Shylock* at the Birmingham Theatre, for the benefit of the Birmingham Mechanics' Institution, and on both occasions that large Theatre was filled to overflowing. About the end of this year his general health became much impaired, and he was induced to visit the South of Europe to enjoy the advantage of a milder climate. He went to Gibraltar, Malta, and several places on the coast of the Mediterranean. All the letters he sent home were written in a cheerful tone, and every one of them conveyed an intimation that he believed he was getting better. Several of these communications appeared in the "*Sheffield Iris*," and greatly delighted his numerous friends and acquaintance. He remained abroad many months, and returned to England early in the summer of 1838. It was soon found that his health was not re-established. He had many engagements offered, and he soon commenced lecturing again; but that which had formerly been his pleasure was now labour and pain to him. After Birmingham, Wisbeach, and other places, he lectured at Sheffield, where his presence was hailed with enthusiasm. This was in the month of August, 1838. Of his first lecture on this occasion, a correspondent of the "*Sheffield Independent*" said:—"When he stepped upon the platform there was a tremendous outburst of cheering, which speedily sank into a more subdued manifestation of welcome. What a change had come upon him! He was but the shadow of himself; his manly bearing and his free action were gone, and in their place were come the stooping gait and the feeble walk. But, oh! what a tale of suffering was told when he opened his mouth and spoke. His voice, which had been sweet as the lute, and loud as the trumpet, had become weak, cracked, and discordant! And there was the dreadful cough, that appeared to be everlastingly tearing at his heartstrings! Well, but he did speak; and wonderful to behold, as he gradually advanced he got the mastery of his infirmities. The subject of the evening's lecture was Brutus, in *Julius Cæsar*. He brought out, one by one, the beauties of the character, and when he made it appear, as it really is, a glorious specimen of the best qualities of human nature, he held it up for admiration and instruction. Pemberton was no longer the man he had been some short time before,—he had left all his own weaknesses and entered fully into the loveliness and truth of Brutus. The illustrated passages were given with the delicacy and power of former times. It was life in death; and showed how the vigorous soul can impart energy to the wasted body."

Besides his lectures on Shakspeare's Characters, he delivered a

course to the members of the Sheffield Mechanics' Institution, descriptive of his Travels on the coasts of the Mediterranean. On many evenings, his bodily weakness was so great that he could not ascend the steps of the lecture platform without crawling up on his hands and knees; and yet his unequalled mental energy and unflinching self-reliance always enabled him to speak with fluency and power. He now frequently spoke of himself as being under the actual stroke of death; and yet his gentleness and cheerfulness never (except at some agonizing intervals) forsook him. His Sheffield friends gave him a public dinner, which was very numerously attended: T. A. Ward, Esq., the Town Regent, presided as Chairman, and he was supported by Mr. Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, as Vice-chairman; and the meeting was addressed by Dr. George Calvert Holland, Messrs. Edward Bramley, Isaac Mitchell, Thomas Carstairs, John Fowler, Joseph Law, John Bridgeford, and others. From Sheffield he went to Manchester, and from thence to Liverpool—at both which places he delivered lectures on Shakspeare, which were attended by very crowded and delighted audiences. Had he now been in the enjoyment of sound health, he would have been in a position to realize money to a large amount. But it was evident to his friends, (many of whom were extremely anxious for his safe recovery, and who carefully noted every change in him, favourable or otherwise) that he was giving way under his extraordinary exertions. A subscription was privately set on foot by some of his friends, for the purpose of enabling him to spend the succeeding winter, and as long afterwards as might be necessary, in countries of more genial climate. In a very short time a sufficient sum was raised not only for his equipment but (with the munificent help of one or two individuals) for a fund on which he might draw whilst he remained abroad. He consented to use this spontaneous and free-will offering, for so it might be called, and he soon again left England for Egypt. An account of this, his last health-seeking tour, will be found in his Letters. Although he was racked by bodily pain, and subject to many and severe inconveniences, his love of the beautiful and the true was now as intense as ever.\* He had a strong desire to explore the Tombs

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\* On his return to England, he brought with him a choice collection of curiosities, which are thus spoken of by a friend:—

“Birmingham, September, 1843.

“MY DEAR SIR,—As you wish to preserve in your forth-coming volume, every *phasis* of the mind, of our late esteemed friend, C. R. Pemberton, I will redeem my promise of telling you something about the collection he brought from Egypt, part of which are now before

and Pyramids, with a view to furnish a more detailed and accurate estimate of their original uses and signification.

His residence in Egypt, however, did not even materially mitigate the intensity of his sufferings; and after long "hoping against hope" he became, as he said, (perhaps for the first time in his life,) "homesick;" and he returned by easy routes to England. He remained a few days in London, and then went to reside with his brother, Mr. W. D. Pemberton, of Ludgate Hill, Birmingham.

He was now past hope from medical skill, but his wants and weaknesses were ministered to with kindness and attention. Though speedy death was before him his habitual cheerfulness never forsook him, except in moments of excruciating pain. The gentleness of his disposition was more manifest than ever. As the end of life drew near, the spirit of love increased. Resigned and contented he met death as a friend. Riches he had none to bequeath; and the only "last will and testament" he left was a request, (written on a slate,) that all his MSS. papers, except his three Plays, might be destroyed. His niece (now Mrs. A. Younge) was his nurse and companion, and to her he frequently spoke of his departure. On the 3rd of March, 1840—a bright sunny

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me. This collection consists of rude works of art which he obtained from the Tombs of Upper Egypt, some specimens of fossils, and portions broken off the pyramids of Ghezah. The latter is a Dolomite limestone, and is very compact and hard, being, according to geologic chronology, about the same age as our Magnesian limestone. These specimens are particularly interesting to myself, as I had previously considered this pyramid to have been built of granite. The fossils consist principally of some chalcedonic alcyonites and siliceous wood. There is also a very small mummy crocodile.

"It may be considered that all these *minutiæ* are unimportant, and that they do not indicate any mental peculiarity of the gifted collector. Nor do I attribute much to them. They are, however, interesting, as furnishing additional evidence that neither sickness, nor *isolation* in a foreign country, could destroy the strong feeling he invariably manifested for anything which had reference to the actions, or opinions, of any portion of the family of man. Hence I am not surprised that he should in particular regard these *relics* of 'days long syne,' which indicated something of the greatness, and weakness, of the ancient nation they represented. The pyramids remained, but the people who had excavated them had for ages passed away. Yet these remnants of their civilization and superstition, excited pleasing and melancholy associations, and would have a tendency to induce in an imaginative mind, some thoughts on their highly *poetical* mythology, and their mode of personifying the supposed attributes of Nature. As for instance, in the adoration of the Nile, they worshipped the genius of the mighty river,

spring day—with a full knowledge that his time was come, for he occasionally said to his niece “this is death”—he died like a child going to sleep, serenely and happily. He was borne to his grave by a few members of the Birmingham Mechanics’ Institution, and he lies buried in the Key Hill Cemetery.

Mr. W. J. Fox delivered a beautiful and appropriate address in his chapel, South Place, Finsbury, London, on the occasion of Pemberton’s death. The whole service was affecting and solemn, and the following incidental lines, written by Ebenezer Elliott, were repeated while “tears were flowing all round”—

POOR CHARLES.

Shunn’d by the rich, the vain, the dull,  
Truth’s all-forgiving son,  
The gentlest of the beautiful,  
His painful course hath run ;  
Content to live, to die resign’d ;  
In meekness, proud of wishes kind,  
And duties nobly done.

in which they personified FERTILITY and PLENTY, as the offspring of the fecundative principle! Nor did the Egyptians omit to embellish their mysterious symbolic worship, but used certain auxiliary aids to perpetuate its details to the initiated :—hence they preserved in their tombs the Ibes and the Crocodile. The first, whose *locale* was in the reeds or flags which embellished the river—the other basked on its banks. The former retired on the rising of the water, the latter returning to its old haunts immediately on its subsiding. The annual blessings afforded to them by the inundations of their *sacred* river were thus symbolized and remembered by the mummy of the crocodile, &c.

“How could such poetic associations be regarded with indifference by such a man as our departed friend, whose benevolent nature, sympathised with every thing that could impart happiness to any one, or make a people forget their doom that they must earn their bread, ‘by the sweat of their brow,’ and yet that a bountiful providence had gifted them with intelligence to contemplate the wonders and beauties of creation, and to drink from the fountains of knowledge, which refresh and invigorates both body and mind.

“That the *reflex* which induced me to trouble you with these remarks, excited some such notions, is confirmed by a reference to those admirable productions which were published in the ‘Sheffield Iris,’ entitled ‘A Voice from the Tombs.’

“I am, my dear Sir, yours, very truly,

“J. L. LEVISON.”

“To Mr. John Fowler.”

A god-like child hath left the earth ;  
 In heav'n a child is born :  
 Cold world ! thou could'st not know his worth,  
 And well he earned thy scorn ;  
 For he believed that all may be,  
 What martyrs are, in spite of thee—  
 Nor wear thy crown of thorn :  
 Smiling he wreathed it round his brain,  
 And dared what martyrs dare ;  
 For God, who wastes nor joy nor pain,  
 Had " armed his soul to bear :"  
 But vain his hope to find below,  
 That peace which Heav'n alone can know ;  
 He died—to seek it there.

A number of Pemberton's friends and admirers in Birmingham were anxious to have a public monument erected to his memory. Mr. William Watts, surgeon, made a most powerful appeal to the members of the Mechanics' Institution of that town, in favour of the project. A committee was appointed to collect subscriptions ; and letters were addressed to all persons who were thought likely to be interested, with a view to secure their co-operation. Mr. J. L. Levison also delivered an excellent course of lectures on behalf of the " Monument Fund." But with all these exertions very little money was realized. In fact a splendid monument, erected to Pemberton's memory, would have been a mockery. The great majority of those who loved him were as poor as himself, and to have received help from those who neglected or disliked him would have been encouraging hypocrisy—which his spirit so loathed. When living, he did not wish for that kind of applause which the world awards to " popular " men ; it was within his reach, but he spurned it. He would have had the world understand him before he accepted its approbation and rewards ; and to have piled up the marble of the world's ostentation to his memory would have been an attempt to give the lie to his life. The Monument Committee very properly allowed no one to contribute to their fund " who had not either paid to hear him lecture, or bought his pamphlets or other publications, or subscribed to his Illness Fund." Though this committee did not achieve all they desired, they were the means, by their circulars and letters, of making Pemberton's character understood in many places where it was little known. They exerted themselves in an independent spirit, and, with their zealous and very intelligent secretary, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, deserved the respectful regard of all Pemberton's admirers. Many warm responses were made to their appeals by Mr. James

Williams, Mr. J. Tonge, and others ; and after paying expenses—which were considerable—they were able to place a large and substantial stone slab over his resting place—"not the offering of conventional pride, but of the grateful to his memory, who revered him living, and who have dropped the tear of sympathy over his grave." The following inscription, written by Mr. Fox, is cut in the slab :—

BENEATH THIS STONE  
REST THE MORTAL REMAINS OF  
CHARLES REECE PEMBERTON,  
WHO DIED MARCH 3RD, 1840, AGED 50.

His gentle and fervid nature,  
His acute susceptibility,  
And his aspirations to the beautiful and true,  
Were developed and exercised  
Through a life of vicissitude,  
And often of privation and disappointment.  
As a public Lecturer  
He has left a lasting memorial  
In the minds of the many  
Whom he guided to a perception  
Of the genius of Shakspeare  
In its diversified and harmonizing powers.  
At oppression and hypocrisy  
He spurned with a force proportioned  
To that wherewith he clung  
To justice and freedom, kindness and sincerity.  
Ever prompt for generous toil,  
He won for himself from the world  
Only the poet's dowry,  
"The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,  
The love of love!"

After all that has been said and done the world knows little—can know little—of the true greatness of Charles Reece Pemberton. His genius, his independence, and his truth may be examined and described, but who can tell the power of his loving and loveable nature? I have no doubt that he left his blessing—the blessing of spontaneous and out-poured kindness—wherever he went. There must be many of all climes and of all colours who remember and revere him merely for his looks, and smiles, and words of gentleness. I have been frequently rejoiced, in many parts of England, to find instances of vivid recollection of his affectionate disposition. At his presence the bands of formality and conventionality were loosened. To those who knew him, the name of Pemberton is even now the pass-word to frankness and candour in all



communications : it ensures a more fervent grasp of the hand and a more heartfelt utterance of the words of the mouth. The innocence of childhood was his delight. He was happy in mingling with the young in their sports and in ministering to the aged in their helplessness. The following letter will shew how his memory is cherished by one, amongst many others, who both experienced his kindness and appreciated his genius. The writer, Mr. Spencer T. Hall, is well known as the author of the "Forester's Offering" and other works :—

TO MR. JOHN FOWLER.

DEAR SIR,—When, last January, we bent pilgrim-like together at the grave of Pemberton, I felt a deep interest in your assurance that your friendly regard for me sprang first out of my manifest reverence and love for him. You then spoke, too, of an old letter of mine to our friend Bridgeford relating to my first meeting and last parting with the Wanderer, and expressed a wish for a copy of it. Seldom, if ever, taking copies of my own letters, and thinking it might be difficult for Mr. B. now to lay his hand upon it, I will endeavour to recal its purport for you, though I may not be able to do it in the same language, for it was a most fervent gush from my very heart.

My first introduction to Pemberton was when a boy, in Nottingham. It is difficult to tell what quality of the man most interested me. I never saw any one whose body was so much like a spirit—so elastic in its motions ! so changeful in its expression ! There was no sentiment or passion of which he could not render himself the especial impersonator in the twinkling of a thought. He could be young or old, gay or grave, lively or severe—in short, anything he liked—by transitions which to me seemed magically sudden. Not one specimen alone of humanity was he,

"But all, by turns,

With transmigration strange."

This was during one of his ordinary hours of social relaxation, when his friends used to be charmed out of their senses by his versatility and vivacity. Now and then—just for a few seconds—he would be *himself*, as represented in the portrait we have of him ; and I hold it impossible for any one with a right heart, who communed with him in his *native* mood, to part from him without feelings of genuine esteem and affection. I never met with a being from whom more of the blessedness of human nature, as freed from conventionality, might be learnt than from Pemberton during the glimpses caught of him in his leisure hours ; and as I sometimes saw him all cheerful and springy, bound across the market-square from William Howitt's door, my boyish thoughts were at once of a god, a magician, and a child—as they would be again during his lectures, (in one of his glowing impersonations of Hamlet,) of a trinity consisting of the poet, the actor, and the character presented.

Some marks of personal regard,—amongst them an unsolicited free admission to several of his lectures, which otherwise would have been

too expensive to be attended by a working lad, as I then was,—at once secured my gratitude, and made me as devotedly attached to him then as I am now to his memory. A few years afterwards, when living again in my native place, I became a reader of the 'Sheffield Iris,' in which were published occasional letters from Pemberton, who had left the country on account of his health. There was one from Gibraltar which completely revolutionized my notions of the scenery there. I had before thought it all one scene of flinty sterility—a naked butt for storms to battle at—or at best, as a place of habitation, nothing more than a castellated rock, whereto military men were banished to keep monkeys in awe. But Pemberton wrote of it differently—or rather spoke of it—for you always heard him speak in his letters. There, it would seem, had he found (as he could anywhere) a complete paradise for his soul to revel in; and on laying down the paper, I thought for a minute and then dashed off the few hasty lines below,—sending them to the editor, who inserted them the following week :—

Behold him—mighty even in solitude—  
 Sit on his sunny rock and gaze abroad  
 Upon the mountains, vallies, seas, and skies,  
 Like some creative deputy of Heaven,  
 Enriching them, by his intelligence,  
 With all that's beautiful, sublime, and glorious !  
 'Tis Pemberton, the wayless wanderer,  
 Who might be welcomed to a thousand homes  
 By sympathetic hearts his heart hath warm'd,  
 By spirits quicken'd with his own quick thought ;  
 Yet making but one home unto himself—  
 And it, the boundless universe—he roams,  
 Reckless of ills that haunt our mortal nature,  
 And seems to revel in angelic joys,  
 Attaining heaven before of earth acquit !  
 O ! for a Hazlitt's taste, an Elliott's fire,  
 With beings like him communion deep to dare,  
 For I am weary of these earthly moils—  
 These sordid cares that brutalize the man—  
 And pant to share such godlike recreations !

Poor Pemberton ! I little thought that his spirit was then burning his body to ashes in its eagerness for flight. But so it was ; and when I next saw him (which was at Heldenmaier's Pestalozzian Institution, at Worksop, in the Autumn of '38,) instead of being the buoyant, flexible Protean being so often seen him in Nottingham, he was like an old man who had been shattered and again crazily patched and muffled together ; and when one kind word of greeting he struck my heart with a heavy chill, he asked me between coughs, in a broken and husky voice, if I did not know he was already a dead man, "speaking from his grave." He had announced a lecture for that evening, but to deliver it. A few of his friends, however, gathered at his inn, when for an hour or two his soul lit up his face

afresh; he grew eloquent, as was his wont, and, but for occasional kindly dissuasive hints, would inevitably have allowed his natural enthusiasm to become rampant over his debility. The party consisted, if I remember rightly, besides Pemberton, of his fraternal friend Tunaley, of Messrs. T. A. Ward, E. Bramley, and L. C. Sayles, of Sheffield; of Thomas Lister, Author of the "*Rustic Wreath*," and myself. The discourse, although of a subdued character, was to me deeply interesting. It was chiefly on subjects most dear to a young poet's heart; and I cannot—I would not if I could—forget the benign smile with which the worn Wanderer (who never smiled or spoke falsely) alluded to my lines in the *Iris*, which had been forwarded to him at some place on the shores of the Mediterranean. His intention now (and most wondrously, in spite of our unanimous belief, he accomplished it,) was once more to pass that sea for Egypt, though sighing that he was unable to join us even on a ramble into the Forest hard by. That night I took a farewell of him for ever! And when

"The morn arose again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away in playful scorn,"

It saw us reluctantly leave him in his sufferings, and stroll through many a glade, and loiter in many a nook, to him most dear. And when at length came Evening, flushing the woods with her smile of tender light, she found us still sojourning in his favourite haunt of Birkland, whither he had been known, more than once, to walk from London, for the pleasure of musing a single day.

Surely, a lovelier ramble did mortals never take; yet was it mellowed throughout by the remembrance of our friend, who had oft enjoyed it so well, but never would again. All I saw, or heard, or felt throughout, seemed somehow or other associated with him; and when, from the top of Gleadthorpe Open, we watched the sun dip slowly down into the far Forest, tears gushed from my heart as well as my eyes. Oh, the dews of Sherwood, that night, were tears of Nature shed for Pemberton, to whose ashes be peace, and to his spirit eternal joy!

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

THE SHERWOOD FORESTER.

Few men, if any, have possessed greater physical and mental qualifications for a public speaker than did Pemberton. His voice was sweetly toned, flexible, and powerful; his face was capable of expressing at will every shade of humour, feeling, or pathos; and he had an admirable control over his muscles and limbs, by means of which he could personate variety of character. He did not merely speak with his mouth—his whole body was eloquent. His mind was quick, subtle, and comprehensive; and when dwelling upon a subject of interest, he appeared for the time to live for that alone. Of his own powers he invariably spoke with confidence: he had criticised and analyzed, tried

and proved them ; and he proclaimed their existence and extent with the same frankness that he would have done had they belonged to another. Hypocrisy and deceit, under any circumstances, he detested and as he never asked for praise he never, with mock humility, denied the occasions when he thought he had earned it.

He had full reliance on his own talents, on his own honesty, and his own honour ; and was a noble example of self-reliance and independence. It has been rightly said of him that " his consciousness of risking the popularity he had just attained, never made him tell a portion of what to him was vital truth. He would disregard all interest and beggar himself rather than stoop to prejudice or faction ;—if the cold regards of annoyed acquaintance (kind before) pierced and wrung his soul, which had just been quivering with gratitude, he shrunk not from his straightforward path." He was always anxious to shew, not merely by his words, but by his actions, that he appreciated kind, benevolent, or generous conduct. When he first lectured at Liverpool, after his long years of wandering, he did not receive sufficient support to enable him to discharge all his debts in that town for use of room, printing, &c. ; and he applied for assistance, to a very trifling amount, to the late Mr. Egerton Smith, the well-known Editor of the " Liverpool Mercury," who promptly granted his request. A considerable time elapsed and Mr. Smith had forgiven and almost forgotten the debt, for he heard nothing of him, except by rumour ; when one morning Pemberton, his eyes beaming with delight, walked into the " Mercury" office, saying—" Here is the money I owe you. I could easily have sent it to you by letter, but I have come with it myself thus far (naming a distance of many miles) that you may see how really I thank you."

Prolonged life would have given Pemberton increased fame with greater opportunities for diffusing his principles. As a lecturer, he had gained a position from which neither malice nor envy could remove him. He had made himself understood and appreciated by some in every place where he had lectured ; and there was springing up an extended and enthusiastic desire that he should be more universally heard. His appearance and manner were not calculated to favourably prepossess those who had become habituated to " respectable" and " decorous" speakers ; but his presence had become familiar in most of our considerable towns, and what might at first sight seem affectation and egotism were proved to be simplicity and candour. His peculiarities were in a fair way for being—as Mr. Serjeant Talfourd said they would have been in the event of his success as an actor—" consecrated into virtues."

His lectures on Elocution and Oratory were remarkable for their practical tendency. He entirely repudiated the use of the ordinary

rules for emphasis, modulation of the voice, and action ; and contended that every feeling should be delineated by its appropriate and natural tone. His illustrations of this theory were wonderful : transitions of voice in infinitude being made with perfect ease. Compared with the lectures on Elocution and Oratory by most learned professors, his discourses on those subjects might be said to advocate natural principles, and theirs artificial ones ; and yet no man ever set a higher value on art, or felt a deeper reverence for it.

He occasionally gave lectures on Social Reading, which, in places where he was known, were very attractive. It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more pleasant mode of spending an evening than was experienced by those who enjoyed these rare opportunities. Surrounded by several hundreds of intelligent individuals he would sit in the midst ; and, after briefly speaking of the advantages to be derived from reading aloud in social parties, then proceed to read from a book a tale or essay on some subject of general interest. The authors, from whose works he usually made selections, are those who, to grace and freedom of expression, unite sentiments to which humanity instinctively responds. Whether he read for a long or a short time his hearers never tired : the ease, elegance, and efficiency of his style completely captivated them. It was delightful to see the care-worn faces in his audience gradually assume aspects of happiness. Those who had come into the room stiff and formal, relaxed first one limb and then another, until their whole appearance bespoke unconstrained and tranquil enjoyment. Reading never before seemed so capable of being employed as a means of promoting pleasure and goodness. His taste and skill were perhaps seldom shewn to greater advantage than in the manner in which he modulated his voice in these illustrations of Social Reading. If, for instance, he was reading a tale, he did not act, nor narrate it ; he simply read it : and yet with every change of scene or circumstance his voice rose or fell, softened or swelled as the occasion required.

The peculiarities of some of the British Poets were frequently examined and illustrated by Pemberton. His quick perception of excellence of style, was more than equalled by his almost instinctive apprehension of beauty or truthfulness of sentiment. Never were criticisms so understandable as those delivered by him ; and it was impossible for any person of ordinary intelligence to hear him without entering into the spirit of the discussion. To many he was the first herald of the sweet influences of poetry. Byron, Elliott, Coleridge, Hemans, and others, living and dead, who stir the blood, quicken the affections, or expand the intellect by their "might of mind," had in him a worthy expositor. He was happy in dwelling on passages of delicate beauty, or in soaring with conceptions of glorious magnificence. Nothing

could be more simply pleasing than his delivery of Mrs. Hemans's lines called "The Better Land;" and nothing could be more terribly grand than his manner of giving "Satan's Address to the Sun," from *Paradise Lost*. Those who heard him, never can forget the feeling and sublimity with which he poured forth Milton's "Hail! Holy Light!" For mere effect, perhaps nothing has ever excelled his recitation of the well-known "Alonzo the Brave, and the fair Imogene." Although the lines are familiar as household words, in the ears of most people, and although he used to warn his audience to try to resist his influence, he invariably succeeded in producing palpable manifestations of horror at the appearance of the spectre in the marriage festival: on many occasions a great majority of those present testified their excitement by involuntarily rising from their seats. His relations of humorous stories were also much admired and often asked for. At his pleasure, he could make his audiences either laugh or weep. In some of his lectures on Poetry, he introduced metrical stories of his own writing. These were always received with enthusiasm, though the name of the author was generally unannounced.

It was, however, on Shakspeare's tragic characters that Pemberton most delighted to discourse. On them he lavished all his resources of art and all his powers of thought: they were the study of the best part of his life. They afforded him full opportunity for the exercise of his faculties of acute perception and searching analysis. The substance of his lectures on Shakspeare would, if printed and published, be the most useful, eloquent, and philosophical exposition of the genius of the poet that the world has yet had. But had a book been written by himself—in which should have appeared every material word he uttered on the subject—it would not have given more than an outline of his design. His own language in print, graphic as it is, does not convey his full meaning: it wants the vitality, which he could infuse by his voice, look, and action. His lectures on *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *King John*, were more satisfying to the mind than most theatrical performances of those tragedies. His introductory remarks on *Hamlet* were especially striking, and placed the scenes and circumstances of the opening of the play visibly before the eyes of his hearers. *Shylock* and *Brutus* were characters on which he frequently spoke: the contemplation of the latter was pleasing on account of his beautiful goodness; and the former, he believed, exhibited signs of original virtue which have rarely been acknowledged. His lecture on *Hamlet*, or any other character, was not in detail the same at one time as another; its general outline was the same, but the filling up was from matter generated by his latest thoughts; so that he always ap-

proached the subject with freshness of spirit. However, it is here impossible even to attempt to notice in detail Pemberton's lectures on Shakspeare. It must suffice to say that they were undoubtedly worthy of the subject; and that they were more calculated than anything yet known to create and increase a desire to see established a well-regulated system of dramatic representation.

The illustrations of the Shaksperian lectures were given by him with all the enthusiasm of his nature. Some of the passages of pathos and passion from the great tragedies were *acted* with a judgment and power rarely equalled; and the scenes were realized to a greater extent than they can often be in a Theatre. Although he had the greatest contempt for the mere pomposity of delivery, and mechanism of stage-trickery which are so prevalent in representations of tragedy, he frequently spoke in terms of generous praise of such individuals as he knew were capable of the conception and personation of tragic character. On Mr. Macready's abilities as an actor, he frequently and delightedly expatiated: and he regarded that gentleman's performances of Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, Brutus, and some other of Shakspeare's characters, as among the noblest triumphs of histrionic skill that the world has seen—exhibiting such a combination of art and genius, that he considered him entitled to rank as the greatest of all actors, ancient or modern.

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It is melancholy to reflect on the comparatively early removal of Pemberton from his career of real usefulness. The world has need of more men with like aspirations and abilities. Let us, however, rather rejoice that he has lived and loved, than repine that he is no longer here. "Poor Charles!"—"truth-lov'd Pemberton!" His sweet voice is hushed; his bright eye is dimmed; his agile frame is mingling with its kindred earth. Is he therefore dead? His body is in the grave but his spirit lives. No marble covers his remains, or proclaims his virtues, but he has a monument in some hundreds, nay thousands, of human hearts. He built no churches, erected no alms houses, and yet he was a benefactor to his species, and left a public legacy richer than worldly wealth could bequeath: he left the example of a truthful and loving life. The gentleness of his disposition, the integrity of his principles, and the force of his genius will be contemplated with more than complacency by the best friends of humanity. If his uncompromising denunciation of oppression and hypocrisy, and his unflinching advocacy of justice and truth, earned for him the "hate of hate" and the "scorn of scorn," they also certainly ensured him the "love of love."

J. F.

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PEL. VERJUICE.

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[THE series of papers under the title of "the Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice" was contributed to the *Monthly Repository*, when that periodical was edited by W. J. Fox. Although the writer assumed a fictitious name, and was not bound to narrate a succession of mere facts, the adventures he relates are realities in which he was personally engaged.—J. F.]

### CHAPTER I.

*Monthly Repository, May, 1833.*

"I'll break a custom."

"WRITE and publish it: you are not bound to tell the world it is a true story. Leave your readers to suppose the 'life and adventures' to be a work of imagination. The facts are too surprising, too uncommon to obtain belief: let the work appear, therefore, as mainly an invention, or a life of singular vicissitudes, told with the embellishments of fiction."

Thus I was advised in the twenty-fifth year of my age. Sixteen years have since been added to my account, full of vicissitude and adventure, much more extraordinary than any through which I had previously passed. If sixteen years ago my story would have been regarded as a fiction, what opinions can I expect will be formed of it now, with such additions and multiplications of strangeness? That it is a tissue of impudent falsehoods; or, at best, a specimen of my faculty of invention. "Facts *are* stranger than fiction." I was led into reflection on the course and incidents of my life, by the expressions of surprise which have followed the relation of some of the numerous adventures in which I have been engaged. At times a smile, not of incredulity exactly, but in kind acceptance of the matter as a clever invention, or a jest, has rewarded me for narrating and describing those things, which were as true to the letter, as that I was then the speaker, and the smilers the hearers. I was not aware that there was any thing so very unbelievable in the circumstances: nor, while they were passing, and I participating, or acting in them, did I consider they were particularly surprising, or outrageously eventful. I met many of them, most of the most extraordinary, as common occurrences; however strongly they might have grappled my individual feelings at the moment, I never expressly marked them with a note of admiration in my memory, as something which would tell well in a book. I sought

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them not—I was thrown into them. Certainly I should never have thought of them as “ink and paper” matter, if I had not been so repeatedly told they were “passing strange.” Strange or not, they are true. And though “I have promised a few kind friends,” and threatened ink and paper for years, I could not “screw my courage to *that* sticking place,” the first sentence of my eventful history.

I now sit down to write, resolutely—as I glance through the retrospect. My feelings, I expect, will be kindled as the facts are revived, and by the ideal creation of persons and scenes. And from these feelings my language will, consequently, take its tone. Excursive and discursive I know I shall be; for echoes, contrasts, and reflections, in my early pages, will force themselves upon my attention—and I may be gentle, mirthful, perhaps splenetic, perhaps sarcastic and bitter, denunciative—perhaps I may seem venomous, while I am really innocuous. Sometimes I shall belie my name, and at others give proof that no other could fit me so exactly. Yet I will not exaggerate facts; I shall “nothing extenuate” of that which I relate of myself. I may be a little merciful to others. Memory will be my guide—I can rely on its direction—I need no tables of reference—I have wandered through twenty-two years in various parts of the globe—in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—and, by a concatenation of circumstances, I can in a few moments say where I was, almost to a day, certainly never with the error of one week, any time during that twenty-two years. A journal I never had method nor perseverance to keep; all my attempts at such regularity have but led me into confusion. I have brooded and meditated over my past life in many an hour, week, and month of solitude. I had an eager desire to be a skilful moral anatomist; I have applied my scalpel and probe to many subjects. Myself I have dissected a thousand times. No, no, I shall not be at a loss because my data are not written on *paper*.

I have acquaintances in either “half of the world.” From Australia to Hudson’s Bay, from Ceylon to the Carribee Islands are scattered those who think they know me. If they read these memoirs they will be astonished at their error. I have deceived them by concealing from them those truths which I am now about to avow to the world—I did not by falsehoods or insinuations attempt to mislead them—I was silent.

Autobiography will be imperfect if birth and parentage be not set forth. My parents were of the humblest class—the poorest of the poor: my father’s weekly earnings being all he ever possessed, with them he struggled to provide sustenance for himself and his family. Here is a stigma, a foul stain to adhere to me through life, and to posterity; should ever fame throw a brilliance round my head, living or in death, the light will serve to exhibit the stain. Should fortune enable me to descend from my garrat to a first-floor lodging, this blot upon my reputation will remain: this brand of the worst of criminalities will grin on my front—deep, ineradicable, and everlasting. A mountain split in two by an earthquake shall have its sides drawn together by a diachylon plaster as easily as this brand shall be effaced.

I did not choose my parents : but will ask, what has exalted man to noble distinction ? In the majority of names, oppression, fraud, blood, rapine, murder. No matter what have been the means, if success crown a toil (toil !) with wealth or titles, the means are forgotten in the worship which is ever paid to the successful. I appeal to the actual practice of society, not to the fictions in which society is educated, for there morality *is* fiction. One thing is *told* but its opposite is *taught*. Lessons of disinterestedness and natural integrity, are verbalized to every child, but examples teach, and the lessons of example are "*make money—advance yourself in appearances—get on in the world*." What I have said to you about riches being the source of all evil, gold only dross in comparison with virtue and integrity, and all that, is very pretty ; you'll be thought amiable and upright if you have the sentences at command, and utter them occasionally, and they will assist you amazingly on the other road." This is never said—no, none but a "madman" would say it, for he would be scouted from society for holding such sentiments—I mean for talking them ; but it is shown—it is acted upon—it is felt—it is in the blood—it is done. Where is the morality—who so virtuous in England—(if there be such a man, depend on it he is in the lazaretto of society)—as to refuse the call or card of the millionaire who has sweated his wealth by every cunning he could devise, by every legalized rascality—base chicanery, all on the safe side of the law,—though from the tears, the groans, the vitals, and heart's blood of hundreds, who have shrunk and withered to death under his grasp ? "They are not aware that he has done any of these things." They are—they do know it—the fact, that he is merely reported, or suspected, himself, in his own life, to have accumulated such masses of wealth, is *proof* that some of these practices have been employed in the accumulation. Somebody's ruin has been effected by it, and perhaps designedly. Not known ! Print the tale in fire, and it will be remembered as a yesterday's advertisement for a lost lap-dog. None but the loser and finder are much affected by that. Who among this fictitiously moral nation would not wish their friends and acquaintances might call while *his* card was opportunely and conspicuously visible on the table ?

But, to return ; I was not consulted in the choice of my parents, but I prefer my father to any man whom political cunning or soldierly daring has ever exalted to wealth, titles, and honours. The soldier is fired by the hope of victory's laudations—the reward of glory. The blaze of reputation for courage, the prospects of spoil, and the fear of disgrace arm him ; the electric fluid strikes him through thousands who are linked together by one chain ; he is whirled along by a temporary insanity—he calls it enthusiasm in the cause : it is the wild and ungovernable excitement of the moment : he would as often flee with the coward, as plunge into destruction and bound along with the madly rash and impetuous. The warrior perils his life, to destroy life ; he confronts dangers in seeking victims ; he wades to triumph through blood. But there is an intrepidity superior to any and all of these ; there is a courage and magnanimity, compared with which all that the

soldier or martial chief ever displayed is but paste to the purest diamond, an agitated duck-pond to a continuous stream of rippling brightness. It is that which generous humanity inspires; the isolated intrepidity, which, of its own innate and noble impulses, ventures through apparently inevitable death to save life—with no further, not an atom of interest in that life, beyond simple and gracious feelings towards a fellow creature; no stimulant of reward; no prospect of fame; no hope of recompensing admiration: it is ungarlanded, private, and silent; so it lives and so it dies. Yes, I am prouder of my father than if he had planned those fields of strife, on which his country's enemies were swept down in masses, than if he had led millions to victory, or mowed Europe with a conqueror's scythe. But he was a poor man, one who gained a livelihood by earning some twenty shillings per week. Little probability was there of his rising to honour, if he had outaged Methuselah, instead of dying in the vigour of years, a young man; for to the crime of poverty he added a yet sorer and equally dangerous moral turpitude—intellectual daring. The words were not upon his lips, but, "*flat jussitius ruat cælum*" regulated his heart's pulsations. Yes, I am proud of my poor father! I have more disgraces to heap upon myself, which will gain for me the "cut direct," where I have been hailed with, "How are you, Pel.?" for years. The hall or passage will limit my footsteps in those dwellings in which the drawing-room has hitherto been my place of reception or audience. In one or two I shall yet be ushered stealthily into the library.—I am proud of my father—and I am content to be exiled from society. My dog will wag his tail in spite of all the contumely which may be cast upon me. Had his (not my dog's) grandfather possessed a larger portion of common sense,—*anglice*, worldly-mindedness, attention to money-getting, for that is the verity of the English meaning,—self-interest and its economies,—I might perhaps have written "Gent." at the end of my name, or something bigger before it—Sir Peregrine Verjuice! How it would have swung along a hall, and through the corridors, under and around and over the lamps and chandeliers, hissing at its tail end, into the ears of the assembly. How many or which of my forefathers were hanged I could never learn, such was the family pride! There is a rumour that two were "made shorter by the head," for the reason that those heads contained stuff which would not cut to the fashion of the party which happened then to be strong enough to exercise this process of diminishing a man's stature. In truth, the direct line has been somewhat obstinate, seldom sailing with the currents of opinion, merely because they *were* the currents of opinion; they had a curiosity to look into the why and wherefore. This is all my inheritance from them; and it came to me without the usual luck of entails, for I received it in all its vigour on attaining my majority, or rather, like our poverty it has increased by descent. Oh, I had ancestors! and as for my poor mother,—talk of family antiquity, indeed—there is not one of her kindred, her son excepted, who will not spin for centuries beyond the oldest family in the English peerage; and though I truly value the matter as a whisp of rotten straw, she could

do so without straining her wits to poetry. On this theme she would talk with enthusiasm to the bedevilment of the hog's puddings which it was her business to fry for my father's dinner. When her blood was on the carpet (our sanded floor) what a race it ran! "There had been princes in her family," so there had been, and one of their descendants was then skimming a pot of mutton broth, or darning my father's hose. Into the patrimonial acres (into her share of them, at least,) a claw, which never relaxes its grasp, had been digged—Law! law! law! The right was clearly hers, she gained the victory, and it is superfluous to tell the reader what became of the acres. She preyed on the loss—on such food, how could she live? but she was not a creature of sadness, she used to laugh, and laugh well, and such a laugh! so clear and keen—no, not keen, that is sharp-edgy: you could not hear a jar upon her laugh so harsh as a gossamer thread. It was a succession of beads of sound leaping up from her larynx; diminishing, and diminishing, and diminishing (these words are too long) to an invisible point, and all, to the perceptible last, so clear! You have heard a smooth pebble as it danced along the glaze ice? I never heard such a laugh but once since. A few weeks ago, I was walking in Piccadilly at one o'clock in the morning, that is to say, in the west-end vocabulary, *evening*—to prevent mistakes, I mean it was one hour past midnight. I heard such a laugh (on the opposite side of the way, note ye) from one of the merry miseries who parade London streets at that hour, perhaps shelterless. It was my mother's laugh! and she had been dead thirty-five years. She died young—in her youth.

I was born within some hundred yards of the termination of a wooded hill, the slope of which abruptly closed in the precipitous banks of a rugged and roaring stream, well characterised by its name, which, in the language of the country, is Stone, or Rock-breaker. Perhaps I imbibed the froth and impetuosity of my character from a sympathy with that stream. There stood, and yet stands—but oh, how changed!—a little white-washed cottage, trelliced with honey-suckles and roses; the perfume from which, even across this gulf of time and distance, I can inhale in imagination. A small garden, the ground of which was stolen from the domains of the woody hill, looking laughingly down on the cottage, and was circumscribed by a wall of rough, unhewn fragments from the neighbouring rocks. This wall was my father's handy-work: for a gate, a gap had been left in the building, which was reached by ascending three larger fragments embedded—mud, I suppose, was the cement used—in the lower part of the wall,—three jutting stones. I remember, well, what an achievement it was considered for me to climb up them, while my father stood by encouraging the little cragsman. To meet the calls of necessity, not for ornament nor for recreation, did my poor father till that garden. Cabbages, of course, were more abundant than carnations. Leeks, I'll warrant, were there; and I remember the only things I cared about, were the borders of double daisies. Single or double I always loved them; better, though, the little wild thing that lifts up its beautiful face in the fields and asks a

kiss from your feet. I never could crush them by treading on them. In front of the cottage was a smooth patch of green sward, preserving the form in which nature had laid it there: it was not snipped and scissored, nor squared, nor rounded, nor hemmed with a border of gravel. At a short distance from the house, in a valley between our hill and the next to it, was a broad sheet of water, gathered, by some artificial process into which I never inquired, from Stone-breaker's territories. This was used for working a "forge," from the wheels of which it threw itself down into the channel of the aforesaid Stone-breaker; returning, as it were, the borrowed water, which here was crossed by a venerable looking greystone bridge: this bridge had looked on the scene for centuries. Thence the torrent leaped, and spinned, and whizzed, and rattled, and grumbled through a glen of crags, brambles, bushes, and moss-coated trees, till it suddenly calmed by expanding into a stream ten times its breadth hitherto, and glistened smoothly on between two gentle slopes, one of which was treeless turf, the other a rich and vary-tinted wood; and continued in this gentle course through the fertile vale of U—, till it emptied its tributes into the liquid amber of the river which gives the name to the vale. The whole scene combined every beauty of landscape. There was the craggy, wild, romantic, reposing, solitary, picturesque, gentle and undulating, verdant and cultivated, and the many hues of scantiness, just living on sterility—all that a lover of scenery could wish, except an expansive *coup-d'œil*. I have been thus tediously particular in attempting to describe the reflections of memory, to paint impressions which I took when a child, (for I was but four years old when I quitted this my first home,) because the change was, to me, so horrible when, after an absence of thirty-three years, I visited the scenes of my infancy, I came and found all *civilized*.

It was on a glorious day in the glorious month of June, 1828, (I hate winter in England—all slop and shiver during the dingy five months, except for some half hour which merely serves to jog the traveller's memory of the magnificent winter he has luxuriated through in Cabotea,) that I set off from A—, not sad, for there is too much beauty in the scenery in that vicinity to allow of sadness, but anxious; there was a foreboding of something unpleasant in my mind. I never spoke to any one on the subject, I made no inquiries, but I had read in the Directory that the small town of P— had, within the late few years, increased in size and population in consequence of the works which were established in the neighbourhood by the enterprising,—somebodies—and was prepared to expect the "improvement,"—that's the phrase, the expressive phrase,—had produced some change in its appearance; yet there was a hope that my mind would revel in delight. Road-posts were my guides through all that my memory knew not; till, on rounding a hill that made itself known to me through the tongue of the outspread vale below, which being, luckily for it, too worthless for the improver's experiments, was as beautiful as ever, I looked at once on what had been the scene on which for so many years I had turned my

eye with a sad pleasure and affection. I gasped with horror!—ay, with horror!—on beholding it. Ranges of dark and mystical architecture, demon temples, frowned in every direction; flames hissed and roared from a hundred yawning gulphs. Ponderous black blocks of smoke pushed themselves upwards into frightful columns, and then densely spread out against the face of the insulted sky. Here and there, mingled in the gloom, were seen still more disgusting masses of dirty white vapours, heavily and sluggishly attempting to rise, and, as they rose, turning into that threatening, sickly, reddish yellow, which looks an impersonation of pestilence and destruction, palpable and living. The tornado of Africa, and the typhon of the China sea, seemed embowelled in them, and ready to burst forth. In the typhon and tornado atmospheres, you have grandeur, magnificence, sublimity; but these were stink: they disgusted, they did not terrify. I despised them, while I shuddered; I scorned them when I fled from them. What I gazed on had all the ugliness of Hell, but none of its terrors. On every eminence, a band of furies danced amid the flames and smoke, on every crag was scooped a wizard's caldron, round which the ghastly monsters moved with wild and irregular action, as they poured in the ingredients of their "hell-broth." Strings of demons issued from the temples, mowing, and mocking, and leaping, and throwing up into the murky canopy above their heads sounds, neither scream nor bellow—a compound of both. *Lasciar ogni speranza* glared in red letters on my dilated eyes. I turned from them to search if anything of nature was visible—nothing! There was a sleepy canal stretched in dull length along the glen, just sufficiently twisted out of a right line to exhibit its uneasy rest and cramped deformity; and a bridge fashionably cut, a coxcomb, impudently presented himself to my view; and I knew I was on earth yet. But *she* had fled entirely, not a scattered feather of her wing, not a pressure of her foot, not a dint of her finger was left! The woods were cut down, not a skeleton stump remained: the turf was torn up, and mountains of black cinders and scoria had crushed every blade of grass to death. The very air and the sky contained nothing in them of their former composition. An aeronaut must have carried axes and shovels up with him to dig and delve his way. No—'twere safer to lay his mattress in the *Grotto de' l Cane*. Earth—water—sky—all was *civilized*.

In spite, however, of the fiery lettered bidding, I could not abandon hope. I had been often disappointed, defeated; blows increase my strength, and those which the spectators thought had "knocked the breath out of my body," and "taken the conceit out of me," have constantly produced an exactly opposite effect. In spite of the command to "let go," I determined to "hold on," to see further, and found my way without disturbing my tongue, and unerringly too, to the old grey bridge, across Stone-breaker. The bridge was not changed in the least, he was not a minute older, but Stone-breaker—strong limbed, leaping, uproarious Stone-breaker—was withered, haggard, dull, dying in his coffin: with scarcely a drop of blood left to trickle through his

scurfed and ragged veins. Poor old fellow! there he lay, what remained of him, sad, silent, abandoned; I bent down to discover if yet he breathed, and a small faint sound, but clear as if a crystal had whispered, answered my solicitude. "The canal had drained him of his life," he said. Is it in sadness or in mirth that I have written this? Let the ontologists decide. Where are they to be found? Has the world yet learned to understand Hamlet? Is there more than one in a thousand of those who settle as readily and as self-satisfiedly their opinions of his intellectual constitution, as they would tell the order of the three first letters of their alphabet? Is there more than one of such thousand, whose acquaintance with the currents, causes, and effects of Hamlet's thoughts and actions is not as limited as their knowledge of the state of the markets in Georgium Sidus? Think it over.

Proceeding directly onward from the bridge, I rose on the acclivity toward my native cottage. All other disappointments and disgusts of my perambulation were nothing compared to what overwhelmed me now. Not a leaf, not a stem, not a root was on that beloved hill; its bowels were torn out, and strewn in rough and ragged heaps on its mangled face and breast! Geologists lay it down, that where metallic ores are to be found, all is sterility on the surface—there is little, or no vegetation; it may be so, but a greater certainty is, that *that* was not an article in the creed of the improvers and civilizers when they set to work here. The site of the cottage as to latitude and longitude, and its bearings by the compass, was as of old, and steering from its southwest gable, to look for the patch of garden, a rascally furnace belched his blaze and smoke directly into my face, drove me back; and, willy-nilly, my burnt and bleared eyes were turned upon the—cottage? Cottage! Whitewashed it was. They'd whitewash a lump of coal that lay in a cart rut there. The walls, to half their height, were spattered with mud. By what dexterous process this was effected, and in such weather too, was at first a mystery, but it was soon unravelled; the artist was then at work, but out of sight for the moment. The shattered windows were mended by filthy rags, and one mass of breakage was stopped up by a discarded, dingy felt hat: and in the place of that smooth, velvety turf, which *was*, a hillock of cinders reared itself so high, that the cottage grinned forth its wretchedness in a valley at its foot. Between the hillock and the door, a low rough wall, whitewashed—yes to be sure—stretched from end to end of the domicile, erected to prevent the cinders from rolling—into the door? No, into the pig-stye before the door. It seems I had disturbed the mud-splattering artist, for a grunt came upon my ears, and a lean, hungry pig leaned his nose on the wall for support, while he examined me; and grunted again, not angrily; it was a sort of congratulation, a "how d'ye do?" grunt. The bridge and Stone-breaker excepted, this was the only thing, animate or inanimate, which held sympathy with me. That pig! he could not know me! why, his great-great-grandmother must have been an infant at the breast when I last looked at that door, somewhere in the neighbourhood perhaps, assuredly not there. There was

neither cabbage-leaf nor root visible, so I walked into the town, purchased two penny loaves, returned, and gave them to him. This was all the communion I had with the inhabitants of my native place. I hastened from it. I would not remain to take a whiff of tobacco, till then my never-failing solace in misery—the composer of my contentious and afflicting thoughts : I love to see its curls of light blue smoke rising and circling from the bowl of my pipe ; they are, in motion—indeed, they always remind me of her—like Taglioni ; she herself, a fleecy cloud, ribboned and edged with livelier tints, as it dances to a bridal of the stars. No, not a whiff could I, or would I take. My lachrymal ducts were scorched, and the one compelled bead of a tear which expanded over each ball of sight, scalded my lids ; my breath was fire, and the pulsations of my heart were the throbs of mingling agony and maledictions. You may laugh at this extravagance, if you will, Mr. Reader ; I am not asking your sympathy : I am writing a tale of confessions and facts ; not spinning apologies for my life and character. I had thought of this home of my childhood through thirty-three years of absence from it, with such sacredness of emotion, that I believe I never once alluded to it, even to my intimate friend. I had roamed more than a hundred thousand leagues in foreign lands, and over distant seas ; I had meditated in wildernesses of myrtle ; I had walked in regions of the vine, and groves of oranges and woods of olives ; I had been alone in the jungles of Asia ; the solitude of the entangled mazes of Guiana I had enjoyed without a disturbing companion ; and I had thought myself out of misery into happiness, as I stepped through sun-impervious forests in the valley of Mississippi. I had gazed on nature in her terrific grandeur, and in her richest beauty, and they all taught me to look back with deeper affection on that spot. In the danger of battles, storm, and shipwreck, I had participated ; death had way-laid me, and I had evaded him. He had placed himself in an hundred attitudes to strike me, and I was drawn aside from the falling blow. He had repeatedly invited me to his embrace, and alluring was the invitation, but I was enabled to resist. A motive for resistance flashed across me, and I was strong again. What was that motive ? Turn over every human cause for human action which you can find in the metaphysician's catalogue, and guess beyond it : you are still at a loss. I shall not in direct words inform you what has been, and is the motive ; this binding to resolute endurance : read—watch, and you may trace it in the meanderings of my story. Let me go on, hear more ; I had been born along on the torrent of prosperity, and suddenly dashed back upon utter wordly ruin. I had been astonished at my own success, where efforts seemed to many powerless, and the bare entertainment of the design was ridiculed by others as insanity. This is rigid truth. While lifting my foot to take the loftiest point of earthly bliss, I have been hurled down to a gulf of misery ; I had fled on hope's wings to within a hair's breadth of my goal, triumph—to be blown away into distance, doubled by failure. It was not strength that I lacked, there was manœuvring necessary in laying hold, and I *would not* take a cir-



cuit. Without a friend to recommend, or patronage to encourage him, a poor boy, with no more than a pauper's education, has been the acquaintance, sometimes the companion, perhaps not the despised one—true, they did not know his origin—of intelligence, wealth, and station, how superior to his! But through all, he never ceased to groan in secret, at his beggarly origin and the stings which poverty thrust into his heart. He was stabbed hourly, without the stabbers dreaming that he was their victim. He saw, he felt, he knew he should be despised, scorned; soothed with words, but sneered and scoffed at in practice. Gay equipages have drawn up in the streets, and sparkling eyes, smiling lips, and music voices have echoed and reflected the delicate touch of the hand, which was held out in congratulation of my “success.” Success I was sure it was not, but never so spoke. I have stood trembling with weakness from hunger as I heard this, and bowed acceptance as those voices have given me invitation to dinner. Frequently the only food I have tasted for the day has been crude peas, gathered by me in the fields, while during that day twenty tongues have drummed into my ears eulogies on my “talents.” And I was at that time hoarding shillings by literally starving myself to pay debts which I had incurred, not in supporting existence, but in labours by which only I could hope to obtain bread; and this too was accompanied by the blissful conviction, that I was all the while considered by my creditor, and not *him* only, as an unprincipled “individual,” for not paying my debts honourably. It was just that he and they should think so, for I had concealed the real cause of non-payment. I have quitted gay and festive scenes in this metropolis, and walked the streets all night in my dinner dress; I had not sixpence to procure shelter; for access to my own it was too late. I was compelled to accept the invitation, because I dared not shock a friend by the truth; a false excuse I trembled under; I am improved in this latterly, and could tell a lie unblushingly, but occasion never comes, thank heaven! I have been sneered at as a very silly fellow, by persons whose intellects were, (really I speak it without spleen or vexation,) too diminutive, too despicable for contempt, and I felt just as angry as the ocean would be, were they to spit in it. I would not touch them, for they had no armour, or they might have found more pleasant amusement in putting their fingers into a scorpion's nest—more rest by laying their heads on a coiled rattlesnake, than in my retaliation. I have been piteously smiled at, while I remained unseen, by the clever and richly mental, whose notice and approbation I have laboured so hard, and endured so much to win, from the mere fact of their lending credence to the reports of these block-heads respecting me. There is, unfortunately for me and for thousands of others, a proneness, even in the wisest, to hear fault-finding, as discriminating truth. In me there are abundance of mental weeds, and will be in all I may write or say; but many of those things which are now regarded as weeds would be called flowers, if they were not looked at through other people's spectacles. Through all the moral mountains and gulfs of my existence, these vicissitudes of happiness and sorrow,

these laudations and ridicule, I am sure I never designed injury, or meditated ill will to human being; I loved the whole family of nature. Verjuice was a *lucus non lucendo*—the name was a libel on my moral and physical constitution; every throb of my heart threw it back as a lie. I looked upon these changes of my native place, and from crown to heel became Verjuice! Mark, if I contradict this as I travel along.

Of these thirty-three years of my life, or, rather, that greater part of them which was spent in roaming in foreign lands—

“To read mankind—not laws, but *hearts*,”

I have at length gathered resolution to speak—say I have been driven to it. But the beginning of my life is not yet ended. I have a dim and shadowy recollection of things which must have made their mark on my memory, ere I was *two* years of age. My christening is not among them, though there is a faint impression of cold water dropping on my face, and my hand petulantly rubbing it off. This is not strange, for the affair was likely to be delayed between the *yes* and *no* of my parents; and my mother had it. The name was my father's choice, at all events, and he had prescience in calling me Peregrine: it was forethought in him, that however I might contradict my patronymic, my “spensorial appellation” should “denote me truly.” With my mother its diminutive was “Perry”—my father's was shorter, and stouter—“Pel,” and as he outlived her by some fifteen years, Pel continued to be my note of call: for no one was so tender towards me as to adopt that which my mother had used. By what means we clambered over the hills and crags from my native place, I have no remembrance; but I can yet see a clear moonlight frosty night, as I peep through the canvass curtains of a loaded waggon, the broad wheels of which groan and squeak as they slowly revolve, and with their weight crush the crisp earth and young ice, that crackles and jingles beneath the pressure, on a road, which to me seems as smooth as the sanded floor of our home. A sheet of hoar covers an expanse of level country, intersected by hedges and dotted with trees, sparkling with rime, as far as the eye can reach on either side, and in the distance from the tail of the waggon, whence the survey is made—but there are no hills! and I wept. They were the first tears of thought I ever shed.

In a few days we were settled down at —, how unlike the place I had left! But my nature, or my disposition, renders change of residence no great evil; I began early to love variety of place; still without forgetting *that*. Education was a matter of course; and I was sent to share the wisdom and learning of a dame at her establishment, on the charges of some threepence per week. Such was my “preparatory school for young gentlemen.” Her first efforts were to make me sit still, but there she utterly failed, as has every one of my instructors since, except a yellow fever in Demerara: he mastered me. An easier toil she found in teaching me to forget my native tongue, and substituting something which required all my father's leisure moments to unteach me. This unravelling every evening the web which had been

spun during the day, did not hit his views of education, so I was packed off to M——, in W——shire, where I had a glorious common to scamper over, trees to climb on its borders, orchards to rob, and birds' nests to hunt. And, what was a strange amusement for a child, wasps' nests to demolish in many a bank, but the rascals made me pay dearly for the fun;—served me right, why did I meddle with them? At eight years of age, I possessed ten times as much physical daring as is my whole stock of either kind now. In vain was I sent home with blinded eyes and swollen nostrils, and every part of my face and neck, hands and wrists festering under the stings of the enraged yellow jackets; I was sure to be up in the morning, and away to the field of strife, alone too: that is to say, I had no one to help me in this amusement; I chose to go alone, and preferred doing so to having company, yet I was not averse to associates on other occasions. Now, if I see a wasp colony, I take a "broad sheer" of some twenty or forty yards out of my course to avoid them. Then I knew the habits of every one of the feathered tribe in the country, from the kite to the wren, and could find you the best growth of apples, nuts, and blackberries, within a circuit of six miles. I have lost my ornithology entirely. Orchards I dare not rob, it is not now a bailable offence. But the common!—I saw it three years ago, (I am writing in 1832,) and, God be praised! it is not *civilized*. There is nothing in the whole range of English scenery, no beauty nor ornament, neither natural nor artificial glory among all its delicious and enchanting variety, that glads my eyes and heart so fully, and so instantaneously, as a common of gorse bush and fern! Turn Blenheim into a potatoe garden; make brick-fickles of the bed of Windermere; throw the fragments of Spitalfields, Whitechapel, the Tower, and the Horse Guards, into the Wye, but do not touch the gorse bush and fern common. Sheep were on this common, descendants in the tenth generation, perhaps, of my old friends, bobbing their noses into, and nibbling the short soft grass; soft and slippery is that grass on a sunny day, as my lady's velvet pelisse, or the tip of her ear. There, too, stood yet the circle of aged firs, a vegetated Druidical temple; *firs* they were, none of your prim, straight, smirking looking things that you see "stuck in a modern shrubbery," like a string of boarding-school misses, ranged at question and answer, but stout, hearty, jolly old fellows; sturdy in the chest and waist, and such muscular and sinewy arms, thrown out as if they would knock the wind down. You may see something like them at Guy's cliff, in the avenue which they form; but oh they are babies compared to these on my common. Well, so they stood, solemnly waving their dark garments in the breeze, or motionless in their silent and deep worship of nature. Magnificence dreaming! Nothing there was touched by the hand of civilization, thank God. Yes, one change had been made, and I felt that the milk of human kindness was not all soured within me. This was a fanciful and beautifying improvement. An extensive old gravel-pit had been spread with productive earth and mould, without diminishing its depths perceptibly, or changing its outlines in the least; all the abruptnesses, hillocks, un-

dulations, hollows, and projections, were carefully preserved, then turfed and planted with trees, shrubs, roots, and mosses; which, when I saw them, were flourishing with seventeen years of glory; making one of the most perfect specimens of romantic solitude I ever enjoyed. Who did it? Take nine-tenths of the saints out of the calendar to make room for him.

But to return from this ramble; this so far is a tale of leap years. Pardon me! I did not seek the pun. It lay in my way, and I could not leap over it. Again? Excision is the remedy in such cases; you have a penknife, sir, or madam: cut as deep as you please—I shall not wink an eye-lash. In my ninth year I was *taken off the common*; some friendly or benevolent assistant of my poor father having procured admission for me to a school, in which some thirty boys, all equally with myself the children of indigent parents, were fed, clothed, flogged, and taught, gratis. Luckily there was a very clever man, a strong-thinking man, at the head of this affair: and though my portion of the third class of the gratuities was as great as that which any two of my companions claimed or received, I think all was pretty fairly and impartially dealt; for I was never scrapeless—each day infringing the laws—on the forbidden wall—over it—away into the adjacent fields—on the roof of the house—through the windows—restless for ever, and for ever idle, except by leaps and impulses. Yet I was a prime favourite, and though I did nothing for it, I was usually at the head of my class. Every word of Robinson Crusoe I could repeat from my heart at ten; and how I longed for a desolate island and a man Friday! Philip Quarle and Robin Hood were my mythology; and I had swallowed every book of travels in our “juvenile library” at eleven. But maps, latitudes, and longitudes, and descriptions of far countries were my heaven. On these I was more accurately informed at thirteen than at thirty-five, after seeing and walking over them. I believe it was not stupidity, but stubbornness for which I was so frequently punished; I was idle over my tasks, but had a rapidity in mastering them, which frequently turned the threatening frown into a smile of approbation. I must be permitted to speak as freely on this subject as upon others. I am confessing myself; and, be it remembered, that if I speak those truths, which sicken by their egotism and self-conceit, (the egotism ought not to sicken, I profess it,) I have as freely told those things which brand me with infamy; and I shall continue to give myself the whip, and pour the vials of scorn on my own head. I discovered my rapidity of thought very early, by comparison and contention with others. I did those things almost *à l'improvise*, which were to them matters of toil, or, at least, seemed to be so, for hours and sometimes days. I had finished while they were beginning, or, if I began when they were ending, I was ready first. Doubtless they were more correct—but in the matter of theme writing, (as it was called,) for instance, mine was ever the one selected to be read aloud by the master. Yet I was scourged oftener than any other boy; my perceptions were not quickened by that process. This statement surely is no boasting;

all was done then as it now is by me, whatever it may be, (except a formal "how-d'ye-do note," or anything ceremonial,) *currente calamo*.

This rapidity is fatal to my hopes of author reputation; the critic will catch me tripping. Of this I am fully conscious: and of the thousand flashes and flushes of thought, with which I have endeavoured to impress paper, I have never yet dared to meet a reader's eye in print, except in a few scraps, which nobody has read, and I have forgotten; and now should not have ventured, but from an imperative cause, and in the reliance that the many remarkable adventures and extraordinary facts of which I shall speak, will keep the reader's eye in dilation. I have burnt manuscript "poetry"—bless the mark! fragments, and essays, which would have made twenty octavo volumes, of three or four hundred pages each.

At this school I remained till my fifteenth year. Reading, writing, and arithmetic limited the aspirings of my education. The words of Lindley Murray I had been compelled to commit to memory, and with as much advantage as words which we do not understand commonly yield. I could score a few lines, curves, and angles, without knowing how to apply them to any purpose of utility. I was naturally practical at tangents; skeleton maps I carried engraved in my brain; I knew that William Rufus succeeded conquering William; that a man named Virgil had written one book of poetry, and Homer another, and of their contents I was quite innocent, both in translation and original; that Milton had written *Paradise Lost*, which I tried to read, but could not; I was tired at the end of every six lines; I was ignorant that anybody had written plays, though I spouted some lines occasionally, which rattled well, and I liked them; I learnt from my father afterwards, that they were composed by one William Shakspeare, who was born and buried at Stratford-on-Avon, (I knew where Stratford-on-Avon was,) and had a singular epitaph on his tomb-stone. These, with some private lectures from my father, (to which I may have occasion to allude hereafter, for he was anything but conventional in his philosophy,) were all the properties of education which poverty would permit me to acquire in due form; but I had stolen much more than either my natural tutor or my intellectual trimmer was aware. I had poached on grounds which the latter would have flogged me, I dare say, for looking at; while the former would have clapped his hands with joyful approbation of my leap into them. He would have rejoiced to see me tear up every blade and root which grew there; though he knew beggary, and scorn, and hate would inevitably be my lot through life, if I ventured to touch them in check of their growth; for he believed they poisoned nature. And what was this which I had learnt by stealth? That it was prudent to say *yes* by implication, and do *no* directly—all in an honourable way, note ye. That one man's kick of another down stairs, should be accompanied by a drowsy voice, and a sleepy eye; all in an honourable way:—or, he might deliberately and gradually blight his soul and burn his heart, while he looked at, and spoke to him as blandly as if he were fitting him with wings for a flight to *Paradise*; still in an honour-

able way! How did that book creep into the juvenile library of such a school as ours? It was a volume of instructions for the attainment of the elegances and refinements of "common sense;" this of course was not its title. Surely it must have been placed there by one of the patrons of the school in sarcastic bitterness! I read it over and over, and through and through, and never forgot its precepts. They were struck deep into the malleable iron of my memory. I scorned, loathed, and abhorred them! Their design never succeeded with me, they could not touch me, they never could chill my affections. Hence, probably, I gradually imbibed an opposition to myself, my tongue of asperity and bitterness, while every untongued thought was so contrary in its tendency. By that book I was taught to avoid society, while I yearned to mingle in it every hour; I feared myself. Hence, perhaps, my affection for young children, my preference of a dog's congratulatory wag of his tail, to a man's "how d'ye do?" Hence my love of every individual and my aversion of men in masses. I shrink from, because I am unfit for, the sympathies of society; its components cannot, or will not understand me, and they have driven me to the extremity of thinking, that, to become a sensible man in their opinion, I must be first a scoundrel in my own.

Thus I have exhibited my sources of education up to my fifteenth year, and, except in the article to which my last paragraph allude, they were poor indeed. That single article I did not believe, at the time, would be of import in my future destiny: it has swoln into a broad and deep stream since. But there was a warm fountain of inexhaustible knowledge within me, then—feelings—so please you, and whatever else I learnt afterwards, was drawn from that fountain. "*C'est le chemin des passions qui m'a conduit à la philosophie,*" if I may presume to think I have arrived at any philosophy.

With such head, or rather heart, stores, did I go forth from school to earn salt to my porridge. I shall improve in my phraseology as I advance: when I arrive at the academy in which I made my acquisitions of elegant colloquy, viz., the 'tween decks of a frigate, and the cock-pit and gun-room of a seventy-four, my readers will be repaid for their present indulgence, by the ornaments of diction, flowers of rhetoric, and rounded periods, which will be scattered in every page, but that will be two years from this "salt to my porridge" seeking: till then let it be salt to my porridge, or any thing else by which my pen takes it into its nose to express my meaning. This salt to my porridge I was set to earn, for I am sure my labours did not pay for the porridge, and the balance against me must have been enormous for beef and batter pudding, mutton and mince pies, tarts and trifle, which gladdened, and often grieved, my viscera.\* I was bound apprentice to an uncle to assist in putting his warehouse in disorder, with the hope of

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\* A man learns much by accident. I discovered by casting my eye over a penny publication called the *Doctor*, that I was certainly a man of superlative genius, because I was so subject to the "belly-ache."

advancing to a desk in his counting-house; the apex of my soaring in life, was that to be. Chain me in a counting-house! Nail me to a desk! The most wretched of God's creatures held an existence of undimmed bliss compared with my life. Life! place a frog on a mountain cliff, and he'll be as much in his element as I was. I was a chamois in a rat-hole; a bonita in a bucket; an eagle in a cellar. I desired Mont Blanc for a breakfast-parlour; a sea for a washing basin; a sky for a drawing-room. I became a breathing cabbage stump, a talking turnip. Did I not struggle against this failing? I did struggle. Day and night I struggled, in solitude, in my occupations, and in my holidays; it was all struggle with me, and none knew that I struggled. Could no one see it? no? why, the marks which I bear now, so deeply cut, were indelibly impressed on me before I was seventeen. There were hundreds who would vouch for my being forty, at least, when I was not twenty-six years of age. I might have passed as the grandfather of my own child at that age. What were these marks? Ardour, scorching and shrivelling the surface on which it was forbidden to blaze, the cicatrizing lacerations of wounded and insulted nature, the dry rents and fissures which were left by the streams of passion when they were violently thrown back from their course; still they ran, they must run. They should have been permitted to flow in their channel: a finger touch would have calmed their impetuosity; a breath would have smoothed their roughness into bright and smiling ripples: but the effort was to dam them up. The consequence may be foreseen: for the freshening verdure and beautiful flowers that would then have adorned the whole soil through which they rolled, we have the cataract and the marsh; the undermined banks crumbling in upon the waters, and engendering pestilence. My father's would have been that finger, his would have been that breath, if I had spoken freely to him. The reflections which I have made since on his never forgotten lessons, show me that that was exactly the point at which he was aiming; but others, with whom I was more frequently in contact, told me "they were sinful and injurious;" they were not! they were good, beautiful, and just! But was I, even then, without happiness? No; I communed with myself in the unfrequented green lanes, in the woods and coppices, by retired pools of water; and often lost sight of all things which corroded my feelings: and my spirit floated buoyant and delighted then. I have there laughed and sang, and talked with my nature aloud, and, unchecked by fear or doubt, the joyous tones of the bliss, for it was bliss, which was then and there kindled, rose from my heart, and leaped through the surrounding atmosphere with as much luxuriance of freedom as the skylark's song in æther. Yet I was compelled to go back to reality.

My uncle never "thrashed" me; though, according to rules, I deserved such punishment every day. But therein he happened to be a philosopher of a different school. He seldom scolded me, though the provocations I gave him would have turned the voice, mellow as a flute's, into the teeth-edging and ear-grinding of a saw under the file.

There was a sort of jesting in his mode of punishing me. He once wrote on my little mahogany desk (it was polished and glistening, not long to continue so, when he first pointed to it as mine,) in the accumulated dust on its surface, the word "sloven," with the feather end of a quill. I understood that much better than I should have done thrashing or scolding. He often frowned at me, as darkly as his kind features could be twisted into a frown; and the strings of his kinder heart drew all the muscles back into placidity again. *He* was order embodied, method personified, neatness to a grain of dust upon a hair, regular as the sun—not up so early—business-like as a clock; what an anomaly of heart and habit was he! and I—I have said what I was—what anomalies were he and I together! An iceberg jostling against *Ætna*! He must have thought me an irredeemable soul, a worthless booby. He was a most kind, unostentatiously-benevolent, and warmly-affectioned man. But he was my master, and had a right to expect, and to exact from me, a devotion to that which was really drawing my life-blood from my veins. True, true! he did not see it. He could not know it, a sapling to him was a sapling, and whether a cinnamon or a fir, in the one soil and climate, it was to flourish at the owner's bidding. Was he singular in this? no! the singularity, the eccentricity is in consulting nature's appropriateness, in cultivating humanity. "Educate each child to his future station in life," that is, his rank, as it respects the size of the house in which he is to live, the clothes he may wear, and the money he may be able to spend. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! such is the wisdom of education! good, frightfully good! and this is to be continued, though its consequences are a hundred withering and breaking hearts added daily to the number which it has already broken. It is frightfully good; whether educated in expectance or certainty of riches, or of poverty, the consequences are the same: though, God knows! there is a majority of victims of the former class. Oh, I have seen their writhings through all the veils of concealment. I writhed in sympathy which they could not see. I could and did sympathize, but had no power to balm. I had studied *man*, their only books had been "the world." I have been the object of their pity and bounty, while my thankfulness towards them, my true gratitude was mingled with yearnings of sorrow and compassion.\*

The reader will be good enough to remember that I warned him before I set foot on this road of my life, that I should frequently pause to look at something by the way; that I should stray out of the path and from the present bound to the future, to gaze back on the past; that I should be discursive and digressive, but yet return to the spot from which I had abruptly broken and widely roamed. So do I now return to my uncle's counting-house, and I believe henceforward, I shall take

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\* In the course of my narrative I shall offer some "*daring*" opinions, and boldly state facts, in a few words on this "education" affair. To crush it, it must be shown to be ridiculous, absurd; not seriously contested.



much fewer rambling excursions from the main road, although I may leap over hills and dales, rivers and seas in my course. There I did not, I could not continue long : of my abstraction of myself, and some character-fixing incidents previous to it, I shall speak in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER II.

*Monthly Repository, June, 1833.*

*Grapnel.* If you approve him, lock within your thoughts  
The knowledge : venture not to speak at what  
You hold him ;—that will warrant him to slip  
The curb ; and like a frolic colt he'll fling  
His heels at random : in his wanton sport  
He'll kick his master—naught like whip and bit  
To teach a boy his paces.

*Schoolmaster.* You are wise.

*Grapnel.* By such a training, he'll be likewise wise,  
Such was my schooling—What am I ? ha, ha !  
OLD PLAY, (*not in Sir W. Scott's Collection.*)

"THE child is father of the man !" Is he so ? When the poet set this down, I deem he lacked a little of the true inspiration. He was "suing his action to the word." He found the man, but made the child himself ; or he found the child, and made the man accordingly ; or else his man was a rare creature, and had passed through a very unusual process in childhood and boyhood up to manhood.

"The child the father of the man !" Is the fawn the father of the wolf or fox ? Is the snow-drop the father of the thorn ? The mimosa father of the holly ? Is the muscadel the father of the crab ? Neither morally nor physically do I retain a resemblance to my original self. Would any one who looks on my external animality believe that this rough, jagged, and engrained visage ; this kinked, knotted, ridged, and corrugated forehead ; these shrivelled, parchment-covered cheeks ; this skin, which hangs pendulously loose and indented, like a collapsed pudding-bag ; this coarse neck, of pounded brick-dust colour and texture ; this mass which starts a million confused points out of my head, an untwisted and entangled hayband ;—would any one believe that these are transformations of a thing so girlishly complexioned, and mawkishly delicate ; so effeminately milk-soppy, that he was a subject of scoff for his playmates, of contemptuous jest to his elders, and a source of counselling punishment in the hands of the guides of his boyhood ? Yes, yes, it is true ; my effeminate appearance I was taught to regard as

criminal, or a "visitation"—bless the word! Oh! but this was to humble me; was I not humble enough, then? Why, I was a beggar, and something occurred each day to fix the knowledge that I was a beggar in my memory. What more did they require? Yes, I endeavoured to give the smooth, glossy ringlets which hung over my brow and down my neck the appearance of a ragged thrum mop, for they were matters of bitter mockery, and of a suspicion, a charge of conceit and young lady attention to their ornamental culture. My whole person was a fountain of keen grief to me, and I shunned a looking-glass, lest it should show a reflection which I hated. Oh, faith, I may doat and gloat on a mirror now. Why, I was transparent; you might look through me, and see all the workings of my thoughts and feelings, as you see a hive of bees under a glass case; my thoughts and feelings were equally busy, and ever at work. I withered under a repulse—I writhe under one still; for what difficulty I have in prevailing on myself to make an advance God knows, and no one else dreams that it is anything but a very easy matter to me. I shrank even in anticipation of a frown. I know well that I am exposing myself to ridicule by this confession. Be it so. I once should have fled into the covert of darkness or solitude, to conceal the shame with which I burned when a scoff dropped upon my ears. I return it now with fiery scorn. You have seen the passing clouds, reflected in shadows, float along the green fields and undulating corn? So did my young emotions pass across my brow, and left no hollow, rent, or streak, till cloud after cloud was compelled violently back into the heaven of thought, and so changed that heaven to hell. It was nature's healthy breeze that rolled the clouds as they floated over the verdure, and as they sailed along they let fall their freshening rain upon it; but now they were dashed back to accumulate in dense, black, and heavy masses, till, with a pestilential change, they had collected and grown into the hurricane's strength and fury, and down they rushed to devastate. Ah! I know what I felt in my boy days will be despised as excess of morbid sensitiveness, but I think all are naturally so sensitive till corrupted into "*manliness*." I remember once laughing and sobbing hysterically with joy, on seeing my father after an interval of separation, and I received an open handed blow on the cheek (not from him) to teach me to be "more of a man." I was seven years of age then. This is the process by which boys are taught that intractable, sulky doggedness which distinguishes the "manly English boy" from all others on the civilized globe's surface; a kindness and gentleness, an affectionateness of disposition in a boy at school, are invariably the butts of ridicule to his companions, and his days and minutes would be all misery but for his own self-sustaining kindness; however, his companions commonly succeed in teaching him a little of their "*manliness*." These things are results of the system, which, in its profound wisdom, crushes the affections and passions instead of guiding them. Why, I should have become an incarnate fiend by this time if I had not turned myself out of "the world," or I should have mounted one of the many, the thousands of gibbets it has erected, by way of

finger-posts. But "I carry up and down a discontented and repining spirit." Do I, indeed! Hark, sir reader; I have had no dinner to-day, I had none yesterday, I shall fare as sumptuously to-morrow, although I shall walk twenty-two miles for the poor chance of earning one for the next day, and if the weather of this day continue, a sweltering walk I shall have; (this is Tuesday, May 7, 1833, and a blazing day it is;) yet I shall be as cheerful as if I drove to an inn with carriage and four, and landlord, landlady, and a troop of waiters, ran out bobbing and curtsying in their best bibs and tuckers, to show their *servility*. Against my dining there is a persuasive argument—I am positively too poor to pay for a dinner; a good jest this, reader, is it not? And don't you think I am a base and contemptible fellow? I have no money to pay for a dinner! Yet I am as contented, and I think much happier, (as far as that matter affects me,) as is the owner of the great house and park which I see across the valley from the back parlour window of the Griffin at Danbury, in Essex, at this present writing. I have perilled the charges of a crust of bread and cheese; my pipe is in my mouth, my pen is in my hand, and I am much more contented than he is, for at this moment he, probably, is perplexed as he endeavours to trim his conscience into the shape that shall fit the "ay" or "no" which he has determined to give at the close of this evening's battle of the tongues in St. Stephen's chapel. Conscience is as "aisy as an ould glove" to some of the battlers; it will twist into any shape. It is the mansion of Sir John Tyrrell which I see yonder; hitherwards, in the valley, is another hugeous house, the residence or property of one of his kith or kin. Danbury Park lies a point on my larboard bow; ahead of me, at the extremity of the beautiful vale which is robed in green and silver, and looks love and fertility, distant about four miles, is a town famous for piety, petty sessions, prisons, and paupers. What are they at with the common on my starboard bow? I espy symptoms of a disposition to squeeze it into narrower limits. There is on its upper, northern boundary, a young wood or copse, which looks at it with a greedy eye. Keep off, Sir; no swallowing up; no demolition of the russet moss, brown heath, and blossomed furze. The blades of grass in the meadow before the window, the daisies and the cowslips, the trunks, branches, and foliage of the trees, are objects of my affection. The chirrupings of the birds which dance on my tympanum, are voices that sympathize with and reciprocate my love of creation. There is no *humbug* in them, and I need not falsify my feelings; my tongue is not twisted into the necessity of belying my thoughts, when I say I love them all, and they delight me. We do not pause on ceremonial forms, nor exchange hollow compliments from the vocabulary of politeness. I can gaze on them in earnest admiration, and they do not frown back upon me, nor call my gaze rude, intrusive impertinence. Such might be the interchanges between man and man, with the added and immeasurable happiness of communion of thoughts and speech, if man had not, from generation to generation, plotted to thwart the beauteous design, while the moral abortions of

each generation contributed to clog the benevolent scheme ; and man again bands his fellows into masses armed against the labours of the few who would put forth their strength in the toil of uprooting conventional poisons, and planting social happiness. ·Ay, ay, such men must be spurned, and scorned, and scoffed into martyrdom. “ Yours, Sir, is an Utopian creed, Mr. Pel. Verjuice.” And you, good reader, have an easy way of settling the affair : it saves a world of thinking. I may be uncivil, but I think I am not unkind to you. That the labour of regeneration would be great I admit ; but it would not require half as many generations to purify humanity as have been engaged in corrupting it, if the attempt were made with half the diligence and half the earnestness exercised in perpetuating evil.

One of my original weaknesses remains with me still in full force. It is the instant pain and flush of blood of which I am sensible whenever any person has attracted the supercilious smile, titter, sneer, or a ridiculing whisper, by an accidental awkwardness or embarrassment, or by any mistake in the “ proprieties ” of life. I remember this weakness from as early a period as I can remember having eyes ; I can neither titter, sneer, nor whisper on such occasions. I have now before my remembrance a young lady coming late into church ; as she walks down the aisle, many eyes are turned upon her ; she shrinks from the gaze, and so do I. I am sitting at the end of a bench in one of the cross aisles, one of the poor children of a Sunday school. I was at my “ larning ” six days in the week by my father’s order ; on the seventh I was driven, not by him. Hurrying into her pew, a part of her dress is entangled in the doorway. The whole congregation suspends the response of “ Lord have mercy upon us,” to look, some to laugh, others to whisper and exchange a mirth-kindled glance ; and all remorseless of the deep blush, and fever of exquisite sensitiveness disturbed, which are visible in the victim of their notice. I tremble, and feel the shame which I am sure she feels. I feel as if I were myself the object. Her pew, it is necessary—very necessary, to say, is lined with no velvet, no green baize and brass nailed, or a dozen “ gentlemanly ” men would have sprang forward to release the entangled gown. That was before I had completed my eighth year. Yes, this weakness remains with me still. I saw, a few evenings since, a lecturer, in adjusting his apparatus, draw part of it down on his head ; a laugh among the auditory showed that this was considered good fun. He might have been hurt severely ; no matter ; the first impression taken was the fun of the thing. On hearing the laugh, he turned round, and said, “ such things did not abash him.” His saying so was mere bravado, for he was embarrassed, and so was I ; but whether his embarrassment were occasioned by the accident, or the mirth which it excited, I know not. Go to a concert, or any other public assembly, you may note the cold look, or supercilious sneer, or the smile of ridicule at any little defect ; while the conscious timidity, the feverish sense of abashedness in the object, increases the sport. The sport is paid for, it is a purchased right. But, by your hope of an invitation to the next

ball or dinner, do not let the patron or patroness see you sneer. I visit the theatre : when the machinery is awkwardly moved, or an actor is at fault, there will be a hiss or laugh of jeering. I am so silly that I can neither laugh nor hiss. I feel the distress of the actor, or the dilemma of the scene shifter ; for I know they are distressed, that they are suffering acutely ; but this is morbid sensitiveness.

"But," says the conventional reader, "this callousness, this indifference to the feelings of others, Mr. Pel. Verjuice, prevails only among the lower orders. I will not dispute that, Sir ; first settle which are the lower orders ; in those whose education has cost most money, I have marked the induration fifty times as frequently as I have seen it in others ; and it showed itself without any desire on my part to find it. Mark me, Sir ; I limit my declaration to my observation of congregated masses. I speak another truth as freely ; it is among such, individually, that I, individually, have had my feelings most carefully and benignly consulted. There are different teachers of the same rules, as far as regards the words thereof, and they produce opposite results. This, too, I can avouch from experience.

Memory impregnates reflection, and gives birth to a thousand thoughts, as I look back on my boyhood and compare my then state of feeling with the experience of a life of constant struggle and opposing vicissitude. I was poor, I was humbly cast, I was struck with poverty's stamp ; and I was dealt with as if my only possible means of respiring through life, if I would escape the pangs of absolute want, were to be found in a severe attention, a changeless application to the records of a day-book and ledger, invoices and half-yearly accounts, despatching of wares and examinations of parcels ; dexterity and industry, method and correctness, in these affairs were to limit my endeavours, and be the sum of all my mind's and body's attainments. I was shown that all wisdom was comprised in these. I was taught that nothing was so sure an induction to virtuous and respectable life, so certain of a certificate of talent and good character, as skill in drawing up an account without any erasure, and arriving at a sum total without an error. The genius which invented numbers and letters was nobody ; and he that would reap pecuniary profit from their use, was an angel of light. There was coming on me, spite of my elasticity and buoyancy of imagination, a dryness of heart ; it was all duty and no love, all obedience and no affection, which was to drag me on through boyhood and youth up to manhood ; and a pretty thing I should have been if I could have lived up to manhood through such a dead, uphill tugging of the body, against the repugnant and recoiling mind. I should have been an ass in a mill-wheel, and like him worn into blindness by keeping my eyes on the same flitting spot ; yet I had advantages which are seldom mingled in the lot of one so humbly cast. There was a weekly reaction when I conversed with my father ; he was a thinking man, though subdued out of himself by dependence ; he possessed a mind which soared more widely, and swayed more influentially than is permitted or believed to exist in men of his rank ; and his

brother, my master, had a reverence for his superior understanding and penetration. Besides, the tie of relationship made my condition less physically harsh, and slackened some of the severe and cutting bonds between the poor apprentice and his comparatively wealthy master. But I had mortifications and endurances which were unknown to him, and I then thought complaint to him would have procured no redress, his manner to me forbade hope of relief; though I now believe otherwise; and I was frequently miserable, very, very miserable—so miserable that I feel now a yearning of pity towards any boy who may be so circumstanced; it would be sufficient punishment for any misconduct, even crime, of which a boy can be guilty, for it was a whipping and lashing of the heart. And little did any one think I was miserable; for every freedom from the suffering made my spirit leap with joy, and my mirth was exuberant even to a wildness of character. So I dare say they supposed I was silent only because I was fatigued with merriment, they never dreamt that my stillness was most frequently a return to heart-consuming sadness; no, they could not understand me. Could I have trod in my master's steps, could I have made business, as it was called, my delight, perhaps no boy's life would have been happier than mine with him. But this was against the grain, it was most nauseous, it was like crunching particles of sand between the teeth; a delicious sensation that! I could not chain my faculties to it. "Why?" I could not. "Why?" I could not. "Why, why?" I could not, I could not; I did strive, but I could not; and the way to lead me into liking it was never tried, and the means which I do believe my uncle thought would most safely direct and fix me, only increased my hatred of it. He seemed to be afraid of trusting me with looks or words of kindness, as if their consequence would be an assumption of privilege or idleness on my part: mistaken wisdom! spectaclled perception! It makes duty hateful, and obedience a pang. True, indeed, to his eye I was hopeless, valueless, worthless; but he began by standing aloof, and I felt myself isolated from the hour my novelty of position, the boy emancipated from school, had worn away its charm. The gratuities of sixpences, shillings, and half crowns, though I am now sure they were given in a kind and indulgent spirit, were never graced by any expressions of goodwill, there was a manner of compulsion in the giving, they were dispensed with the suppressed, dry, matter-of-fact look, with which a farmer gives hay to his team, or his wife barley to the chickens. Would the horses return a pat of the neck with a bite or a kick? or the chickens peck the hand if the barley were accompanied by tones of endearment? How differently were my father's less frequent donations of shillings put into my hand! Yet many considered him a man of austere and harsh character, though all children loved him. There was a playful beauty in the preface; and a confident rest in the loose which he gave to my self-guidance in the conclusion; that multiplied the gratuity a hundred times, and bade me regard it, not as money, but as a token of his affection.

I was ever dreaming, basking as it were in the sunshiny visions of

worlds which were not, of hazy creations which floated before my eyes and twisted the figures of pounds, shillings, and pence into fantastic shapes: for six dozen of anything at 12*s.* 8*d.* per dozen, I made a product in cocoa-nut trees, sailing ships, and strange shores; or erected a magnificent temple and sapphire colonnades fit for the residence of the genii, who reposed in, or floated along its halls; or delved an incantatory cell for the phantasmagorical creations of witches or magi. The book of orders was any thing but an orderly book under my hands. I marshalled in it the actions and ceremonies of nations buried three thousand years ago. This was all wrong, this was all criminal; I will not offer a defence, I state the fact. I was placed in a situation which, to be duteously, and, let me say, honestly filled, made the entertainment of such fancies wrongful to my employer. It occasioned errors and mistakes which might have resulted in serious injury and loss, had they not been rectified by a diligence and watchfulness, which, but for my carelessness, had been more profitably engaged. My time was passed in committing blunders, that of others in repairing the ill consequent upon them. Let the reader carry this reflection in his mind, and he will understand what little claim I had on the kindness and indulgence of one who considered correctness in accounts the greatest of virtues, and an aptitude for business in a boy, the best promise of future wisdom in the man. How many pangs did this unconquerable dreaming cost me! It made me less trustworthy than a convicted cheat or a thief, for it was possible, nay it was easy to frustrate the tricks of either of these; but there was no defence against my moral absence, and I endured all the ignominy of a thief detected, with the additional torture that I had betrayed a trust, while my heart told me I had not turned from honesty the breadth of a hair. I thought, when I sat down to write these Memoirs, to laugh at all these things; I intended to run along so far, on a rail-road of light-hearted retrospection, to draw mirth out of my boyish foibles—to be merry with my own follies, to make the reader laugh with me, at myself: but as I plunge my mind into the subject, the subject seems to swell into a combat with destiny. The reader will throw down the book if I do not get out of this rainy weather and muddy road. Well, stay; or rather go on awhile. You shall have sunshine and hurricanes, battles and billows, groans and laughter, by and by.

No I could not be trusted. Once I was despatched with a "one pound note" to purchase stamps, which were to cost six shillings and eightpence, my change, of course, was thirteen and four-pence. To the stamp shop I went, told my wants—my mind's eye was probably in Japan or in an Asiatic jungle. I counted the money (perhaps) six and eight-pence change, and returned home. Not till I reached the door, did I reflect that the stamp-seller had given me the sum he should have retained, and retained that which he ought to have given to me. The dread of my uncle's cold sneer, for he was never angry—I could always brave anger in any of the stations, climes, conditions, or circumstances in which I have been thrown, from that time to this.

Anger always arms me ; but a cutting silence, a cold sneer, or a grumble of reproach, I could never strive with ; they strip me of confidence and strength, and lay me bare in nakedness. The dread of my uncle's cold sneer threw me into a perspiration, and embarrassed my manner, as I said to him, " Sir, I have made a mistake." " I do not doubt that," he replied ; my faltering explanation was met by, " Umph, go back immediately and set it right, make haste." The order to make haste was uncalled for, every foot of ground was a mile as I panted over it. On stating my case, which I did in a confused, palpitating, and half-strangled utterance, the man of the shop first grinned at me in derision. I looked at him bewilderedly ; he told me to " be off," but I remained staring at him, rivetted to the spot, while he advanced to the desk and resumed his writing ; presently he turned his sneering visage on me, and said, without discontinuing his labour, " You have discovered a nice way of pocketing six and eightpence ;" this unchained my tongue. I called him " cheat, villain, rogue !" and he coolly reached down a horsewhip, and cracked it across the counter, with " Come, Sir, be off, or I'll flog you out of my shop." Flog me ! flog me ! I would not have stirred from the place if my flesh had been cut in strips from my bones ! But my uncle had followed me, and he came in during the flourishes of the whip. " What's this ? what's this ?" My uncle was a respectable man, so was the stamp-seller, and the courtesy of dialogue between two respectable men ensued, without reference to the feelings of the poor boy. He had no right to feelings. The respectable stamp-seller asked my uncle " if the boy were honest ?" On this I uttered a shriek of rage and agony, which suspended the talk for a moment. My uncle laid his hand on my shoulder, and bade me go home. " I will not go," and I stamped with fury, " till that fellow has done me right !" " Go home, I'll see to this." " Does that look like honesty or guilt, Sir ?" said the respectable stamp-seller. I spat up into his face as he stood behind the counter, and my uncle put me forcibly out of the shop.

I reeled blindly and mechanically through the streets, for there was a thick mist before my eyes, and arrived at the counting-house. My uncle returned soon, and, without casting a look at me, sat down to his books. I stood staring at him for some minutes, gasping with pain and grief ; then rushed up to him, and looked within an inch of his face, as I said, in a tone of deep, swelling, and intense energy, " Do you think I am a cheat, Sir ?" Without a wink of the eye, or a disturbed muscle on his face, he replied, " Go to your business ;" and my heart became a ball of ashes. The word, " No,"—for it was " no" he thought—might have changed my destiny, and saved me from years of misery. Were he now living he, perhaps, would have no recollection of this circumstance, except, possibly, that I showed some audacity at that time. To him it was a trifle, and to all who were then aware of the fact it was a trifle. Perhaps not one of them remembers it. To me it was of moment, it was a life-indexing event, it burst open the channels in which my future rugged, precipitous, alternately impetuous



and leaping, or dull and stagnant streams of existence were to flow. That same evening the stamp-seller came to my uncle to say he had discovered his mistake, and he paid the six and eightpence; he did not think it necessary to speak to me; or to make the smallest comment in reference to such an humble nobody as I was. It was a matter which concerned none but him and my master. I learned it from other sources, my uncle never spoke to me on the subject. He might have chained me to him in affection and love. I should have striven to anticipate every wish of his; duty and obedience would have become indulgences of pleasure and delight, if he had condescended to explanatory consolation; but I was nothing, nobody; and from that hour I resolved to be nothing, nobody, no longer. No, no, he could not understand me. In his creed of jurisprudence, kindness and explanation, instead of the dear comfort and happiness it would have brought me, would lead me into presumption and greater laxity; or, had he alluded at all to the matter, he would merely have told me to "be more careful for the future." Mistaken wisdom! erroneous judgment! but it is the hood-winked perception of millions! Yet I repeat it, and let it never be forgotten in the estimate of causes and construction of character, he was of a kind and affectionate nature, of clear sunlight probity, a most favourable specimen of father, merchant, and master. There is something in this which, at first glance, appears inexplicable; there is a seemingly irreconcilable discrepancy in the motives which direct the actions, that had I not experienced the scorching truth in my own history, I should have questioned its existence; but the watchfulness of perplexed and pained sensibilities which it occasions, will quicken the intellectual vision, and enable us to disentangle some of the mysterious webs in which worldly morality is woven, and raise a smile of contempt or a sigh of pity at the misapplication of the skill which has been employed on the work. I, in this discernment, have been greatly assisted by contrasts of character; for after this circumstance, which I have above related, while yet a youth—a boy, I was placed in a much more important trust, one of public service, in which the interests of thousands were involved; under a man of "birth and station" who took me out of the lowest state of degradation, if I may so speak of my condition, uninfluenced by any claims on his notice, and in all his confidence bound me to him by the kindness and graciousness of manner in which he informed me of the trust he reposed in me; so that the very breath of temptation to swerve from my faith to him never fanned me, even in a dream. I loved him, I revered him as a superior being. Of him and these circumstances I have to speak hereafter; my recollections of him are pregnant with gratitude, a solemn affection, which may, in the minds of some whose knowledge of him was more limited, or based on other grounds than mine, colour my sketches with tints too deep and warm. Let those judge who knew him as well as I did; and if there can be one so deeply and largely indebted to his kindness as I am, let him say if I overstep the truth. I shall speak of him hereafter. There are thousands of instances in this commercial nation, in which sums to

any amount, and documents in which the speculations and hazards of "the firm" are involved, are freely intrusted into the hands of persons employed by "the heads;" persons who have no claim on, or union with them, beyond the periodical stipend; who could, by swerving from the path on which they have been so intrusted, bring down ruin on their employers. The employer will take merit on the freedom of his confidence, and laud himself for unlimited trust; yet with all this, he will never admit the trusted to a communion of kindness, to a freedom of thought, or scarcely even to a cold conversation, beyond the doors of his counting-house. Why is this? The employed is thus instructed to be indifferent to every thing but those interests on which his own safety depends. He can have no anxiety for the "heads;" they may be squeezed into bankruptcy to-morrow for all it concerns him, if he see a good chance elsewhere. In England there is seldom any love between master and servant; there is (as a general rule) no affection, no reciprocity. A short time ago I saw a servant of Earl D—, uncovered, bowing submissively as he attended his master, and assisted him to his carriage. He was regarded as a faithful and attached dependent. I heard his lordship so speak of him; and I heard the man, the moment after the carriage drove from the door, say to one of his comrades, "There's a fellow for a lord, he may do for a broom," and saying this, he pantomimed the street-scavenger, "but he's not good enough for the scoop." There was a liveried thing seen some months ago, riding about and carrying a lap-dog wrapped up in flannel, for an airing; he was directed to go into none of the close and filthy streets among the residences of the *canaille*, lest he (the dog) should inhale the atmosphere of poverty, and the effluvia of gin, onions, and tobacco, and not to go out of a gentle walk. Which of the two was the more foul, contemptible, and degraded wretch,—the owner of the dog, or the man who submitted to the order? The sick, flannelled lap-dog was a *god* compared to either of them. Yet, no doubt, this was "a faithful and attached servant." I say there is no affection existing between employer and employed, between truster and trusted, master and servant. But "they are very faithful," oh, very! "They will stand up for their masters and defend them on emergencies," ay, if the guinea shine behind the emergency. And such faith is merited and won, no other. "Firm is my faith if bought by gold," may be stamped upon the foreheads of them all. The master is afraid of being seen in any shape that shall not exhibit him as the master; he thinks he shall slacken the chains of "respectful subordination," if he oil the links by speaking to the wearer as if he were a fellow-being; or, more foolish and more cowardly still, he dreads the opinions of his neighbours, who will say he does not keep his servants in subjection, if he be not in his tones imperative, and in his looks austere.

It is singularly strange, that the gentleman or lady who will unhesitatingly confide the keys of wardrobe, cash, or jewels to a servant, and if occasion require, go into a court of law to vouch, on oath, a belief in said servant's trustworthiness—to speak, still on oath, instances in proof

of the servant's impeccable integrity ; it is singular, I say, that there is one point on which the ready voucher would be struck into blank silence. If the court should put the question, "Did you trust this servant with the key of your tea-caddy?" After the dumbfounding consequent on this interrogatory, something would be emitted like—"What a question! nobody ever does; it is contrary to custom." Are you puzzled, reader, for the "cause of this effect defective?"

Tell me, ye who cavil at my sourness, does any other principle guide you or yours, your copartners or acquaintances? Do you trust because the trusted is faithful? because the trusted is of spotless integrity? Not you; you know your security is not there. You know your own remedy, and revenge too, in the event of betrayal and turpitude; you know that rascality is merely frightened away. On every village green, companion to the church, you have erected a pair of stocks. All your honesty, your morality, and much of your religion, is as two current coins jingled against each other. You dare not trust faithfully. Your muddled souls, bandaged together by custom's swathe; your mechanical-motivated hearts, swinging in the monotonous uniformity of the clock's pendulum, would be terrified "out of their propriety" if a breath of genuine and generous philanthropy fanned upon them. Oh! how I scorn, loathe, detest, sicken at that "trust and confidence," which are environed by law; limited by the facility of detection, and secured and preserved by the dread of detection's consequences! *Generous* reader! regret, grieve with me, that these things are so! and do not cast anger or reproach on me for declaring the truth.

So grows and expands a ceaseless contention of mistrust and deception. One side is engaged in tricking, the other in watchfulness against the trickster: each changing sides alternately, the trickster of this hour takes the station of suspicious watcher in the next; and so has ripened that conduct in the "business of the world," which justifies, and unscrupulously secures itself at any expense or sacrifice to the interests of others. This it is which has made "humbug" a practical science in all bargainings, in all professions, in all pursuits; it is indispensable to success and prosperity; it is the centre and essence of all social, commercial, political, and literary communion, from the prince to the street-sweeper; from the huckster of a penny-worth of butter, to the holder of bonded millions; from the sale of a lordly domain, to the purchase of a pound of cat's meat; from the building of a palace, to the paving of a pigstye; from a missionary or bible meeting, to a game at skittles; from the hawker of sixty ballads for a penny, to the professional "critic" on the most glorious illuminations of mind, the gushings from the deepest and most intense pulsations of the heart, or the veriest trash which ever stagnated on paper; from the placarded notice of a breakfast for threepence, to the columns of the "leading journal," (inclusive;) from the spouting of an ale-house club, to the speechifying of those who sway the destinies of nations, arbitrate in the disputes of millions, and cater for the salvation of empires: all is "*Humbug*;" and it is a necessary part of the humbug to disclaim humbug.

This is competition, competition of self-interests displayed in an union of hypocrisy and cunning, and all are honourable men. All this used to be peculiar to England, it is still indigenous, but there is a sprinkling and growing up of it in France. Among the multitudes whom the peace and steam-boats have helped across the Channel, some skilful hands have been engaged in inoculating the French with this most prominent and formidable trait of Englishism. John Bull is ever complaining of imposition on his good-nature and justifying his caution and suspicion of all new comers, all (unpuffed) fresh approaches to him, and he is more cautious and suspicious than any other man on earth. Is it not so? And is it not true, also, that he will tell you, all this is rendered necessary—imperative, by the multiplied acts of swindling and deception, of which he, poor fellow, has been the victim? Is John then so blind, that he cannot perceive that this proves, beyond dispute, that suspicion and gullibility are the offspring and parent of each other? Good, easy man! none are so full of suspicion and caution; none pride themselves so much on their acuteness as the English, and none are so frequently the dupes of imposture. John is too practical a man to understand signs of thought, except the arithmetical, two-and-two-make-four logic of them; he thinks otherwise of his perception, and in nine cases out of ten, casts his leer of suspicion on that which is a note of innocence, and trusts to that, yieldingly and implicitly, which if he possessed the penetration of which he boasts, he would know was a manoeuvre for deception. His caution dims his sight, his suspicion is a pair of dirty spectacles.

### CHAPTER III.

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#### MY FIRST PLAY.

“Look closer to ’t: you make the evil first;  
A base, then pile a heap of censures on it.  
’Tis your own sin supplies the scaffolding  
And mason work: you, skilful, rear the grim,  
Unsightly fabric; and there point, and say  
‘How ugly is it.’ You meanwhile forget  
’Tis your own handywork. I could say more;  
But there’s a check within: ’tis such an one,  
As you, I trow, have banished from its birth-place.”  
OLD PLAY, (*very scarce*, “*marked in the Catalogue*,  
*RRRR: which signifieth rarissimus.*”)

“Ow, Pylades, what’s life without a friend!” Shall I ever forget these words, or the clear, ringing voice—a voice, which in its character

was neither trumpet nor bell, but a compound of both, mellowing into each other—which first conveyed these words to my ear? No; and less probable is it that I shall lose the power of re-creating every circumstance, form and colour, order and arrangement, of the occasion on which I heard them. I am sure it is less desirable; when this light of eye fades, and this vigour of imagination and reflection falters, may I—*—fiat voluntas tua!* How came I, for the first time, how came I ever to “go to a play?” There were about me those who would have deemed I was rushing headlong into the gate “opposite to St. Peter’s,” if I entered the doors of a theatre. Yet I did go. All the world was wide staring at a wonder; all the world professed to see miraculous genius in a boy: there were, indeed, a few exceptions, a few questioners, but they were scouted as morose or envious; and the gaping curiosity of the world dilated my eyes with desiring astonishment. I could and did wish, but dared not hope for, the gratification: and with what a heart-full of swelling delight and impatience, and impulsive thankfulness, did I receive my uncle’s permission, unsolicited, garnished by a gallery ticket, to go and see the “young Roscius.” I lost not a minute ere I carried the joyful intelligence to my father; who, let the truth be spoken, entertained notions of a different complexion on this “opposite to St. Peter’s” mischief: he was almost as joyous as I was, in the anticipation of the impression and pleasure I should receive, and added a shilling for fruit between the acts; and, “Well, you’ll come and tell me all about it next Sunday.” The intervening twenty-four hours were the most wearisome and sense gnawing I ever knew. I rolled from side to side, shifting my position every five minutes during the unslept night; and all next day the fingers of the clock were the laziest pieces of machinery that ever were invented: the sun was stupified, he was a laggard, and seemed to loll and lounge on his journey, verily as if to torment and laugh at me. After a long, long watch of outstretched, provokingly prolonged minutes, four o’clock did come; two hours previous to the opening of the doors, three before the rising of the curtain: and forth I sallied, stepping, no, vaulting on air. On my arrival near the theatre, I saw a compact wall of thirty yards length, and fifteen feet breadth, built of human bodies, close, compact, wedged, and welded: the owner of each particle fearful of slipping an inch in retrograde, or of being squeezed a hair’s breadth out of the line. I lodged my diminutive substance in the mass. It was a blazing day in June. Oh, my masters, I was soaked! but I bore it like a hero, as most heroes bear hardships: I had a glory in view, and finched not at the squeezing and sweltering. I have lost all this courageous endurance latterly. I could no more find patience to wait two hours now for the opening of the theatre’s doors, than I could find the centre of gravity by boring for it with a gimlet; yet my love of the drama is stronger than ever: but on the occasion to which I am now your index, reader, all, every thing was new, of mind-exciting, soul-captivating, body-panoplying character. The very sky over my head seemed made for, and it did perform the office of, friendly

participation in my senses : it communicated an encouraging, smiling sympathy to my delight. I was in a bath of perspiration and bliss. I was part, yet single, of the mass assembled for the same object, urging to the same goal. Each individual was a portion of myself ; I loved them all ; they assisted me in my enjoyment ; they aided me in the expectation of which they were themselves full ; and the two hours ran away unperceived by me : the knowledge that they had passed was communicated by the bending and heaving of the wall, which drove itself inwards by its own invisible and internal machinery ; the secret chain was one soul linked to and coursing through five hundred bodies ; the billowing mass lifted me from my feet, and carried me, resistless and effortless, to within the MAGICAL DOORS. The same power bore me on to a sort of pigeon-hole, in which I deposited my ticket and received a copper check ; my visit to the pigeon-hole was not of three seconds' duration, but I found opportunity to be struck with the peering, keen, mechanical abstraction of look in the man who received my ticket. It was a species of human being that I had never before recognised, and I had him down instantly on my tablets ; (those malleable iron ones of which I spoke in my first chapter ; being rather vain of the phrase I remind you of it, reader.) Away from the pigeon-hole, and I ran, leaped, and pushed, and panted up the endless, countless, and tantalizing stairs. At length I was IN THE THEATRE ! I started back at sight of the steep, almost precipitous declivity : it seemed like a hill with its components and fragments, creeping, leaping, falling, rolling, rumbling, and settling down in the dying labours of an earthquake ; though masses, for a whole half hour, continued tumbling into place, till all was settled in a firm and compact body. The deep roar of the many hundreds of voices, here and there one rising into a scream, at first appalled, then left me to a tumult of wonder, and bewildering, breathless intensity of eye and ear. There, directly beneath my gaze, was the large, sacred, green veil, behind which the mysterious preparations were then in state of progress. What a sublimity of office was in that baize curtain ! With what dignified composure, what Jupiterian equanimity did that curtain look forth its authority, its command that the sacred precincts which it guarded, the hallowed rites which it concealed, should not be profanely penetrated ! Heroes and demi-gods, and Ida's beauteous queens were there, robing for the festival ! An after and less reverential acquaintance with these affairs, told me there was a drawing on of flesh-coloured legs ; a tugging at gilt leather breast-plates ; a tying of lambroquins ; a buckling of sandals ; a proper adjusting of certain padding ; corking and India-inking of eye-brows and whiskers, and a breeding of roses on the cheeks, by the marriage of a hare's foot with red lead ; and a thousand other mortal earthlinesses too tedious to mention. But of all these I saw nothing now : blessed state of innocence ! The deities were smiling at each other, as they sipped their nectar, and inhaled ambrosial essences. I feasted in stillness on the exhilarating idealities, and sat in unbreathing ecstasy. Ha ! look ! look there ! a face and two Olympian fingers opening and peeping

through a crevice in that sacred curtain! Most happy and envied, most privileged of beings! who and what art thou? Thought is more speedy than speech; I had time to think this, not to speak it, for instantly there was an outbursting of noises; such—"my young remembrance could not parallel a fellow to" them—such as forced me out of my feelings of worship and venerating curiosity. They were compounded of hiss, growl, snarl, whoop, yell; "Off, off;" "Ya a a ah—ya a a ah! off, off!" Cats, dogs, geese, serpents, bears, brayers, wolves, owls, and rooks were at once tearing their throats with warring discord on my stunned and confounded ears: but the face and fingers, after an exhibition of a phalanx of teeth by the former, withdrew, and the hallowed orifice closed. Now my eyes turned to survey and revel through the capacious, deep, gorgeous, gilded, and emblematically painted—room? no; not room. It was a mountain scooped out from summit to base, and caverened in its bosom—with a blue and fleecy sky overhead, the roof being coloured to represent a canopy of bright day—all arranged with seats, bowery and flowery, on which a thousand tinted streaks, and dots of shrubs and verdure rested. But the shrubs and flowers were most inharmonious, and for heat, it was a blast furnace in Guinea! the hollow of Etna was breezy and cooling rather than that. The noise was deafening and tremendous; but amid the din I caught the indistinct twanging and crashing of musical instruments, and looking, I saw, far beneath me, near the foot of that magnanimous green curtain, some fifty arms jerking, and as many heads bobbing and rocking, with delirious earnestness and furious rapidity: there was a regiment of violins undergoing military torture at one and the same moment. This I afterwards learned was called the orchestra. There was a magical and mysterious influence in that indistinctness of sound, which grappled at my imagination, as the splashes of light, in measureless distance, in Martin's pictures, have since grappled it. At once, as if some spell had struck every heart, and bound mute and motionless every voice and limb, there was a dead stillness. This sudden and instant calming of the tempest was positively awful and sublime. I trembled: and noiselessly, grandly, and slowly the cloud of curtain rose up, up, and vanished. Then, oh, then! on my enchanted eyes grew forth a magnificent palace, interminable in colonnades, and sacred with recesses, stretching far, far, far into distance; thence the mellow effulgence of an ethereal splendour subdued drew the imagination on to an everlastingness of melodious and flowery elysium. Paint, canvass, and brushes, glory to ye! In quick retrogression the eye stepped on the gorgery of the marble columns, and over their sculptured and trophied decorations, then took their impatient rest on the space between the stream of light on the verdant floor, and the nearest range of pillars. From opposite portals, two beings stepped lightly and gracefully forward, till they met. Not yet; for the instant a sandalled foot from one was visible at the verge of the mystic recess, the mountain shook with the thunder which at once, in one passionate and headlong peal, rattled and echoed, and rolled from its summit, sides, and

hidden depths beneath me ! It was the collision of four thousand palms, many of them as horny as a horse's hoof, the beating of so many feet with simultaneous, constantaneous strokes, and the volleying of two thousand voices in "Bravo! bravo! bravo!" all in exact unison of burst. What a moment was that for the young and beautiful stripling, a juvenile deity descended, who stood, and bent a graceful acceptance of the homage ! Again and again the thunder rose and rolled, and again the boy-god bowed. Yet was there another being, an elder, still a youth, standing near him, retired back a step or two : he stood erect and beautiful ; he bowed not ; he felt the homage was not to him ; he was deaf and absent to it all ; he was still Mr. King, spite of his sandals, tunic, and peplum. The uproar melted into air ; the last rumble of the thunder sank down, down, down from a murmur to a sigh ; then to unheard, suppressed breath ; deep, deep, intense stillness : and I heard the voice of that rare creature, if creature he could be, musically syllable forth the words, "Oh, Pylades ! what's life without a friend !" In that vast assemblage of men, women, and youths, of different degrees, temperament, and character ; the rough and the courtly, the rude and the refined, the semi-savage and the delicate, the educated and the illiterate, the turbulent and the meditative, the timid and the tipsy ; not a whisper, not a breathed sound curled on the atmosphere to disturb the adoring silence ; there was a tranquillity as perfect as in the stars,—it was like the quiet of a moonray sleeping on, and borne about by, a vivified statue. Oh, how I was enthralled, enchanted, spell-wrought, by what I saw and heard ! With utter unconsciousness of myself I arose and bent forward, with outstretched arms, as if to fly whither I was irresistibly and dreamingly drawn, when a jerk at my coat tail, and a voice in anger's shrillness, crying "Cawn't ye sit deawn ? y'ore rucking my geawn'd," drew me back. Oh, what a hurling down from the heaven of imagination was that ! "Gi that gewee some woots ! turn um bout ! throw um hover !" screamed and bellowed from every side, and a thousand heads and as many pair of exasperated eyes were directed towards me. "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would thaw and resolve itself into a dew !" (I had read Hamlet) was my prayer. I was steeped, saturated, parboiled in a caldron of shame. I was for some moments in a state of utter annihilation : but the storm died away, peace returned, and with it my fixedness of eye and devouring of ear. I was forgotten, praise be to the saints ! and the splendid phantasma proceeded. The play-bill, which was crushed and doubled up to a hazel-nut's bulk by this time, had told me that Pylades was Mr. King, Orestes "by the young Roscius." Then came the deep-toned, stately Pyrrhus, a metempsychosis of Mr. Barrymore, or Mr. Barrymore a metempsychosis of Pyrrhus : take your choice, reader ; yet I offer another version of the "say," I think Mr. Barrymore was himself all the while. Heavens ! what majesty of step ! Oh, reader, if you are very young, you can form no idea of it, unless you have seen Liston in Lord Grizzle, or Jack Reeve in Abrahamides ; no disparagement to Barrymore though ; he was as good as nine-tenths of his day : that "stage tread" is obso-



lete now ; but how it was bepraised and beworshipped by your papa and mamma ! The legs superlatively proud of bearing such a body, the feet speaking their conscious dignity of belonging to the legs, each wrinkle in the stocking's instep and ham seemed to say "how all these people are admiring me !" There were guards, and battle-axes, and shields, and spears, and a throne ! Lawks me ! I had never seen a throne before ; that is to say, a real, genuine, bonâ-fide throne, nothing but pictures of them in books. Sir reader, I would have sacrificed my dinner every day for the next month, even to have touched one of those blessed battle-axes, or to have clutched the shaft of one of those honoured spears ! But the men that bore them ! Oh ! to their glorious state, ambition could not dream of aspiring ! Then the ladies, the angels, *les déesses*, for such to me they were, to be gazed on only at a distance, unapproachable and immaculate ! How beautiful ! how very, very beautiful they were, indeed they were, whether you call them women or goddesses ! how much more than lovely ! Mortality's touch, or the voice or breath of earthliness would have blasphemed them. Yet the play-bill informed me that Hermione, the Juno, the tornado queen, Hermione was ycleped by mortals *Mrs. Johnstone*, and the tearful, sad, and fond, and graciously tender Andromache, was grossly called *Miss Norton*, and that both were real women ! But I would not, I could not believe it, even though the white cambric handkerchief of the latter told me it had just left the profane hands of the laundress, it was folded so neatly : and how prettily those pretty fingers unfolded it to my view, and exhibited the nice rectangular creases ere it was lifted to those glorious eyes to wipe away the tears which did not glisten there ! Ah me ! if I had carried a hundred hearts under my waistcoat, they would all have jumped out and yielded themselves captives, willing, joyous captives. But bless you, reader, I have been in like predicament a hundred times since ; black, brown, fair, and coppery, all have held me in their thralls, and, as I thought with each, past escape. It is all over now, and I am as free as a weathercock. How I followed every step and waving of the arms with my earnest gaze, or I endeavoured to do so ! but I was somewhat perplexed to look at two at once. How every word and every tone trickled through my ears and dropped into my heart ! all was delicious, soul-elevating, and soul-subjugating enchantment ! except between the acts ; and then I was reminded that I was an earthly gallerian, that all around me were earthly. It would be almost profanation of the subject to turn to the occurrences of the evening pending these intervals ; it was a matter of astonishment to me, that the impressions which I took, and which all seemed to take, could be so easily thrown away. Amid the general clapping of hands, and thumping with sticks, and beating with hoofs, that followed anything which pleased or struck the multitude, I was dumb and motionless ; I had no power to bring the palms of my hands in collision ; the *vis insita* slept ; mind had ceased to act on the body. There was one sympathetic and simple creature sitting next to me (not the one whose "geawnd I had rucked") motionless and mute as myself, but

she found breath to whisper to me, "Are they alive?" alluding to the beings on the stage. "Oh, yes," was all my reply, glad to give the information, and not a jot surprised at the question. But between the acts I was really agonized; what with the ugly change and impatience for the elevation of the cruel act drop-scene, I could scarcely endure myself. There was whistling and shouting, and hallooing to acquaintances, and cork drawing, all in a moment from the descent of the act-drop: ay, ere it had closed the view in entirely, the villany began; and this from the very persons, who, a second or two ago, were sitting with such hungry stillness and greedy attention! What are they made of? This was interstitial misery; but delight and ecstasy, choking, suffocating ecstasy, again took possession of me, as the compassionating screen withdrew its presence. What a bliss is ignorance! I am quite certain I could not now be bribed to sit through the play of "Orestes, or the Distress Mother," as it was acted on that evening: every thing was faultless, beautiful, divine then, because I had thought no more about the matter; I had examined no further into the qualities of acting than the rest of the public,—those who are in the habit of deciding the fate of a histrionist. In short, I had not learned to find fault. The star, the wondrous magnet of the evening, the being who drew the *enthusiastic* multitude to gaze on him, was he who figured as Orestes: but it was Andromache that stood pre-eminent with me, sweet, tender, and soul-dissolving in my sight. Folks said Hermione was the finest; she may have been; but I have ever had an instinctive aversion to a virago, whether in brocade and lace and diamonds, silk or gingham, or in linsey-woolsey, but the most horrible of these horrors, is a *genteel* virago! Where was Astyanax for whom Andromache feared and grieved? What a blessed child was that for whom *she* moaned and wept! And I heard Pyrrhus tell her, ten times at least, with boisterous, bullying condescension, that he loved her, and I disliked Mr. Burrymore, and this too without loving Miss Norton.

Would that this could last for ever! I wished. Oh! how I dreaded, whenever my thoughts turned to realities, how I dreaded the termination, the shutting up of this enchantment! The prospect of the curtain falling, people all going away, lights extinguished, and the "counting house!"

"Madam, 'tis done, your orders are obeyed;  
The tyrant lies expiring at the altar!"

said the boyish-murder; urged by the o'er-mastering passion for her who advised the act; while his mind shook in terror at the raging impulses of his heart. How I trembled too! Such was the point, the precise moment in that engrossing incident, when a loud "Ho, Lord, ho!—ho, moy hoy! moy hoy!" broke the dense mass of spectators into another commotion of heaving, tossing, and yelling. It was not my doing this time, but I felt the burning of shame again upon me. "What's the matter?" and heedless of shins, shoulders, and heads, down plunged a constable to the quarter from which the disturbing cry

uprose. There stood Hermione and Orestes, waiting neither patiently nor complacently, I ween, but striving to personify both, till it pleased the inferior deities above that their regalities should proceed in their hot debate. "Hallo! what's the matter here? Come out;" in the meekness of a mastiff's growl, said constable, at the same instant gripping the collar of the crier, who, with his left hand covering his sinister eye, stood two benches below me,—“Come out.” “Why it was that chap, yander—’twarn’t my fault: ee ull’ed a big gewzbree at me, un us ot me a gob o’ the hoy, and welly blinded me.” (This is a sample of the English I was set to learn, in obliteration of my native tongue, vide chap. 1.) Remonstrance was useless; the constable was obdurate, energetic in his office; and upwards, up the hill of legs and paunches, arms and heads, remorseless of the discomfiture of many a shawl, the damage of sundry white cottons, and the “rucking” of countless or uncounted “*geawnds*,” he dragged the offended offender, he ousted the man of the wounded optic. Quiet once more: and presently all eyes and heads were pointed as before the “row began.” Hermione and Orestes, by a clapping of hands, were informed that they might now proceed. I was throughout so earnest in my attention, so fixed in my gaze, and took impressions of all I saw and heard, so acutely and deeply, that I am sure I could have marshalled every step of foot, position of body, motion of arm. I could have coursed over every tone of voice which I heard that night, for years afterwards. I felt everything, that is, I understood everything, except that which was most uproariously applauded, that which was clapped and “bravoed” by the audience most vehemently—the *mad scene*. Young and ignorant as I was, I felt sorry that it was done. I scarcely know how to describe what I thought of it, but the best I can say is, it seemed to be the action and manner of a man who, tired of a task in which it was necessary to assume an appearance of grave earnestness against the grain, was resolved to put an end to the matter by making bombastic fun of it. I saw the same character performed by Booth, at Charleston, in South Carolina, in 1821,\* and recollected every movement of Master Betty.

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\* Booth was an extraordinary man, a truly great actor, let others say what they will. He was no man's second. Neither was he a copyist, as he was denounced for being. Booth could not “imitate.” Whoever talks of *models*, or of *schools* in acting, or adopts the principle of their need or utility, I voluntarily pronounce to be altogether ignorant of the spirit of dramatic illustration. In its operation, acting makes no reference to memory: the instant memory is taxed, the spirit flies. Kind-hearted reader, (for I begin to find out who are my readers, and I may so, safely, address them,) if you will not take this from me, pray accept it from Pope:

“When memory prevails,  
The solid force of understanding fails.”

A repetition of reflection is mere mimicry. Booth's acting was a per-

Booth made me shudder in the *mad scene*. It is by a reference to these engravings on my memory, that I can assure myself the acting which I then marvelled at, and thought, (that is to say, believed)—there was not much thinking in the matter, “I took it as the vulgar do,”—so fine, was really bad. Perhaps I may be permitted to dilate on this subject hereafter; at present suffice it to say, that acting is a very different thing to that which it is *generally* supposed to be. I am *sure*, at least, in saying, *was* supposed to be. The drama has declined: it has done so ever since minuets were banished. Tragedy went out of fashion with whalebone petticoats and powdered periwigs. The “tragedy strut” and the “wow wowing” threw an air of grandeur and *dignity* over the actor, and enveloped him in a mysterious halo: it was so unlike anything else which the play-goers could see in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, therefore did they admire it.

I would undertake by this day week to drill a bag of wool into as good an actor as many of their favourites were. And you may hear them still, “Ah! we shall never see such genuises again!” Verily I hope not! If a correct view of acting, and of what true acting consists, were generally entertained; and if the qualities of mind which are indispensable to the formation of the actor, were fairly understood, the excellent Shelley would not have spoken in contempt of the player’s art. Were acting justly regarded, not more than one in fifty of those who pant to belong to the profession, or to win praises by amateurship, would presume to set himself before a theatrical audience; then, perhaps, an actor might be estimated at something more than an object at which vulgar curiosity may pay to stare. And we should require no stronger proof of utter absense of honesty, or lack of ability to judge, than were furnished by themselves, in those whose pens were employed in laudation of the tragic powers of a boy. They did not confine their admiration to the boy’s memoried tact, and imitation of a schooled manner, or I should not pause to comment on their honesty or judgment here. They gulled themselves and “the world,” by “critical” examinations of the exhibition, as really good acting, as imagined feelings and creations of secondary existence: and, in their computation, elevated the boy Betty to a level with—ay, to an eminence above the

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vasion of mind in the entirety of corporeal functions: it was thought dashing its influence to every nerve, and nerve sending back to the thought, an increased tenacity. His acting was imagination of the highest order, intensely physicalized. Hear Pope again:

“When beams of warm imagination play,  
The memory’s soft figures melt away.”

Booth’s failing, I fear, was a deficiency of moral strength: he could not battle with and overcome the assaults of mortification and disappointment: they bore too hard upon his nature: he had not the elasticity and rebound which are necessary in that combat.—P. V.

noblest theatrical spirits of the day. Had there been truth in the "criticisms;" had he merited the eulogies which were awarded to him; had he deserved a hundredth part of them, the boy must have possessed the constitutional temperament, mingling with an innate fountain of moral faculties, which would have flourished and widened in manhood; and thought and experience would have invigorated them in years: whereas the result in manhood was decline, insufficiency. The original principle, the grand faculty, the sacred fire was not there, or it could not have perished so: it would have battled against the caprices of a satiated curiosity, and fought its way up to triumph.

This body-clipping and mind grasping subject of tragedy, was followed by the farce of "Love laughs at Locksmiths," and a glorious farce it is. Only to think of the effect it had on me! The very boards, the benches, the pillars and walls, seemed built up and dove-tailed of laughs. I, who had been so full of the sympathies and passions of Orestes, alternately swelling, weeping, choking, and shivering, was as hearty a participator in the fun, as the wisest and ablest play-goer in the house. I screamed with laughter, to the excoriation of my trachea; my jaws ached with incessant cackination; my o'er-bubbling eyes would have swamped a jolly-boat, and my poor ribs complained of cracking with the repetition of peal on peal of my free, unsuppressed, uproarious, absolute relish of the humour! What a capital, clever fellow was Risk! (Mr Jones,) and Solomon Lob, (little Lancaster,) was a bladder of laughing gas to me. And how painfully, amidst it all, did my thoughts turn to the drawing to a close of all this enjoyment. I almost trembled at its approach; and like one who has glanced at something which he fears, I turned away my eyes: still the ugly spectre drew me towards it, and the end did come. Oh! that some power would kindly arrest that falling curtain! No, no, the floor rose up to meet it; and the opening diminished, narrower, was a crevice, a line of light, now shut as closely as a jar of preserved damsons in my grandmother's cupboard. Still I sat with my eyes rivetted on the baize, that closer out, that black door which barred the entrance to Elysium. Still I sat; I knew nothing of the people leaving the theatre. The only reality of which I was sensible was the gradual darkening: how long I remained I cannot tell. I knew not that I was quite alone, till an unpleased voice hailed me with "Hallo! youngster, what are you doing here?" accompanied by a shake of the shoulder. As my head was bent, resting on the palms of my hands, which again rested on my knees, he supposed I had fallen asleep, and saw me as he was extinguishing the lights against the gallery walls. I look around; nothing but dingy vacancy, unoccupied benches! I stepped upwards, and at the top turned round, paused to take a last look, and then plunged down the stairs with reckless rapidity, not daring to trust myself with a moderation of step, because I should think back if I did; and with the impetus fell headlong into the street, so grazing and scraping my palms: luckily the pain bodily which this occasioned, anodyned the pain moral, and restored me to my senses. I hastened home to bed supperless and sleepless, for I was very, very busy all night.

You may be sure, reader, I was surrounded with catechisers next morning, who were curious to know what I thought. "Well, Pel," how did you like the play?" Like it! "Come, Pel., let us hear all about it." These questions were put by several who had witnessed the performances: but among my acquaintances, that is, those who supposed they knew me, I had the reputation of being somewhat of an oddity; there was, consequently, a curiosity to know how a play, for the first time, would operate on an oddity, and doubtless a hearty laugh at my simplicity was in the perspective of their questions: and they had their laugh; but the wind that raised it blew from a quarter unexpected by them. I commenced at the opening of the farce, and "ran it through," scene and circumstance, from beginning to end; repeating much of the dialogue on the road; tickling myself and my hearers with the incipient Toryism of Risk, who, "when his farm was taken," would

" Hire a lout to wield the flail,  
Small beer should serve the bumpkin:  
While he, by guzzling home-brewed ale,  
Grew rounder than a pumpkin—  
Grew rounder than a pumpkin."

Then I "shold the fine picture of Chupiter and Danæ, to de Arsh-bishop of Cologne—drapery and all—and put up mine oomprella, de cloundah vas sho pootiful, and sheemed as if dey vas choost coin to rain." But the flower of the exhibition was a double of Vigil and old Totterton, before the painter's door—Vigil upbraiding the old man with his age and ocular dimness, and Totterton peevishly replying with his shrill pipe, "Bless us!" and chuckling in falsetto in triumph over Vigil, whose boasted keenness had failed to detect what old Totterton saw, "the carriage of letters by the first-floor mail," &c. Oh! they had it over and over again. Totterton and Vigil became a pest. "But the tragedy, Pel.; what did you think of the tragedy?" "How did you like the tragedy?" Hah! the curtain refused to rise for their entertainment on that subject. I was silent. I remember all my mirth forsook me; and they, in their wisdoms, came to the satisfactory conclusion that I had no taste for tragedy, and that if ever I turned "play actor," I should shine in comedy. Good judges of the future, were they not? I revelled in "tragedy" silently, unseen, in remotenesses; it was too sacred for the world's eyes. Parents, guides, guardians, and elders, are all, in their own fancy, apt discriminators of the indications of future promise in children. Parents are most liberally endowed with this faculty of penetration. They ever see a future military hero in the boy who is fond of looking at a red coat and flourishing a sword of lath. R. A. is certainly in the distance, if a child scrawl some crooked lines for arms and legs, and drop a blotch for a head; and the shoving a paper boat across a tub of water, is the first nautical essay of him who is to discover the N.W. passage. I was inordinately, passionately fond of

bathing and swimming under water,—remaining there till I was exhausted : I wonder they did not see that I should become a pearl-diver.

My hour of weekly communion with my father arrived, and brought about the same exhibition, with different results. He was surprised at my retention of the farce, and asked me “ of the tragedy.” I made no reply ; till, on his going into detail, I at length said, “ Oh, father, I cannot talk of it ; I seem to swing in the air when I think of it !” He instantly changed the subject.

How often after this, during the short time I yet remained with my uncle, did I race down to the stage-door, for the mere chance of looking at an actor or actress as they passed in or out, or to catch a glimpse of a lamplighter or a scene-shifter, such happy mortals, such superlative beings did I think they were ; and after on one occasion of gallerying and one of pitting, (to which latter I was promoted by an aunt, not my master-uncle’s wife, she was of the “ opposite to St. Peter’s” creed,) how much did I covet the possibility of being admitted to the honour of walking in a procession, or of standing among the gallant guards, (though, sooth to say, there were queer looking things among them occasionally,) attendant on some of the kings and queens and heroes ! But all this was a vain hope, it could never be realized ; yet on those very boards, no, for *that* building was burnt down, in the very place of those boards, the first time I entered that theatre, twenty-three years after my “ flitting” from the counting-house, home, and England, was to fulfil an engagement, *in large letters*, to play *five nights only*, a series of Shakspeare’s tragic glories, “ BY MR. VERJUICK, being his first appearance in this theatre ;” and I swear to you, reader, if you won’t take it without an oath, I was not, on this occasion, half so great a man in my own opinion, as I thought a message deliverer twenty-three years prior to this singular event.

There was no lack of murmuring as to my going to the play ; “ it would come to no good,” and all the usual terrors of consequence were spread out in detail. For my own part, I could not see the evil of it, I never could to this hour ; yet I think I have had my lessons, and I have pried into the affair with a close eye ; I have turned it over sourly and soberly, philosophically and coolly, doatingly and hatingly. Perhaps if others will take the trouble to analyze theatrical representations to the extent that I have done, they will be less averse to them ; nay, some of them will be surprised at themselves for holding such opinions. Few, however, are disposed to think earnestly on matters which are not directly in the channel of their pursuits and occupations.

Much, most, if not entirely all the evil which the opponents find in dramatic representations they carry to the theatre themselves, buckled under their own belts. There is a preparation of the senses, perhaps by rather an established obtuseness, or a temporary debasement of the intellect, which causes them to see that which is neither shown nor remotely intended to be shown ; they see, also, an encouragement to vice, in the lashing which it receives from scorn ; an induction to falsehood

in the ridicule to which it exposes itself, and the censure which whips it; they discover a lesson of immorality in the unwinding and out-spreading of broad light to the tortuous course of villainous deception; and the branding of moral turpitude with infamy and shame, they insist is a "bad example." These are fools, you will say; granted. But I have heard more railers of this description than of any other; these are their soundest arguments against *theatrical representations*. My experience of these railers has told me they are more perceptively than practically virtuous.\* They have lots of precepts always at hand. The demoralization is not in the theatrical representation; I could easily find parallels for illustration of my meaning, but I will let it stand as it is just now; but let me say I do not include in this list of merely perceptively virtuous, those who have never entered a theatre. There are hundreds who would pass a rigid ordeal, yet show pure in thought and act, who shrink at the very word theatre, apply it how you will; used figuratively or otherwise, as "the theatre of life;" the sound shocks them; it is, with them, an unpronounceable word; taught by habit and education they so regard it. Still I will say, and I say it unsneeringly, not unkindly, their judgment is on a par with the religion of these railers, the perceptively virtuous; it is an accidental circumstance, a matter of latitude and longitude; they have never inquired into the truth of what they have been told; they "took it as the vulgar do;" and the most thinking of the railers have greatly erred in mistaking effects for causes, less than by attributing effect to other cause than the true one. Even *with* the preparation of the senses before alluded to, a sobering, beneficial, and delightfully instructive result oftentimes obliterates the grosser feelings, oblivionizes this preparation. If I can attest the truth of this remark in one instance only, I have a right to infer that the instance is not an isolation; but I have known it to occur with others, I have experienced it in myself frequently, and my laid-out plans have been abandoned: straight from the theatre tongueless, home to bed to enjoy there, over and over again, what I had seen and heard; and this, too, without falling in love with the actresses.

Well: shortly after this my first play-going, I *ran away*. I have led you to expect a detail of this freak, which I will give by and by. Now, have you not, readers of the ladies and gentlemen class, (if you have read so far,) settled it in your minds that I so abstracted myself for the purpose of turning "stage-player?" Aye, that you have. "The attraction was irresistible; it was a devouring infatuation, and you foresaw the event." Hold: "you do conclude too fast." I did not run away for the purpose of seeking the stage. My imagination

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\* Here, once for all, I will declare my creed of moralities. All virtue I sum up in two words, benevolence and sincerity. All crime I comprise in cruelty and hypocrisy. There is cruelty in a smile, sometimes; there is cruelty in a cold look; there is cruelty in withholding a kind word.—P. V.



gazed over an immense extent of physical prospect, and I brought it under my touch, long before my eye rested, for a permanence, on the creations of the drama. After this "first play," I served a seven years' apprenticeship to excitements and carelessnesses, to watchfulness and recklessness, to adventure and dreaminess, in a variety of climates and country, and amidst diversities of character and associates, and changes of condition, ere I entered on the vexatious and gladdening, the baffling and encouraging, pilgrimage of the histrionist.

In closing my first chapter, I announced to the reader that I should speak of my abstraction of myself from home in the second. Here is the conclusion of my third chapter, and I have not yet reached so far on my life's road as that event. I promise to dash at once into it in my next.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

*Monthly Repository, August, 1833.*

*Grapnel.* And he is fairly gone?  
*Schoolmaster.* Fairly or foully,  
 Gone he is, Sir.  
*Grapnel.* Then he will ne'er return.  
*Schoolmaster.* Why think you so?  
 You speak as 'twere your wish.  
*Grapnel.* I care not how—  
 The sea will swallow him, or he will hang—  
 But not return—  
*Schoolmaster.* I do not wish your prophecy may prove  
 Your gift. OLD PLAY.

I HAD plotted with a boy, almost my only companion, that we should abscond together. The precise hour was to depend on his convenience: in the interim, I carefully noted down, from Patterson's book of roads, every turn we should take on our route to Liverpool. I had marked the distances and gentlemen's seats, and all other distinguishing points of the journey—so that I was prepared with my maps effectually to preclude the necessity of enquiring a foot of the road, though I had never been three miles on it previously; and the whole was one hundred and four miles. So firmly had I resolved on the enterprise, that my impatience increased with every minute of his delay: when a circumstance occurred which transferred the arbitration of the affair to my hands. My uncle took a journey to Ireland; and being not altogether compunctionless, I shrunk from the idea of taking advantage of his absence; for, insignificant as I was, there were matters of trust confided

to me : it was sufficiently criminal to break the bonds at all ; we agreed, therefore, to await his return. Meantime, another accident induced me to abandon the scheme entirely. My father showed me a letter which he had received from my uncle, containing the following words :— “ Give my love to my nephew, and tell him, it will yield *me* pleasure, and *him* profit, to find all right in his department on my return.” I have that letter, a demy sheet, all filled with close writing on three sides, the fourth written on the doubles, and that blessed paragraph before my eyes now, as clearly, and as freshly as in the moment my father put it into my hands. I see every creased fold of the paper, and the beautiful running text, as distinctly as I did twenty-six years ago ; and I remember too, the laying my open palms on my face and eyes in the delicious emotion which the paragraph occasioned ; and I feel again the gentle tap of my father’s finger on my hands, while so engaged ; and I hear his voice again, as he says, “ Come, come, that’s right, but you should’nt —” and he said no more. What a world of joy and bliss burst upon me in that instant. As the letter contained matter of business, I was despatched to the country seat of my uncle’s partner, who, on reading it, relaxed his magisterial brows, (he was a justice of the peace,) pointed to the word “ *profit*,” and gave me the letter, that I might read the passage again. That “ profit” was the least of the letter’s beauty : I say so without affectation, I felt so then, and I have ever felt so. The squire, who, notwithstanding, was a truly benevolent man, thought profit the binding word, the lever to move me. I looked, as I felt, the happiest of mortals, and he did me the honour to suppose I had been “ drinking something.” Pish ! *he* could not understand me. My uncle had never talked of love before to me. From the hall I made all speed to my friend George, to tell him I could not go with him ; he was astonished ! “ No, I could not leave my uncle.” And how long was this feeling to remain with me ? *Nous verrons*,—however, the effect was instantly powerful. I was up early and blithely in the morning : continued a steady industry and attention through the day, had no dreams as I sat at the desk : I examined closely into every trifle connected with my duties, or which was committed to my charge ; performed many of my points twice or thrice over, for the purpose of improving on them ; arranged and rearranged the divisions of packages ; felt nothing that seemed like weariness or lassitude ; and anticipated my uncle’s return with joy. He came, met his wife, children, and others, with warmth of affection, deferring every mark of kindness to me, except the “ How d’ye do, Pet ?” Well, I comforted myself with the surprise he would receive when business hours arrived to give him opportunity for exercising his glance of examination. I suppose he did find all right, because he gave me a *cold guinea* ; for he said nothing to me in giving it. To me a guinea was an immense sum ; but it was words that I wanted with it ; from him five kind words only would more have delighted me, would have been of more service to me, than fifty such guineas. He said nothing ; and the bright and beautiful glow of new delight in existence, was at once

extinguished. I was left to cranch the harsh, salt, and corroding ashes in a deeper, tongueless, soundless, hushed up misery. I could not endure it, indeed I could not. If I had reasoned on the point,—but I could not reason on such points, I could not reason after the world's fashion: if I had, or could so have reasoned, what better proof of my uncle's kindness and satisfaction was necessary? He gave me a guinea silently, I was to draw my inferences from it. Perhaps I might have drawn a different inference if I had not frequently, nay, I think always, seen him accompany his gifts and presents to other young people with some playful jest, or more endearing token of affection. Reader, you will perhaps say, did not that guinea convey a volume of good-will and praise, considering your condition? Not to me: I tell you I was deficient in common-sense; and I did not see how the mere act of giving money was a proof of affection. I never could see it in that light. To me the affection was ever, ever will be, in the manner; and, believe me, I am skilled enough to understand the manner. I know whether it is true or treacherous, whether it is a jewel drawn up from the rich and inexhaustible stores of the heart, or the paltry paste which form and fashion make current; and I ever did, and ever shall, prefer a reward of looks and words from a warm, abundant, and freely-giving nature, to any money which may come coldly. This is nonsense, I know; to be sure it is: call me whimsical, eccentric, or worse, if you please. I tell you again, I love the caress of a child, or the gambols with which a dog expresses his joy at seeing me, better than a thousand "how d'ye do's," or "we are most happy to see you's;" with very few exceptions. My relative estimate of each becomes daily more firmly rooted; and were it not for occasional renovating flashes which I feel in sincere sympathy, from most rare-hearted and morally constituted creatures, I should think of the "how d'ye do's," and treat them, as lifeless things. Call me eccentric again, you do not know all, I shall come to the end of my story, perhaps; and you *will not know all*.

Well: this was the *coup de grâce* to my hesitation: it struck down every counselling cling; brushed away every shadowy warning; and that hour I reeled along to my friend George. "I'll go directly—directly—now!" said I to begin with. "What has happened?" he enquired in astonishment. "Nothing; that is, every thing: come, are you ready?" After a few more words in debate, we agreed to start in the morning at three o'clock; and join each other on a bridge two miles from the town. I returned home, packed up a few articles from my scanty wardrobe, with a book or two, in a bundle, then lay down, to wait through the long interval till three o'clock. Now reflection came upon me, and for a time it was bitter; yet, I will frankly own, that bitter was not drawn from remorse of conscience in the dishonest act of deserting my duty, or betraying a trust. I declare to you, reader, I really believed my uncle would be glad to get rid of me; I had no other thought in reference to him, than that my absconding would be a pleasure to him, for it would release him from all further trouble on my account. Angry, he perhaps, would be that I had de-

ceived him; but for the anger I had no compunctious visitings. I thought also, that every individual in his own family, would be rejoiced when they were told in the morning that "Pel. had run away." One or two of them, at least, I am now sure I wronged by such opinions of them; I did not know, I could not think so, at that time. But I suffered acutely in reflecting how severe an affliction this course of conduct would bring to my father: how utterly his hopes would be crushed; but, on the other hand, I knew he was not a man of such wisdom as to mew a boy up in prison and shew him freedom, and expanse, and verdure, and hills and waters, through the grated window, in order to extinguish his love for them; he knew that a log and chain to a colt's heels, though they may check his ability to frisk awhile, are little likely to subdue his inclination for a caper when the log is taken off: he knew me better than they did; and I thought he thought I should never do any good there, and he was right. Oh! the wisdom and prudential caution of grey beards, (or wigs,) which smother up the fire of youth, while they constantly pour oil upon it, and think they are quenching it. Will not a recollection of their own youth teach them? Have they not seen, daily, that the dammed up waters overflow their bounds and run to waste of themselves and destruction to others? Do they not, each day of their guidance, see the collected and accumulated desires outbursting from the barriers and chains in which they have foolishly compressed them; breaking out because the victims were chained, and felt the galling? But the old channel is fairly digged and deeply, the way well beaten; it is the road on which our fathers, grandfathers, and great grandfathers have travelled before us. It is of venerable age, a sacred institution of our ancestors. And so many able books of direction have been written by so many able men! should we presume to question their worth, their inestimable value, should we dare to innovate, to deviate, to change? What arrogance! Do these arguers forget, yes they do, that able men may have had no other aim than beating that particular road into smoothness? Wedded to prejudice, they were selfish guides oftentimes; bigoted in a creed, they were interested finger-posts. As you see in going into a town, "the shortest way by the Stag;" that is the landlord of the Stag's creed. "The nearest way to the Strand through the Lowther Arcade." How kind, how considerate is that notice, the good-natured pedestrian thinks! so I thought one day when I was very much fatigued. Pooh! pooh! the shopkeepers in the Arcade put up that board. The highest endeavour of these intellectual guide-posts has been directed to prevent your looking for any other, or to show you *theirs* was the best, safest, and most beautiful. And you never dreamed of making an experimental survey yourself, or you might have been convinced out of your credulity. Is not this true? Is there one in a thousand who breaks out into the infidelity of thinking that what he was taught is not all truth? Dare one in a thousand become sceptical on those matters which he believed in his childhood and boyhood? No, no, he dreads the obloquy of such heresy, as he fears it on more

sacred matters. That dread, and that dread only, binds him in both : and what a concentration of influences, what masses of established power combine against every effort to induce people to think out of the covenanted track ! And daring indeed is that man, who, bursting the shackles of convention, effects his freedom at the expense of his reputation for sanity. The question considered by the mass, *i. e.*, every body, except such darers, never is, "What is right?" but "What is the custom?"—and *that* decides the "order of the course."

With few exceptions, and these are yet rarer among the great ones, the *principle taught*, the motive of action, and the stimulant to exertion through life, which are most carefully implanted in our seminaries of education, are in direct contravention to the most valuable injunction in the Christian doctrine ; which though told to the pupil over and over again leaves no mark except an almost invisible scratch that suggests an occasional joke. Oh, but the *teaching* is very impressive. This teaching is everlasting *contention for superiority*. Here is the foundation stone, here are the steps and pinnacle-top of their system. Selfishness in germ, fruit, and essence. Acquisition of knowledge, or, more closely to speak, learning, (for learning, however its possessors may be self-elevated in supremacy, is not always knowledge,) is made, not for the love of knowledge, not as a source of happiness to ourselves, nor as a treasure-house from which we can dispense happiness to others, (papa and mamma's gratified vanity excepted,) but for the *superiority* it yields—the word superiority having altogether a genuine Tory sense, *viz.*, rule, authority, domination, power over those who chance to be less endowed.\* Such is the system's object, never confessed, embellished by occasional triumphs, a feather in the cap, a paltry fanfaronnade. The *principle* is fed most plenteously : all its efforts, its plans, attractions, displays, are for the constant nutriment of that evil to which they say man is naturally prone, originally and inescapably born. At all events if they do not find it there, they take wondrous pains to place it and plant it, so that there shall be no danger of its not growing up. Yes, their doctrine inculcates the theory and practice of selfishness, and during the whole course of instruction, every day they draw out some verbiage about "loving your neighbour as yourself." "If thy brother offend thee seventy times seven, forgive him," &c., the inevitable consequence of which must be, (for I can conceive no other result—true, I do not look through their spectacles,) a laugh at these precepts of love and forgiveness. No, no, the pupils never

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\* They have neither the courage to proclaim it, nor the honesty to whisper it in their confessions, but this is the secret source of the objection of the privileged wealthy, the "higher orders," to the education of the "lower classes." They feel that "knowledge is power," and fear the domination will slip through their fingers if information be extended. Their vituperation of the instruction, which is rapidly advancing among all ranks, is dictated by a dread that the barriers of exclusiveness will be broken down.—P. V.

laugh, unless it be in their sleeve ; they quote the passages, and retalk them over again, to show that they are not infidels, and continue in their practice of selfishness, of loving themselves most devotedly too, wallowing in their own pool from which all their business and folly overbubbles, till it accumulates a stream on which they sail with undeviating steadiness. Perhaps the teachers adopt their process—this o'er-laying of white with thick and substantial brick colour—in order to prove their doctrine of innate vice, fearing that nature and a different system might exhibit their doctrine's fallacy. Oh, the blessed system of education ! War with man is the business of instruction, and I will engage to buy up all the boasted friendship which grows out of school companionship, at twopence per head. Note ye, on condition that it passes the examination of a keen-eyed inspector. It is but a suspension of hostilities, a mutual consent to be civil.

What vagrancy of thought is this, reader ! Let me return to my sleepless lying down, to wait till the clock struck three. I then rose, crept softly down stairs : as people not wishing to be heard going down stairs usually do, I suppose. I never heard the stairs creak so much before, and the carpet-wires rattled louder than was their wont. I knew the spot on which the box of keys was deposited, picked out the great one from the jingling many, passed through the rooms and doors out into the air, opened the large portal, and was in the street. Here I encountered the watchman of the premises, Dick Harris, who, night-capped and hatted, and unsuspecting, looking at me, said, " You are up this morning very early, Pel." " Yes, Richard, I am going to take a long walk," I replied, with that perfect coolness to which I am an entire stranger, except in cases of extreme peril : at such times I am steadily nerved enough to walk across the mouth of a coal-pit on a bridge of razor edges. Even the sight of my bundle, which I did not attempt to conceal, caused no enquiry. I shook him by the hand with a " good bye, Richard." He turned off : I drew the key from the lock within, and relocked the door on the outside. The court through which I had passed was flag-paved, and a channel or gutter cut therein run under the door-sill : up the orifice I threw the key ; it fell *clank, clank*, upon the stones, and startled me ! That *clank, clank*, fell upon my heart, and for years and years afterwards that sound continued to recur in moments of great excitement, not always of danger, and shook me out of my thoughts. Who will account for this ? I think I can in some measure, not wholly ; but as I might perplex instead of enlighten you, readers, and perhaps entangle myself in a web which I could not unravel without a lengthened process, I will avoid the accountability, and leave the statement of this spectral clank visitation to be laughed at, as a morbid fancy, a disease, a nervous superstition. Still I state it as a fact. That sound has struck upon me in the din of battle. I have heard that *clank, clank*, singly, and distinctly, above the roar of the cannon ; the sound struck twice and no more on such occasions. In the midst of festivity it has pierced through the music of the dance ; in the uproariousness of lamp-gilded mirth, that sound has suddenly

haunted me. What has now become of the spectre? I never hear it. On the three last instances of its visitation, I was in extraordinary circumstances: first of the three in Dalmatia, near, indeed among the ruins of an ancient city on the coast, between Spalatro and Trau. I cannot find the place in any book, nor is it noted in any map within my knowledge, unless it be marked Trau Vecchio; if so, the map is in error by some two or three leagues. On the spot, and in the adjacent islands, it is called Arcangelo. I looked into the "Osservazioni," but was not satisfied. Of this adventure I may speak hereafter. The next was—where think you, reader?—under the tremendous down-pouring mountain of waters, in that horribly sublime cavern behind it, at the foot of Niagara, as I stepped among the eels that wriggled and writhed on the crushed fragments of rock, with which its surface is strewn: and lastly, (this was in June, 1825,) at Les Escaliers Naturelles, where the river Montmorenci thunders alone in intense solitude over beds and ridges of rocks, three miles backward from the precipice over the ledge of which he dashes himself in glistening and foamy grandeur into St. Lawrence's bosom. I will take you to this place by and by, reader, for I believe you have never yet seen it, unless your own feet have carried you there. You shall have a winter view of it as well, such as I had; and you will not easily forget it. Guky!—I wonder if he hears me across the Atlantic—do you remember how we wobbled and shook over the Cahots in your Cariole, while your tandem steeds jingled their bells, and snorted impatiently at this interruption of their would-be spirited pace?—how the balized way smoothed as we approached Beauport?—how you put on your spectacles as we neared a certain large domicile; the home, then, of one whose home is nearer to you now? but there is no one at the windows, though, at your request, I look with two earnest eyes. And "my nerves are steady" as we plough through the spotless, crisp-coated snow on that declivity, in order to reach the river and skim along the ice. They are steady, although your leader Alexander, a noble horse is he, exhibits symptoms of distaste for the jaunt, as he is every moment striking tangents and pivoting on his heels, with his haunches buried in the snow, and rearing laterally from the course. Not very steady, as I stand again in the freezing mist, with that magnificent, eye-dazzling, sense-confusing spectacle, heaving down its mighty wrath, in one broad and endless sheet of liquid light, full before me, into my very eyes. And you are now, as then, looking at *me*, not at Montmorenci, to trace, if you can, the effect which this glorious scene has on your enthusiastic companion. Right, Guky; it has filled me with wondering, bosom-swelling silence! Hey! good reader, whither have I wandered? You must pardon me, pray do, I could not help it: when my thoughts take that direction, I am spell-bound, amazed, drunk with delight, as I look again on the revived, reformed, recreated objects which memory and imagination combine to spread before me. Oh, reader, what a treasure is this double existence! How much misery has it enabled me to bury! What happiness it yields!—Now, back to the clanking of the key, which struck through

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my ears every step as I trudged along the first two miles of a pilgrimage, which though it has continued through a hundred thousand leagues, will probably end only with life, or limbs' incapacity : the first two miles of a rugged, jagged, and thorny course, a hurricane rift, now in the gorge of a mountain, now at the mountain's summit, now in the fissure of a precipice, or upon its narrow and slippery ledge, where the turn of a toe would have dashed me headlong into a fathomless abyss : now on a trackless desert, or at a point in the wilderness, from which radiated twenty roads, and no direction-post was to be seen, no star, no compass to guide. I plunged into one at random ; it led me to glorious beauty, and a clear, cloudless prospect of happiness. I walked awhile among its flowers ; but venoms intruded there, and drove me again to the wilderness. Did I call them venoms ? Perhaps I did : I think I did not ; and on I restless roamed, hoping every where, and at all times, save in minutes of deadening gloom ; but I fought with the darkness, and from that very darkness struck a light which beacons me on ; it showed me that beauty was earth's and nature's attribute. Though hope deceives, she cannot quell me by disappointment ; though she saddens the heart's pulsations by what proves to be an ignis fatuus here, she cannot vanquish my spirit ; she cannot extinguish the fire which she herself kindles. I feel this is so ; I know she cannot ; and I shall find what I seek, that she is true at last, though I may die without knowing it. As untamed and untameable is my spirit at this hour, as it was on the morning I walked that two miles ; as unchecked and unsatiated is my desire for roaming further, further still, as it was on that first essay of my hundred thousand leagues. And here I sit at my garret window, while the cross on the dome or lantern of St. Paul's is peeping over the intermediate chimney-pots to see what I am doing. Some of the work, if it were fairly done, which you bargained to do, in order to be placed up there. If that cross possessed a " mind's eye " which can look into mind, it would see that I have halted on a high wooden bridge across a canal, an aqueduct within a few yards of me, and a rushy and reedy stream running under its arches, near a village, which it would puzzle the reader to find by inquiring in its neighbourhood, were I to write it down properly. Let him take the following beautiful effusion of a visitor to its annual " wake," for direction—

Nobody knows, nor I won't tell,  
What I had at *Yenton* :  
A frizzled pig, and a scalded cat,  
And a pudden in a lantern.

Let the reader inquire the way to Yenton, and he will succeed : but who could tell him how to find EADINGTON ? Well : I arrived at this bridge, ascended the stairs, and leaned against its rails, to wait for George. The glory of a July morning was beautifying over hill, and field, and stream. I was not melancholy, not sad, there was riot in my heart, the sanguineness of high pleasure confused with dread : and I bent my head upon the rail and wept. Absorbed, I neither saw nor



heard the approach of my friend, till he tapped me on the shoulder : both were silent ; we descended the stairs of the bridge, made one bundle of our two, passed a stick under the knots, and each lent a hand, then moved on, with the bundle dangling between us, at a rapid pace ; and through the whole day's journey of forty-four miles, the silence was broken by what can scarcely be called mirth, it was an intoxication of hilarity, which lasted only for a few minutes, and sank again into stillness. Nor was the stillness despondency, on my side, at least. We felt we were on a wide, wide world ; and to me, the world had never looked so beautiful ! I do not mean the world's world : a hundred times on the jaunt, the richness of verdant and flowery existence invited me to pause and gaze, and bade me forget weariness. The month was July, the high noon of nature's splendour, when all was redolent of the passionate summer's voluptuousness, and gracefully beautiful indolence fresh in the consciousness of its own loveliness. My friend George was my senior, yet I saw, on the second day, I was the stronger ; not in limb, muscle, or sinew : he evinced a kind of looking back, and a reluctance to let me discover that he did so, and I exerted my diligence in keeping his thoughts forward. Would that I had permitted them to take their course ! I should still have gone on, and fallen into my destiny's track ; and he, — poor fellow ! We made thirty-seven miles the next day, and arrived in Liverpool at three o'clock on the third of our flight. I was foot-sore and limb-wearied, nothing more, and after depositing our bundle with him at a small lodging-house, (which was then on the outskirts of Liverpool, on the Manchester-road—that house is now swallowed up, and streets stretch out a mile beyond its site,) I limped impatiently down towards the ships' masts which I saw.

For the thought of a ship was my childhood's delight,  
 And the sight of a ship was my boyhood's wonder :  
 She had been in the climates whose day was my night ;  
 She'd united the lands which the oceans sunder.

She had kissed the green waves where the red corals glisten,  
 And had gazed on the shores where the sea shells sing ;  
 And I long'd to go with her, to see and to listen :  
 Oh, I long'd to be borne on her snowy wing.

She had baffled the billow, and rode on its crest ;  
 She had danced where the tropical sun shot fire :  
 And the "*crash*" of the ice-berg had risen from her breast—  
 But a ship had ne'er gladden'd my eyes' desire.

She'll be new to me ever though thousands I've seen ;  
 And the foam-sparkling path still is joyous to me :  
 And though sea-sick and sore I have many times been,  
 I am sure I shall never be sick of the sea.

There's poetry for you, reader ! Is'nt it sublime ? Laugh if you will ; I put it down before you that you might laugh *at* it. I remained

roaming about the docks, and looking at the countless number of ocean wanderers packed together there, and dotting the river's face, till dusk, and the fear of losing my way ordered me off to our six-penny lodging, to bed; and there I lay in furious discomfiture all night—*too many bed-fellows*—and that clank, clank, of the key was again ringing in my ears. I turned over the means of evading the pursuit which I so much feared: I was in torture, as I anticipated the consequences of being overtaken and sent home again; a punishment awaited me, how much more to be dreaded than bodily stripes! Authority's reproaches, and suspicion's watchings; no light breaking in upon cold looks, but an expression of caution and mistrust, or the pleasure of showing me that I was detected and defeated, the triumph of aversion. I know I wronged them: I know it now; but I had no conception of aught else then, I could understand only their dislike of me, for their affection never smiled upon me; and the one who could sympathize with me, did not know my misery, or its cause; he could not believe it was so sharp and so deeply seated. That any *good* to me would be meant by their pursuit, was utterly out of my thoughts, I should have expected milk from paving stones as soon. Why, why, did they suffer me to think thus of them! How many hours of silent bitterness have I endured in reflecting on this mutual misunderstanding; how much have I regretted that I could not perceive it was only an error in their policy, the general mistake, the very common course of those who have the guidance of youth: but it blighted. I can now see that it was meant to check me in that familiarity and communicative openness, which were implanted in my nature. I felt that I was made to receive kindness, and to reciprocate affection in its fullest burst and most genial glow. Such *was* my nature; my frame, my mind, my heart, my spirit were such; this I will dash forth in defiance of the charge of egotism, and the ridicule with which this claim to original beauty may be met. Such I was; inexhaustible were the stores, unfading their light, untiring in their action, and would have continued such had they not been repulsed, forbidden, dashed back; *but they did not die*.

Early next morning, we both sallied down to the Docks, to inhale the tar and pitch impregnated air, and to gaze on the sea coursers, stabled and stalled. Curious, inquisitive, and admiring, my eye ran over the crowd in St. George's dock, where large and gallant flags, striped and starred, waved and fluttered in the breeze, all flaunting with the intelligence that this was to them a gala-day: it was the 4th of July, and the American sailors were full of early hilarity in their prepared resolutions to honour the anniversary of their independence in due form,—that is, after a sailor's fashion of making merry. I eyed with delight the many boards suspended in the rigging, announcing the agreeable information, that this noble sky-pointing ship was bound for Baltimore—that to Philadelphia—a third and fourth to New York—others to Charleston;—further on were ships for Jamaica, St. Domingo; in other directions, for Messina, Gibraltar, Cape of Good Hope, Stockholm, Gottenburg,—and each found favour in my eyes; each had

a magnetic influence on my mind. But how to choose ; it was a kind of *cœna-dubia* ; or, as it was early in the morning, *jentaculum*. Out of so many I knew not which to fix upon ; she that promised to go furthest, though, had most attraction. Compassionating fortune released me from the difficulty. I had observed, without discovering that it meant anything, for the last half hour, or longer, two well-dressed sailors, that is to say, two clean white-trowsered, neat blue abundant-button jacketed, glazed-hatted, long pigtailed, mahogany-wainscot-faced, quid-cheeked men, were our constant attendants ; walking where we walked, and stopping as we stopped ; admiring this fine ship, and that fine ship, as we admired them. But their admiration was conditional, a comparative and exceptive admiration, and mingled in it something which was like intended information to us, though not immediately addressed to us, it was talking at us, with some allusions to ships much larger, finer, and more beautiful than any there. Really I thought them very obliging. Go where we would the pigtailed swung in attendance on us. At length one said, " Are you looking for a ship, boys ? " Well, thought I, this is a very civil, kind-hearted fellow, spite of his mahogany face. This put an end to all our trouble. " I thank you, yes : I should like to go on board of a ship. " " Well, come along with us, " said first pigtail's duplicate, " our ship is a gallows deal finer than any you've seen yet, with a jolly good Captain too : he splices the main brace every week, and every time of close-reef topsails. " " Ay, " said pigtail the first, " and he'll order the *pusser's* steward to blow your kite out with lobsous and choke your luff with figgy-dowdy. "—What splicing the main brace, and choking my luff, and lobsous, and figgy-dowdy meant, I could not guess for the life of me ; but as they were illustrations of the " jolly captain's " good qualities, there was a spell in the unintelligible jargon ; (many with wiser heads than mine have been humbugged by such process ; ) and with our guides, who, seeing we were strangers, kindly kept close to our elbows, we stepped lightly along, and entered a narrow street parallel with St. George's dock ; several persons, as we passed, stood to look at us ; and I noticed a shaking of heads, as if they meant, " Ah ! something is wrong ; " there seemed to be a compassion in it. " Look there, " said one of the sailors. I did look " *there*, " as he pointed, and saw an immense white flag, with a large red cross on the field, and a jumble of smaller crosses in its corner, sweeping and swinging magnificently from a second-floor window, down almost to the pavement. Into the door of the house we passed ; ascended a flight of stairs,—our body guard regularly placed, one leading, the other bringing up the rear. We paused at the end of the first flight, and the leader tapped with his knuckles twice, on what sounded door-like, and without waiting for an answer, opened the door just sufficiently wide to admit him *slippingly*, and it was instantly closed again. There was something in this which struck rather chillingly on my spirits, as we stood there in the dark passage. My friend George could not suppress his alarm, and he grasped my wrist hard, with a groan, " Oh, " trying to draw me

back, but I was afraid of being frightened:—I felt an instinctive certainty that we could not escape that way if we endeavoured to do so, and I was right, for at that moment I heard the stepping and scraping of feet on the stairs—there was nothing for us but to go on. The door was now drawn open, and our pigtailed leader looked over our heads to his comrade, then beckoned to us to “heave a-head;” we did so; there were three other of the same breed of animals as our guides, standing in the room, near a door which opened, as I supposed, to an inner apartment. In the middle of the room was a table, whereon lay several printed and red ink-ruled papers with blank spaces, pens and ink, a book which looked like a register, and a small mahogany box. At the table were placed a leather-covered arm-chair, and one of lighter character and dimensions. The guarded door opened, and my eye glanced on ranges of pistols and cutlasses suspended, and cutting Euclidisms and trigonometrics on the walls: this looked awful! A very handsome man, with an epaulette on each shoulder—an armless sleeve hanging from one—walked forward and seated himself on the leather chair. He smiled as he surveyed us both with a look which indicated anything but unkindness; and the bland manner in which he addressed us, captivated me. He civilly asked if we wished to go to sea. I answered “yes, sir;” George was silent; I was spokesman for both. Then followed the usual flummery about the honour of serving his majesty, fighting his enemies, promotion, brave fellows, glorious wooden walls, &c. “What is your age?” “Seventeen, Sir.” “Seventeen!” “I shall be, Sir, if I live a little longer.” “Ay, I dare say.” I spoke openly to all his enquiries except on the article of name; that I concealed, and gave him my mother’s. “Will you let me see it correctly written?” and one of the pigtailed advancing to the table drew paper and held a pen before me. I took it and dashed off the name in full, sponsorial and matronymic, at a stroke. “You write a beautiful hand, young gentleman.” *Young gentleman!* *Young gentleman!* only think of that! *Young gentleman*, to me! “Oh, what a good man this is!” I thought, as I blushed at the tips of my fingers and under my toe nails, while every hair of my eye-brows stood on end and oozed. “Well, if you conduct yourself properly with diligence and sobriety, I do not question that you will make your way.” “I’ll try, Sir.” At this stage of the business another personage entered and took the vacant chair, rivetting his two great green glassy eyes on us; his whole face besides was a blank, but how those eyes seemed to grin! a tiger at his studies; and his light sandy hair stood bushily out like a wig of hemp, every thread of which had a quarrel with its neighbour. Between the captain and this queer-looking animal, a half-muttered, half-hissed conversation ensued; the tiger was proposing something to which he of the epaulettes objected, and I gathered the words “*Tender,*” “*the hold,*” “*pair of scamps,*” “*riff-raff,*” to which the gentleman shook his head, and said “No, no.” I learned the meaning of all this soon; and, Captain Mends, after twenty-five years, accept my thanks for your “No, no.” A shilling was put

into my hand, which I gave to one of the pig-tails. My friend George received one also, and stood staring at it as it lay in his open palm. We had sold our bodies to the king, and to all others, his naval officers, to that tiger-gentleman inclusive. "The French ship (so it sounded in my ears) will receive you," said the Captain, "and carry you round to Plymouth, where you will be put on board one of his majesty's vessels of war, and there good care will be taken of you." "Aye, very good," said tiger; but very unlike a tiger's was the voice; it was a growling squeak, that set your teeth on edge. Said the epaulettes, addressing one of the pigtails, "Hopkins, give this note to Mr. —," (this was Lieut. —, I forget the name.) *Hopkins!* a sailor named Hopkins! I thought all sailors were Ben Blocks, or Bill Hawwers, or Tom Bowlines, or Jack Junks, or Mat Mainmasts, or Joe Mizens, or Ned Halliards, but, *Hopkins!* what an unnautical name was that. Ah, me! "all is not gold that glistens." Hopkins and his pigtail shrunk a foot in my esteem. Hopkins! oh, Hopkins, how you dwindled before my optics when I heard you so called! and it was to *Hopkins* I had given the shilling! A movement toward the door cut short this silent solo. I looked at the Captain and bowed, and turning to the other, I just caught a sight of a set of dirty yellow palisades, and a portcullis of the same texture and colour, at the entrance of a dark and dismal cavern, for such his mouth, guarded thus, appeared to me; and those two eyes squeezed together, the whole of their infernality of light concentrated into two diminutive, fiercely burning dots. What an ugly, villainous, diabolical grin! That was his laugh; I never saw him or it in my life afterwards, but I can never forget it. The door of the room opened, and through it the light streamed upon, I don't know how many, figures standing outside. This caused an ugly misgiving: we descended the stairs; in the street a various collection of men, women, and some children had gathered near the door, and as we came forth there was a murmur, and an exclamation of "Poor boys, they have been trapped." Something was wrong I felt, but I could not see the trapping. As we proceeded through the streets many of them accompanied us, and I heard a lusty voice cry out, "The bloody press-gang have grabbed those two lads." "Press-gang!" and I became icy cold. Press-gang! then I had fallen into the clutches of those horrible monsters of whom I had heard such frightful statements! whom I dreaded so suffocatingly! Impossible; there was nothing in the remotest degree fearful in the character of these men! They had shown to us nothing which I should not have expected from common kindness or civility: and that gentleman in the epaulettes; oh, I could find no idea but affection for him. Hah! there was the green-eyed monster; that tiger-fellow was a sample of what I could easily imagine a press-gang to be composed; there was nothing fearful or repulsive in any of the others; and I subdued my fear; but poor George, after a pause of bewildered stupefaction, burst into tears. I laughed to cheer him; and presently we arrived at the jetty, where a smart boat, with six smart sailors, lay waiting to receive us.—"Shove off," was the word, and one man with a pole having a hook

at its end, did "shove off," and "*splash*" the oars of the others fell on the water. Don't believe, reader, that I had never seen or sailed in—no, not sailed, but moved in—a boat before. I had seen hundreds of coal barges on the Dudley canal, towed by skeleton horses, whose food was some pint of beans per diem, and their drivers whipped them with those iron cranks which they use occasionally for winding up the paddles at the locks, though the chief use of these cranks was as a whip. But here we skimmed along across the ripple, made by the uniform dipping of the oars, so gaily, so lightly, that my fears were smoothed as I admired the motion of men and boat, which latter was advancing obliquely on the tide towards a ship which was pointed out to me by pigtail Hopkins. "Is that a French ship?" I inquired of him. A gruff "yaw, hah, ah!" chorussed from the six rowers, which ended on a cadenza from pigtail Hopkins. "I wish she was a French ship out at sea, and you and me in a good cruiser in chase of her, though her cargo is no great shakes; her name is the *Friendship*, and a rare friend she is to some folks." "Clap a stopper on your jawing tackle, Hopkins," said another. But Hopkins would "spin his yarn." "There's many a chap aboard of her as would have his running geer choked in the luff, or his life lines stranded, if we had not shipped him." Choked in the luff! what *does* that mean? I asked myself. "Ay, or he'd catch toko fau'n yarn, sarved out by the parish beadle, at the cart's tail, instead of beef and burgoon, aboard o' that craft." "Toko fau'n yarn at the cart's tail!" I laughed at the jest, the whole boat's crew thought it something funny, but I could not understand it. "What is that long thing like a coachman's whip, flying at the topmast head?" said I, somewhat proud of my nautical knowledge. "Top *mast*," said Hopkins, contemptuously, "you mean to say the *main tu'gallon must* head, but that's the main truck as it flies from. Why that's his majesty's *pennant*, what he flogs the French with." "Oh!" here I felt a kind of rumbling under my ribs. Fighting was very amusing, very interesting matter in a book, but the first feeling that I was probably to be occupied in furnishing, or assisting to furnish materials for a tale of battles, had something in it of a strange, and not particularly agreeable nature. But then I might live, escape to tell the tale myself. Ah! there's the balm; there's the momentum; the putter on, the magnet which attracts, the excitement that stimulates many an honourable hero. Hero! this I certainly never expected to be, this I certainly never shall be, except by accident, as many heroes have been made; though I sometimes dreamt of it as a thing to be wished.

Now we were approaching very near the ship, "Unrow," and up at once flew the oars out of their *rullocks*: "Boat your oars;" and I scrambled after Hopkins and a youngster (who had been silent during the transit) up the ship's side, and stood on board his Majesty's tender, *Friendship*. Hopkins gave the note to Lieutenant —, who, after a word or two of question to me and my companion, ordered the steward to serve us out the day's allowance, and give us *hammocks*; and we were shown into a hole; the descent to it was by notches cut in the

angles of a post, against which, polished by greasy hands, a knotted rope was suspended: this hole was called the *steerage*: in some ships it is the afterhold, here it was after-hold, cable-tier, and steerage, in one: as yet I did not descend: I stood on the deck gazing on the intricacy of method in the infinity of cordage, till my brain *gnawed* itself in the perplexity, and to escape from it I looked about from stem to stern. I saw some eight or ten men, with hard and rugged, weather-beaten visages, not so trimly "rigged" as Hopkins and his comrades were, distributed here and there, and huddled together on the fore-castle as many more of the most squalid, dirty-bearded, matted-haired wretches, stockingless and shoeless, with such enormous splay-feet, their bodies covered, or partly covered, by fragments of various coloured garments: the wildest creatures I had ever looked upon. I never had imagined man in such a state; and what faces! each man carried a countenance of reckless misery, a hatred of hope, a defiance of despair, or it was despair mocking itself. My soul was sick as I looked upon them, and they laughed at me aloud; and then a sudden burst of confused yells, laughter, and hideous curses arose;—whence? from the caverns of the ship. I looked down, and as I did so, a hot and pestilential effluvia rose and enveloped me. I looked through a heavy wooden grating, across which was a strong iron bar, with a huge padlock attached to it; and I saw that which threw me back almost fainting with horror! My throat felt as if it were filled with lumps of something which produced a sense of strangulation; and how fiercely my heart did "knock at my ribs against the use of nature!" I remember I bent myself forward, bowing my head down upon my breast, for some minutes after, retreating from the grating, as if I would by that quell the violent and audible beating. In that short glance, I had seen a crowded mass of disgusting and fearful heads, with eyes all glaring upwards from that terrible den; and heaps of filthy limbs, trunks, and heads, bundled and scattered, scrambling, laughing, cursing, screaming, and fighting at one moment. Ere long I learned what they were; among them were the offscourings of villainy, the refuse of jails, beings whose infamy was their source of merriment, their solace in captivity! There too were men whose lives and characters were unimpeachable, both in law and custom; industrious men, on whose reputation the world's breath could not cast a blemish, who had been forcibly seized from their hearth-sides; I heard much of their histories afterwards: there were men also, who, closing months of toil and peril, or years of hope-encouraged perseverance, in distant climes, returned to their native shores, to be kidnapped, as their foot was in the act of kissing the strand, or suddenly intercepted as their arms were stretched forth to give and to receive the welcoming embrace of fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives, and children, whose piercing cries or bitter curses were of no avail, utterly, save to give a piquance to the fiendish enterprise! All, all were mingled, herded, and barred in that pestiferous, gorge-sickening, soul-blighting den! In that hole, which could not be thirty feet in length, by the ship's breadth, one hundred and eighty human beings were

crammed to eat, drink, and sleep. Every morning the den was emptied of its inanimate filth, except that which was glued on and ingrained in the bodies and rags of its occupants; who, by divisions of ten or twelve, were permitted to ascend to the deck for half an hour, for the purpose of purifying themselves; or, as the lieutenant coarsely, but most truly expressed it, "to blow the stink off them." These were some of "Old England's jolly tars," her "Wooden walls' defenders," men who sing,

"Britons never, never, never will be slaves!"

"An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

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## CHAPTER V.

*Monthly Repository, October, 1833.*

— What, lingering still?

Upon the ocean's threshold, Sir, I stand;  
And gaze across its billows: and beyond,  
Where earth confines, and rugged cliffs forbid  
His rolling conquest:—to the inner lands  
I'm borne by fancy, now—and verdant hills,  
And dreary wastes, and yawning gulfs,—  
Beauty and richness so commingling there  
With frowns of art and nature, dash my thoughts  
With fear that holds me pausing ere I fly.

So, then, I was on board a tender: mingled in the destinies of a press-gang-gathered herd. I had bound myself in the chains which fettered and galled, indiscriminately, the worthy and the vile; the reckless and semi-savage, with the prudent and the instructed: for among that collection of imprisoned and miserable beings, there were the instructed; there were the morally pure as well as the wickedly depraved, the hardened in vice and the shrinking from contamination; and nothing but an inborn heroism of resolution, and inflexible spirit, could have escaped untainted after immersion in that foul reservoir; and few things ever showed more strongly the natural preponderance of good in man, than the fact that some could, and did come forth unpolled. But was I to be associated with, an ingredient in, such foul admixture? No, no; then I did not dream of this. At first I entertained no dread of the probability of such degradation. Degradation? Could I be degraded? Could I sink lower than I was in my original condition? Was it possible that human beings existed, who were by any circumstance placed in a lower scale of social estimation than myself? I—



degraded? I could not be degraded: I was down as low as accident or nature could sink humanity. I had never seen the being compounded of the materials of which God's images are fashioned, whom I could have regarded with other glances than those of deference. Yet here I was at once elevated to a pinnacle of incalculable height above creatures of the same flesh and blood with myself. In all my dreams, I had formed nothing earthly that could parallel the occupants of that dreadful den. But, struck into utter gasping dismay as I was by what I saw, not the remotest supposition, nor shadow of a fear that such men were at any time or in any place to be my companions, crossed my senses. They were of another world—a world to me unapproachable—an impassable gulf lay between us. But time and place did come—over that impassable gulf I was soon thrown—I was not long in learning that I was one of themselves: I was soon taught to expect the horror of companionship with them—if that shuddering contact of body, similarity of pursuits, and equality of conditions, while all the mind and soul are absent, or present only in sickening aversion, can be called companionship. Not yet—not yet was I to know this misery—it was deferred awhile. In the midst of sorrow and destitution, some commiserating spirit has ever addressed its sympathy to my sufferings, and anodyned my distresses. So now, in the passionate grief and horror which I exhibited, as I fell back from my glance into that dismal den, this sympathy came to my relief. A mulatto man accosted me. "What's the matter, boy?" I looked a meaning which I had no voice to speak—I glanced toward the grating and leaned my forehead against the mainmast, while I sobbed hysterically; "Don't be frightened," said he, "you are not to go down there;" and the kind-hearted fellow led me away, and showed me and my companion how to descend to our *apartment*—berth he called it. This *was* better than the other place: but, what a lodging!—furnished with a few greasy chests—a tar bucket and two or three other buckets which were used for washing decks—ends of old ropes—and pieces of junk; and a cable, coiled like an enormous boa-constrictor, diffused its tarry perfumes through the gloom and up the hatchway. But I was elastic in thought, as well as in habits—any description of the latter would fit me—will fit me in a few days. I was not long burthened with apprehensions, or twisted with inconveniencies as to wants and appliances. There was the excitement of novelty in every thing, and it rushed to my relief. How to dispose of my day's allowance of ship biscuits (a baked conglomulum of flint and sawdust) and grog—was an occupation to my inquisitorial faculties; and I was not a little amused by the aptness of my scholarship in taking lessons in the art of cracking biscuits, by laying each in the palm of one hand and hammering it with the opposite elbow; the process of mastication was somewhat slower. But the grog! the sailor's boasted elixir!—pah! how nauseous! Is this the stuff which I have heard so extolled in claptrap sea songs, and flummeryised nautical tales? Though I could not touch it, others had mastered the difficulty—and my grog did not go a begging: there was my hammock to be slung; and a

volunteer for my pint, spliced a pair of *grummets*, and twisted a number of tarred yarns into what he called *nettlies*, for *clews* to my hammock, and tied it up to the ceiling, *triced it to the battens* was his phrase, and there was my bed, ready *rigged for turning in*. Difficult of access and louthsome as such a bed was at first, I learned, ere long, to prefer it to any I had ever slept in before, or have ever slept in since—and the grog too—how affection grows upon companionship and use! though, indeed, my tenderness for grog never became so great as to prefer it to every other beverage: the nausea soon wore away.

I was among sailors—men whose lives had passed in adventures—who had become familiar in the encounter with perils of storm, battle, and wreck; and, what to me was more promiscuous of delight than all else, they could tell me of those far countries, and climes, and people, and trees, and animals, of which I had read so much—in which I had revelled as I read. But, what a woful disappointment! They either knew nothing of these matters, or deemed them unworthy notice; and when they did allude to some far, far off cape, or bay, or port, they exhibited pictures of them so very unlike any thing which reading had drawn on my mental retina, that I received them as wilful falsehoods, or I regarded them as jests. No, they were giving me the forms of their own impressions; and I afterwards found there was some truth and likelihood in their descriptions, but I had to borrow their eyes, or their mode of using eyes to perceive this. So very childish, so whimsically puerile their descriptions and impressions appeared to me, that I was astonished at their imbecility; but more than all, at their grovelling superstition. They seemed to be in possession of no ideas; they had not a glimpse of the qualities of rational creatures, nor a grain of comprehension or thought beyond the use of the ship's ropes: and their contorted impression of facts—that was not a vapour oozing from the dullest ponds of hobgoblinism, for these muddy superstitions had nothing fanciful to recommend them to the ears: they had not even the merit of barrenness of imagination, or crippled invention; they seemed like senseless jargon, the meaning of which had been lost or forgotten, handed down from father to son, generation after generation; so excessively stupid were they—but not less firmly believed on that account. The stubborn positiveness of the men actually amazed and bewildered me. I might have uprooted the pillars of Hercules with a needle's point, as easily as I could have removed one of their superstitions. They would not think, they could not think; putting two ideas together to make a result, seemed to be beyond the reach of their faculties; these men were ship machinery: as senseless furniture—except that they breathed, and ate, and drank, and articulated words—as the running rigging or the belaying pins. I have since been thrown among savages, barbarians, people whom these sailors would have sported with and despised as creatures far beneath them, as puppets for their amusement, or animals for their use, but I have never encountered any men who were so idealless, or knew so little of the use of moral faculties as these. I never knew men whose speech and action

exhibited so little glimmering of intellectuality. They had been trained into breathing automata; every thing they said was the dribbling of idiocy; but unlike that, it forbade compassion; a self-satisfaction dwelt with it, in rugged, gnarled, muscular forms and gruff voices; and the only flickering of mind which they seemed to possess, was exhibited in the contempt, hard and rigid, with which they visited my disbelief, the pity or scorn which they lavished on my ignorance. Ignorant, indeed, I was. But these were the men to be held in check by authority, these were the men to glorify the tact of a disciplinarian, these were the men to be driven by petty tyranny, and scourged by pampered insolence. Oh, these were men, the right sort, to be ruled by the "privileged,"—not the men to be directed by the wise, or persuaded by the generous. But what would become of the navy, if its seamen were instructed to think, or allowed to reason? their daring intrepidity would dwindle in calculations, their reckless bravery would evaporate in foresight and caution. "Ah! to this it is fast coming," sighs the reverencer of the good old times, the conservative of exclusive right to reasoning faculties—"I knew how it would be. The nation's honour declined when other than hoop petticoats were once admitted at court, and the wooden walls of old England were doomed to decay and disgrace when that cursed Dalilah, the march of intellect, cut off the sailors' pigtales; we are fast losing our empire of the ocean: men wont fight, if ever they acquire the knack of asking for whom or for what." Well; now though I do look forward to the time when the trade of war will be as *respectable* as shop-lifting or pocket-picking, and not more so; when the profession of mere soldier shall be as honourable as that of street bully, or retail cut-throat; or (if not having a stamp of infamy, exactly) when the jingling of spurs and the clank of scabbards shall herald the approach of a muchacho, and notify to all decent people to put away their fractibles and frangibles, being, in sheer merriment of heart and good humour, disposed to allow him to amuse himself with a few gambols:—when military achievements and military establishments shall be as useful as fires in fields of ripened wheat; when prayers for success in battle shall be as great proof of religious confidence and feeling as was the crucifying of Christ, and when a Te Deum for victorious slaughter shall be considered as acceptable praise and grateful homage as buffetting the Creator's face; when "fight and die for your king, my brave countrymen," shall be understood to be the text from which knaves have preached to fools, and fools have been cajoled into knaves; when the text itself shall become a dead letter, and the right lineal descendants of kings themselves shall rejoice that it is so; when the festivities which celebrated each victory, and the laudations that hailed each warrior, shall be known as the rivetting and the rattling of new links in the chain which fettered humanity, and put additional strength into the hands of villainy to draw them tighter round the enthralled; when a conqueror shall be known as the universal foe; when names and monuments of "glory" shall be detested as records and symbols of blood, indurated

selfishness, and as the food which fattened oppression ; when Achilles, in Hyde Park, shall tell a tale that shall be interpreted beyond Apsley House ; and when our great-grand-children shall discover that the morality of their ancestral teachers was an opiate that put honesty of purpose and sincerity of communion to sleep, and that the policy on which they moved was a pig's swimming, and shall wonder that we had no better wisdom than to fire our own barns, and lock-up storehouses in order to spite our neighbours. Yes, though I do look forward to all this, reader, I cannot see that man will abate one jot of his corporeal courage, or lose an atom of his physical daring, by mingling in them the intellectual boldness that leads him to an examination of the plea which calls on him to exercise them, which bids him use his right of scrutiny into the cause, and assert his freedom of refusal or rejection if he find it based on sophistry or bigotry ; and especially then when he will guard against the selfishness of a class, which masks its diabolism of will, and greediness of advancement, in the hypocrisy of "national honour," or the puffery of "patriotism." "Old England's Glory" has been a pestilential wind, which has desolated thousands of homes, and withered tens of thousands of hearts, even as their voices shouted the cry, to fatten and gorge a few ; and the hungry have been told to look on the red and trampled field of slaughter, and banquet on their murdered and mangled brethren, to peruse the records of victory, and grow full upon its fumes. Ay, ay, ye poor and vital-gnawed of England ! look on yonder magnificent triumph of art, that bridge which throws its stately grace across your noble, treasure-bearing river, Thames ;—it has a name—sound it—does not your heart throb with exultation ? Perambulate this great city ; it is the abode of Plutus, and his hundred thousand faithful adorers—but that's a trifle : at every turn your eye encounters splendid streets, terraces, and lines of palaces, that flash the words which call up visions of triumphant battles, and your country's heroes, and your victor chiefs ; they speak of gorgeous spoil and booty won, of nations conquered and of thousands slain, of hosts of enemies laid low, of mighty warrior guides who fled before a "Briton's arm," of kings who crouched to you and prayed for succour, and you gave it ; and they thanked you for it—how ?—as you deserved to be thanked ; but they have not touched your "glory." No, here are its monuments, here are its proofs, this is no dream. Here are the substantialities :—bound along, leap, leap in ecstasy, and cry, "I too am an Englishman !" You feel not the chilling blast ; you do not shiver in the searching mist ; the flame of patriotic fire has thrown its glow down to your foot-soles, you are warm, you are cordialled by the sparkling lights in crystal lamps and gilded chandeliers ; and the cheerful blaze which paints its laugh on damask curtains close and snugly drawn, converting the dulness of quiet comfort's gifts to winking-eyed, voluptuous luxury. You see England's victories on every wall, her laurels at every step, her heroes at every portal. Her glory blazes from a thousand windows—shout again, "I too am an Englishman !" Then home to the scanty and ex-

haunted ashes that lie on your shiver-giving chimney-hearth—your foodless board ; search each dim nook the twentieth time, for a chance morsel—with no hope of finding it—it is a habit you have acquired—for that moaning child ; it has not strength to cry. Look, its features are all wan and senseless, except those large glistening eyes : all other faculties of thought are dead ; in them is gathered and concentrated a sum of intelligence, which glares out from the protruding balls, “ *want—want—want, chill, and misery.*” Look around—another, another, and another. “ *Well, let him work—an industrious man need not want I am sure.*” Be silent, dolt, leaden-hearted dolt ! There are thousands, who at the instant they are most profusely sweating under their toil of to-day, feel suddenly at their marrow the freezing apprehension, that to-morrow industrious search, and eager entreaty, can find no toil to perform, and that the earned bread of to-day will be exhausted ere the sun dawn again. “ *Then let him go to the parish ; we pay enough I think.*” Silence ! How you, or any man who talks thus, has the folly to believe himself a Christian, it is not in the compass of my thoughts or imagination to conceive. Why you can have the impudence and hypocrisy to call any other man an infidel, is indeed clear. Warm this hearth with the nation’s glory. Feed these starving with the honour of old England. Bid these cold and hungry be cheerful and rejoice, for England has won renown, and ocean owns her as its queen—ay—ay ; and distant earth has felt the footsteps of her conquering sons upon its bosom. Point east, and west, and south, and tell this man, *THERE* his country’s banner floats ; tell him that all the soils by myriads tilled and by nature smiled into spontaneous abundance of life’s blessings, shall pour those blessings into England at her beck : hear his exulting reply,—“ I am cut to the marrow by this sharp wind and sleet, and I want bread.” Then laugh, or scoff, or spurn him, as a low, vulgar, incorrigibly discontented wretch, insensible to patriotism. Or send him a score of “ penny tracts ” to comfort him—Pish ! they are not half sufficient to ignite the six ounces and a half of coal which he has borrowed from his neighbour. Send him ten thousand at once : they will weigh a few pounds ; there is bread and beef for himself and family for the day, and he will recover part of them in wrappers to his farthing candles and ha’p’orths of cheese. Do this, and you will be doing good, though it is in a queer, roundabout way ; and you will have your reward. The affair will swell an item in your next annual report, and your brethren of the committee will compliment your zeal, and you shall be tea’d and gossiped ; and all good people will admire you, and all the empire shall be blessed with the joyful news of this spread of comfort, and all the empire shall be taxed with importunities in furtherance of these blessings. Tell the hungry and the naked to be resigned and patient, that those who strip them and starve them may loll undisturbed in lazy luxury.

O, verdant, flowery, and lovely England ! I look upon the soft, and bright, and gladdening decorations which nature has spread over thee with lavish hand. I cast my memory’s eye over all else on which I

have gazed, over all on which my foot has trodden; and to thy demi-paradise delighted turn again with an increased ardour of affection from the comparison—and while I exclaim, “Oh beautiful, most beautiful!” I feel as I could cling to each tree, and shrub, and flower, with a lover’s fondness, as my bosom swells with admiration, joy, and rapture. But when I look among thy people, all the glorious exultation dries up from my heart, and bitterness succeeds the draught which heaven mingled. I see one-third of thy twelve millions have no other use for sense or reason than to study new indulgences, and find fresh sources of life’s enjoyment; all the others are toiling to administer those indulgences, and supplying those sources,—struggling to endure existence, or battling with misery while life endures.

But, when will the time which I have prophesied arrive? Will it ever arrive? Yes. MAN IS GOOD TILL HE IS TAUGHT TO BE OTHERWISE. Let this good be cherished. I think it will be—it has *not been* cherished. For one who dared to whisper his conjectures ten years ago, there are a hundred now who deeply think and dare speak aloud; in ten years more, that hundred will multiply itself. Mass after mass will be detached from the mountains of *bad*, and on the increasing ratio will bounteously run. Many, who adventure in this cause of truth and benevolence universal, will be shivered in the collision with established notions; already some have recoiled from the shock—others will falter; and over each recoiler and each falterer a shout of triumph will be raised, has been raised, by the worshippers of things as they are, the wiser, worldly jeerers at Utopia. They will exult that the recoilers and falterers are convinced of their error, and have recanted. Each recantation has been in the spirit of Galileo’s: “but it does move nevertheless,” whispered Galileo. The falterers and recoilers have found that too great a strength was possessed by the wolves of society. Wolves—not figurative wolves—once ranged throughout our island, and were thought to be as difficult of extermination as the moral wolves of to-day. Yet, exterminated they were; though, doubtless, there were many conservative sportsmen who inveighed against the process and attempt as an infringement on their privileges and “vested rights”—“and, moreover,” (this was unanswerable,) “the national character was jeopardied if the manly English sport of hunting wolves were annihilated; the kingdom would become a prey to any upstart invader who had courage to jump over the Picts’ wall, or paddle across the English channel.” Logic equally rational, arguments quite as cogent, and not more so, are nightly spouted forth in our two legislative assemblies in 1833, and are common stock laughter for all nations. Was ever mirth-exciting wit uttered by man equal to that precious gem from the Archbishop of Canterbury? “Men of birth and attainments would not be lured into the ministration of religion by so paltry a bait as four or five thousand pounds per annum.” Laugh, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America! Faith, they do laugh! Good as the jest is, we in England cannot laugh at it; the vulture’s beak is in our vitals.

At present the wolves are too numerous ; they are triple-fanged and long-clawed. Now, we may diminish their numbers without slaughtering one ; we may extract their teeth and root out their talons without inflicting on them bodily pain,—many will shed them voluntarily. By taking from them the *will*, they may be induced to resign the right and power to tear and mangle. This, however, is the chief difficulty ; they have been instructed in a love of the privilege of using their claws and fangs, and it is hard to conquer the appetite for power. I have been told by clever, close, and long-thinking and practical men, that all efforts to improve the moral and social condition of the people at large, high and low, will be useless till a great political improvement and better government be established ; but I think the political bettering will and must tread on the heels of the social and moral advancement—that the political bettering cannot advance without that precursor ;\* or at best it will be an illustration of the snail's pace on the wall, one foot up, and eleven inches and three quarters down—and there are thousands of miles to climb ; for every struggle will be made in the eagerness of self-interest only, by one party, in total indifference or wilful injury of another. No expansive and general good will be effected or attempted—all will be the strife of *meum* ; while the mass, those who most need the benefit of good government, will be squeezed, ground, and tortured worse than ever. No ! reform education—teach the teachers ; God knows they are most in want of teaching ; reform education in the “upper classes,” ay, and in the “middle classes” too ; both need this reform much more than the “lower classes” require political reform. Instruct, enlarge the minds of all ; education is now a narrowing of the mind : let the warm currents of *good*, which are fountained in every man's heart, be permitted to flow ; not curdled, nor thrown back, by a teaching which makes the precepts of virtue a mockery. Let every one be taught that his best security for happiness is not in a selfishness of defence, nor in a skill in attack. Let him learn that suspicion is a false watchman, and caution an unnecessary guard. Tear the whole fabric of education, as it is called, into atoms ; the particles, then, are easily separated ; the good may be retained, the rest be buried and forgotten :—or if it live, let it live to the scorn it merits. I insist on it that the bettering of the condition of mankind can never be effected but by a reform in education. Let this be done, and a vicious government will sicken of its labours, and die of sheer feebleness. As the matter of education now stands, its ethical purport to the wealthy is, “acquire and secure power ;” to the poor, “comply with the will and authority of the rich ;” and to the latter so much instruction is given as shall further this purport, no more. Exquisite dovetailing of interests ! amiable

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\* In as far as we have advanced, is education the consequence of any political improvement ?—No ; every petty, the least legislative boon to the people has been extorted, wrung from our governors by the extension of knowledge among the people. *Ergo*, the political bettering is *consequent* on the intellectual advancement.—P. V.

reciprocity of morality and affection ! " Educate the people to our purposes." This is the sole principle which, for ages, has stirred sects and parties to activity in forming the minds of those whom they coveted as disciples. " Throw the light around *us*, and leave all else in darkness. Do not let them have a farthing-candle's worth of glimmer, that shall enable them to grope through the dark avenues, which it is our interest to keep for ever unknown." How willingly would they have all in pitchy night, rather than those avenues should be explored ! How they have wished, ay, and struggled and railed, to keep all dark ! and nothing but the fear that the poor man would strike a light for himself, to scan and scare *themselves*, has ever inclined them to ignite their own lamps. Thank heaven, the misty halo round the flame has made itself visible too ; but fools mistake the mists for radiations of the light, and knaves conspire to call it so.

It is time education should have other objects, be promoted on other grounds, productive of different results ; for this purpose the system must be changed. Scatter, annihilate those hot-beds in which the precocious love of domination, and selfish right to exclusive power, in the wealthy and high born, are nurtured ; and even in childhood taught to burst their buds, and become ranker of growth through foliage, flower, and fruit ; and as vicious in the last sear of the leaf, as in the first unfolding of the verdure, for then the shrunken-sinewed and peery-eyed grandpapa wheezes forth his approbation of the tottering infant's first practical essay in tyranny. Let us no longer slander and disgrace good principles and virtuous-meaning words, by using them as panders to bad passions. Let contention for superiority and sway, no longer be nicknamed emulation. Let good-will be taught as the only laudable ascendancy, and it will be found easy of acquirement, and delightful in practice. Then shall we see a political regeneration, we shall then have good government, and legislation will be based on justice to all. Then will the words " happy, beautiful England," become the one outspreading, grand chorus of joy—not till then will they cease to sound like the " pleasant day, sir," of Jack Ketch, when he slips the noose round the neck of a victim. Then should some despot legitimate, hater of the free, arrange his legioned slaves and ruffians for the battle, every heart will throb with sterner courage, and every arm be nerved with tenfold vigour. Authority need not fear the amplest instruction of the governed, if authority be honest. If it be otherwise, let it shake and tremble, and be driven as the smoke before the gale.

And you that have ventured to advance through the mists, and have passed the marsh-fed meteors—you who see, and point to the notice of others, the sloughs into which the ignis fatui have led mankind—who have dared to think for yourselves in behalf of your fellow men—step on with full firm foot ; fearless and calmly bold, smile at the scoffs that will hurtle in your ears. Remember that nothing truly great or truly good, no outbursting of mighty genius, no grand flood-light of intelligence, no measure of expansive benevolence, no generous, universal utility, has escaped the scathe of ridicule. Remember that every dis-



covery which has revolutionized science has been opposed by sneers and contempt, and afterwards adopted by the sneerers. Remember the bitterness of disappointed efforts, the mockery of his entreaties, the contumely and scorn which Columbus endured,—yet America holds its ground. Remember that Galileo was persecuted, even to the verge of death,—yet the earth revolves. Remember that every medical man in the nation poured his phial of derision on Harvey,—yet the blood does circulate. Remember that “Fulton’s folly” was the by-word, and the sneer, and the jest, and the pity, of all who watched, and all who gaped in brainless and vacant curiosity,—yet steam-boats and steam-ships do traverse rivers, lakes, and oceans safely. And do not forget that the loudest scoffers have, in all cases, been foremost and greediest in grasping at the pecuniary profits which these martyrs in the cause of human nature placed within the reach of dull insolence and cupidity. Among the greatest gainers by the Erie and Hudson New York Canal, are those who jeered most plentifully at “Clinton’s big ditch.” The greatest of men have withered away existence in labouring for their species. Martyrs? Martyrdom? The noblest spirits have not yet received their apotheosis—the worthiest of martyrs are not canonized. Their glory is now enveloped in obscuring clouds, which futurity shall waft aside, away and away for ever: then shall its vast and purely luminous globe irradiate the universe, and not scorch a single nutritious herb, nor defile the tint of a flower: it shall gladden all men, without dazzling the mentality of one by its splendour. More honourable, more worthy, more divine are such martyrdoms, than any which have been consummated at the stake in stubborn adherence to a mysterious creed. For such were seldom the benefactors of man. They did not love God’s own family of nature. Shift the rod of power into their hands, and these adherents even to burning, would have become the burners.

Will the reader be good enough to pardon, if he have not skipped, this long digression? He will perceive that it was thought growing out of memory, and reflection warming upon thought.

Preparations were made for going to sea. Here was new bustle and fresh excitement, which, for a time, took away the moping dullness that succeeded my astonishment on discovering the quality of my new comrades. There was none of the wailing and sorrowful leave-taking between sea-farers and their friends, of which I had read such very pretty and interesting accounts. To the miserable wretches in the hold, the first indication of a movement was a joy which they acknowledged in a rattling cheer from their dungeon; it promised a termination to that disgusting portion of their captivity at least: no change could be for the worse to them. I was soon called to assist; ordered to “clap on the jigger,” *i. e.* pull upon a tackle which was attached to the cable to take in the “slack,” as it was hove in by the windlass. This was stirring amusement for a few minutes, but my hands, in a very little time, gave me notice of their dislike to the toil, as they became sore and blistered. No matter; they would soon become callous to such trifles. With nothing more to fear or annoy, I should

not repine, though that taught me the difference between hard work and amusement. Oh! how grand the ship did look when her sails were loosed, topsails sheeted home and hoisted, and she moved along at the pilot's word, leaving houses, town, ships, fields, and trees, slipping backward! But to gaze on this, to me so beautiful a vision, was not permitted; every pausing glimpse was broken by an authoritative order to "lay hold." I thought trimming sails a most tedious thing, and that it would never be at an end; nor was the order given for coiling down the ropes till we had rounded Black Rock, and were fairly in the Irish Channel, at sea, with the great arch of sky stooping down to the water on one side, and the Cheshire hills, composedly staying at home, on the other, looking at me to tell me how much wiser they were. The short swinging motion of the vessel soon taught me to expect what I wished to experience, till I did feel it; for it was the seasoning; and there was something in being sea-sick which I was ambitious of knowing; but I never made any acquaintance whose company was so irksome and nauseous; it caused a suspension of life, in which actual death would have been welcomed or despised. If any one had offered to toss me overboard, or put a rope round my neck to run me up to the yard-arm, he might have done so without a resisting effort on my part: but, for the first time in my life, the utter absence of sympathy occasioned me no regret, no reproach, no uneasiness. Nor was I at all concerned at the jeering laughs and the coarse jests which my distress called forth, neither during my sea-sickness, nor any other mishaps or inconveniences which attended me here; for there was none with whom I could claim kindred or sociability. I was alone, and they were each of themselves; my miseries were not increased by the thought that none cared for them; that if I complained I should be repulsed; therefore my unhappiness was isolated in the fact that I felt the fact of being so. True, there was the mulatto man,—a stranger to my country and my blood, did enable me to feel the value and beauty of sympathy. Am I here speaking harshly? Am I, after this lapse of years, and my many lessening vicissitudes, venting the splenetic humour of a boyish inveteracy? No, no. I acknowledge, with thankfulness acknowledge, that I had daily met with affection and kindness; but it was dispensed in so unattractive a form, veiled over in so cold a demeanour, and chilled by such prudential accompaniments, that affection itself looked like an exercise of authority, and solicitude wore the aspect of aversion. But all this was right, I suppose: it was meant to train me for the *world*.

But with what a mingled sensation of longing and dread did I look to the probability of the waves rolling "mountains high," when a change of wind, accompanied by a gathering of black clouds in the south-east, announced a "blow," as the sailors called it; and after taking in the smaller canvass, and reefing the larger, the ship turned her broad beam to the one side, and dipped her bulwarks in the water on the other, making a steep hill of her flat decks; and as I had not yet found my sea-legs, mocking every attempt I made to stand or move

without clinging to ropes or cleats, to catch at which I pitched as courage-gathering intervals permitted. And when the sea was up, how terribly grand it appeared to be! as the green hills rose higher and higher, hills chasing hills, and bounding after each other, in magnificent delight! The whole sea was alive—as one vast spirit that threw its ten thousand huge limbs out and abroad in its cloud-encompassed domain, tossing its mighty arms aloft, and now sweeping its hands along the verge of the horizon, elevating them as if to crush, by a ponderous stroke, the adventurous but feeble intruder on their path, and dropping the upheaved limb for the purpose of lifting her out of the gulf, and over the sparkling, foam-splintered crests, and dashing her down again, to leave her as the sport of each succeeding billow; each in turn sweeping on with destruction in its sinews, and each in turn, as the crushing blow was pending, in the very act of falling, mercifully stooping to lift the trembling victim out of its course; then rolling onwards till it seemed to sink in the slumber of fatigue, and all smoothing their monster gambols into repose as they melted in the distant horizon sky. The first feelings on beholding such a scene are fearful; the gazer gasps in the inevitability of destruction, and wonders at escape; each buoyant uprising of the ship seems to drag him from a depth of death; another, and another, and another green hill, in densely sounding march, comes on, and then looks toppling downwards on him, and ere he can shriek, “we are lost,” the masts are upwards soaring, as they’d pierce the moon: less and less the danger dims; the ocean music, as it roars, and howls, and screams through the invisible strings of its mighty harp, and wailing fairs among the cordage of the bark, becomes a lullaby to terror, and dread is rocked to rest. Thus, by “the aid of use,” confidence triumphs over fear, and that which lately shook us with alarm, now bids the spirit spring elastic in enjoyment. The leaping hills of water yield to the fancy, the ship is mistress of their strength as she rides a moment on their arched backs, and laughs as she scatters the foam from their crests, then swings herself down into the deep gorge, and, with the impetus, remounts and laughs again amid the cloud of spray that breaks and flashes forth its million globules of light that radiate around the lady of the billows.

So it was now; so with my feelings I soon learned to look saucily on the sea. A sort of braggart spirit rose in me, as the ship lifted me with her in her overtopping sovereignty of the billows. I fancied myself their master; an impertinence which they retaliated by slapping my face with a cold slice of wave that took away my breath, and drenched me from head to foot, and then rolled on in contempt of my discomfort, not deigning to cast a look back at the effects of their reproof, and heedless, too, of the rough laugh which their malicious sport drew from the sailors. Still I held on to a belaying-pin, ensconced under the lee of the bulwark, and peeping above it to catch occasional glimpses of the grandeur. Sea-sickness was completely suspended during the gale; it is in the short, wabby sea, and the dull swell,

only, that I have ever experienced that prostrator of existence, that killer of the soul, which leaves the body in living death: its remedy is, "get over it how you *may*,"—how you *can* is out of the reach of science: the only preventive is staying on shore. But with all the pitching, rolling, and rocking of the ship, no sickness had I. We buffeted the storm for six days, in the hope of the wind's veering; but after its high rage had subsided, a steady and still strong south-easter bade defiance to our efforts to double the Long Ship's Light, and I heard them talk of bearing away for Milford Haven. Milford Haven! and joy kindled as my imagination awoke at the sound. That was one of the universe's hallowed spots, the sacred abode of some of Shakspeare's creations,—Imogen, Pisanio, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Posthumus, ay, and that vain, simple, noble, nothing Cloten, too, all started up before my eyes; and as we stood in between the rocky confines of the port, I looked for some place which might have been the cavern home of the exiles, or the hills on which they chased the deer, the spot from which they bade "hail!" to the sun, or welcomed Fidele; jerking mechanically, meanwhile, at the ropes.—There my body was; my mind had flown back two thousand years. Well, well do I remember those sensations—but my fancy's eye could select no spot. We anchored off Huberstone, and I cast a longing look higher up, to the narrowing of the water; for there were rocks mingled with verdant and cultured undulations, and visible access to the distant hills, and vales, and cottages; and for the first time I felt that I was a prisoner. It was a heart-sinking bitterness: but it was not on that my penitence grew, nor on my comfortless lodging; nor was it because I broke stubborn and mouldy biscuits with my elbow, and performed my ablutions with sea water in a bucket, and converted the end of a wrung swab into a napkin; not because I was my own laundress, and washed my shirt without soap, and hung it up in the rigging that the water might evaporate, and leave the salt to scrub my skin; it was not because my hands were blistered by pulling ropes; nor because I was frequently drenched by the waves which broke over the ship; not from a dread of the boatswain's mate's rope's end, or the knotted nine-tailed cat on my bare back, of which I heard such harrowing, and, as I afterwards found, true accounts; not from an apprehension of kicks salved by curses; nor thirst, nor privations, nor storms, nor shipwreck, battles, dangers, nor death, called up a wish to avoid them, or shook me with any fear that made me sorry I had left home. My companion, George, had not passed an hour since our embarkation, without complaints that made my heart sad on his account. I believe his compunction began ere we were twenty miles from home; yet he was more sinewy than I was; my fare and labour had not been so inuring to roughness as his; he was deficient in that which supported me: but at length something did bruise my spirit. It is only by a stretch of comprehension and a little faith, that you will admit the likelihood, reader, that I, so humbly cast, reared in poverty as I was, should shrink from the contact with any human beings, because they were so coarse and ignorant—yet such

was the case ; I pondered by day, and lay awake half the night, in reflecting on the degrading communion into which I had thrown myself. I endeavoured to scan the probabilities of the future ; and though a light of hope did occasionally flash, my mind's inquiries always closed with a dread that my lot was cast irrevocably ; if I remained at sea, these, or worse, those wretches in the hold, would be my comrades. I have told you, reader, that I was a day-dreamer ; that is enough to show that I was not without ambition, that I could soar in fancy, if not in reality. I had a notion that I should not pass through life without doing something—that I should burst through obscurity, and humble poverty would not, for ever, be my portion ; but now I could not flap my wings, they were torn from their sockets. But one other circumstance in the whole of my varied life, has goaded me with such moral anguish, as my reflections did when I had been a few days on board that Tender : my mind must become a desert, or the whole of its scanty vegetation would be thorns to prick the dull machine of body out of inertness only to be sensible of pain and punishment. I despaired, and wished to die : for the thought of declaring my penitence, and asking pardon at home, and praying for release, did not yet enter my mind ; to that worst of extremities I was not yet driven, or rather I had not acquired the tone of reflection and feeling which could blunt the edge of that pang. Besides, my thoughts were not confined to myself : perhaps the daily increasing distress of my friend somewhat lightened—it did, I am sure, suspend—the full and intense action of my own. He proposed to attempt escape, which I seconded ; but his entreaties did not prevail on me to join him in it. I resolved on remaining almost entirely hopeless as I was.

We both thought that the distance from the ship to the shore rendered escape by swimming any thing but difficult ; the only obstacle was the fear of being caught in the act ; for he and I had frequently crossed and recrossed a sheet of water which seemed to be of little less extent—this was the great mistake : we were unskilled in calculating distances as we looked along the water from an elevation—I learnt this some time after. The supposed four or five hundred yards, was more than a mile and a half—and the tide-set we did not take into account. We whispered our arrangements ; he was to drop into the water a little before daybreak, and I would remain below, seemingly asleep :—he came to me—wrung my hand without speaking, and was gone. I lay still for half an hour perhaps ; then, unable to endure the suspense, I went on deck, and looked towards the land, but did not see him, and my heart leaped with joy—he was safe—a cough arrested my attention—I turned, and there stood an old seaman on the forecastle, who glanced at me significantly, and then turned his eyes upon the water, which direction mine followed, and there, not one fourth of the distance from the ship to the shore, I could just perceive a hat, and the action of the arms in the water as they struck out in swimming ; it was George buffeting against the influence of the tide, but this I did not then understand—I was dismayed at the little progress he had made. I knew he had been

discovered by the seaman, but the old man never mentioned the fact to me, or to any one on board, I believe. He saw it was a victim escaping, and would not betray him. I continued watching with a feverishness of sense, which was relieved as I marked the gradual diminishing of the object in distance; and descended again to the steerage, but could not rest. After another interval I looked out: not a speck was visible; I was sure that at that moment the solid earth was gladdening his foot, and he was bounding over the verdure. Two or three hours elapsed before he was missed from the ship, and all questions and inquiries resulted in the supposition that he must have fallen overboard during the night, and was drowned. I, of course, affected to believe this, and took my cue accordingly to be as sad and afflicted as I could prevail on myself to appear; but it was a very difficult task to be sorry at all; for I was counting over the number of miles he had progressed, and joyfully anticipating the pleasure of receiving an account of his safe arrival at B—. There was much kindness in the altered manners of the sailors; they subdued their uproariousness, and laid aside their rude jestings, as if they sympathized in my sorrow, but I remember I was not pleased with this. There was a poor old woman too, who had been allowed to come on board for passage round to Plymouth, to see her son in one of the ships of war there. How she annoyed me by her condolences! I really disliked her. My hypocrisy transformed her sincerity of sorrow into a seeming; and the proffered apples and pears, of which she had brought a stock on board in a box, I declined; they were nauseous from her hand. What a metamorphosis was there in my palate, that it should be averse to apples and pears. I felt that her sympathy was undeserved, and shrank from it. Truly this essay at counterfeiting was a most vile employment: but I was more desolate than ever in a day or two, and after much painful pro and con I sat down to write an imploring letter to my father; but to the chief source of my penitence I did not once allude. I imagined he would ridicule my idea of degradation from the society into which I was thrown; that he would laugh at any fear of disgraceful companionship. I am better informed now, and I do most heartily rejoice that I omitted the only arguments which were likely to prevail with him. I consider it one of the most fortunate events of my life, that my father paid no attention to my letter; he never replied to it, perhaps he did not receive it. I have some consolation in hoping it never came to hand, for I am sure, although I should have escaped much of other kinds of misery, if I had been released from that particular one, I should have lost most of the happiness which I have experienced, and I have acquired hope and capacity still to feel. I rejoice that I was not released from that captivity. How much the mind and disposition of youth are bent and swayed by trifles may be as strongly illustrated by my history, as by that of any other living man, perhaps. It is because mine were so influenced, that I think it advisable to relate trifling circumstances, which, isolatedly taken, must be regarded by the reader as very insipid (or *vapid*—is not that the phrase?) While the ship was yet lying at anchor, I amused

myself by climbing the rigging, and making my way into the tops, and soon growing superior to the road through "lubber's hole," I mastered the "futtock" shrouds: in doing so one day, a book, containing scribbled thoughts and memoranda, dropped from my bosom, and fell on the forecastle. The lieutenant, who was then walking the quarter-deck, seeing the accident, called out, "Bring that book here!" I stood in the top shivering with fear, while he examined the leaves, read, and then walked over to a gentleman on the other side, to whom he showed it; as they spoke, both occasionally cast their regards up to my perch; then the authoritative, and, as I thought, angry voice of the lieutenant hailed me with "Come down, youngster." As I descended I scanned the matter of the writing in my memory, supposing he had discovered something offensive, and anticipated a taste of man-of-war discipline. "Is this your writing, youngster?" he asked, as I stood pale before him. "Yes, Sir." Some undertoned talk then passed between the two gentlemen, as they moved away a few steps—then the lieutenant, turning quickly round, exclaimed, "What the — do you do here?" I stammered out something in reply. "Have you any friends?" said the gentleman: by friends I understood relatives, and readily answered "Yes, Sir." "A father?" "Yes." "Who is he?" I told him. "Can he or they assist you?" I did not know the meaning of this "assist," and replied "I do not know." "Your name is not —?" "No, Sir." "This is your proper name?" said my querist, pointing to "Peregrine Verjuice" on the page. I shook all over as I faltered out "Yes, Sir." "Well, I shall want you, by and by; and, hark ye, mind what you are about—don't take a fancy to grog, d'ye hear? and you won't remain long as you are. You may go now—here is your book: scramble up to the fore-top again, if you like." Now, reader, do but fancy a wretch whose terror has left him only a fraction of life, as he stands shivering on the new drop, and the word "pardon" rings in his ear at the moment the rope is round his neck—do fancy this, paint it all in imagination, and gaze at it with your mind's eye, and you, belike, may understand my condition. And I repented having written to my father. The same day I was set to write up the lieutenant's arrears of log, and to do other matters of penmanship; and the hard-visaged sailors were glad of it; for they said "such *skilligolee* fellow was not fit to man-handle the signal halliards."

No intelligence of George—and eleven days had elapsed since his escape: a boat came alongside, bringing a note to the lieutenant; and a whispering between the people on board and the men in the boat, accompanied by glances towards me, somewhat alarmed me, but I had not the least suspicion of the cause of their so glancing; the lieutenant went on shore immediately, he was required to give his evidence at a coroner's inquest. My friend's body, mangled by fishes, had that morning been found clinging with one arm round a brig's cable, and drawn up as she was heaving anchor; a weight of copper pence in his coat-skirt pocket—a few shillings and his watch in his trousers—his not

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having even taken off his coat, together with the distance between the ship and shore, precluded the possibility of the design to attempt escape; a verdict was given accordingly. There was no need of affectation now: I had as much difficulty in enduring my grief as I formerly had in pretending it, and all the kindly nature of that good old mother poured upon me a consciousness of its beauty and worth. Her tears of sympathy and her tones of consolation were now true blessings: and, reader, I took to liking apples and pears again.

Next day the wind chopped round to the northward, and the ship put to sea.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*Monthly Repository, December, 1833.*

A LIGHT veil of mist rose from the sea, and curled over the adjacent rocks and verdure, as we rolled along on the graceful swell of the Atlantic billows, urged by the western wind, on a morning in July, 1807; and as the sun veered from his eastern rising towards the south, the duskiness, in which the brows of earth and the breast of the billows were enfolded, swept gradually off, and left each, all objects in distinctness of form, varying in their shape and position, as the ship advanced on, rested by, or receded from them. There were on board, a quietness and order, which struck me as in singular contrast with the usual noisy bustle of trimming sails; the orders were given in a subdued tone, and the sailors spoke in whispers: even the bidding to me, to "clap on there," was uttered as if there was a caution against disturbing some one, or something, with too loud a voice: and the ragged, wild, inhumanized group, which stood on the fore-castle, in their visit to the air from their foul abode, turned from their gaze on the land, and the now opening Plymouth Sound, and glanced at each other in silence. The customary hallooing, cursing, and swearing, had sunk into murmurs, broken by a solitary harsh laugh, down in the den of the captives. Theirs, probably, was that feeling of suspense, which, on looking forward to a certainty of change of condition, is yet uncertain what may be the character of that change; when thoughts roam among doubts and probabilities, and create that nervous irritability, in which mind holds converse with itself alone. They all seemed to be soliloquizing on the future. Could the reckless and desperate among them be moved by thinking of the future? Ay, reader, for that future was an English man-of-war. With the officers and crew of the ship, the cause of this orderly quietness was different; they were entering a royal seaport; advancing among strictly disciplined ships of war; superior eyes were observing the lieutenant of the *Friendship* and his discipline, and in



deferential respect we, that is *they*, bowed, or seemed to bow, as *they* approached the gaze of the great ones. I know that my senses were highly excited, ay, and deeply stirred; mine was the vague and benumbing feeling, that, in a few hours, the die would be thrown, which should decide whether I should be freed from, or plunged inextricably in, the degradation which I so much dreaded. Thus did chilling apprehension and glowing hope mingle with that rapture and delight in which I fastened my eyes on the scene: the eastern side of Plymouth Sound, its rocks, cliffs, verdure and cottages, as we rounded the Mewstone; the sudden spreading, continuing beauty of the view, thrilled through every nerve: the rolling swell of the billows now subsided into an even rippling; laugh after laugh curled in orderly race along the shining water, scattered on the face of which were tall huge ships, and further down, in the many inlets and harbours, a thousand masts shooting up among, between, and above the rocks and houses: then the black-toothed batteries, citadel, soldiers' barracks, and magazines; Drake's Island, leaving open a glimpse into Hamoaze, with the mastless masses of black and chequered hulks, sleeping on the smooth water: and then the projecting points of Mount Edgcumbe Park, carpeted with smooth verdure, and streaked and dotted with noble woods, looking like solid masses of emerald cut into fretwork. The glorious sun, blazing on the scene, threw its flashes of magnificence over love and beauty—crowded buildings struck one point of the view, and here and there, on some green and flowery slope, the villa stood blandly courting the gaze upon itself; or the whitewashed cottage, nestled under a cliff, and sitting by a patch of greensward, spoke beguilingly of peace and contented comfort; and the receding and distant hills, variegated with many hues, and swept with alternations of light and shade—old dusky Dartmoor solemnly reposing above and behind the wonders and beauties at his foot. I had never beheld such a reality. I *had* fancied, I had dreamed more splendid and lovely visions. But I have not looked at the crowning beauty of that morning's gaze. We descended deeper into the Sound, and the curtaining hills gradually drew aside, opening more and more, till Cawsand bay completed the eye's delighted range, and rivetted every sense of feeling and thought on what lay there. Sweeping round in a most graceful bend, and lipping the sandy and shingly beach, the water sparkled, reflecting the ten thousand gems of beauty which smiled on its borders, and slept, or seemed to sleep, in their own shadows, which had laid their foundations in the translucent bosom of the liquid mirror: a molten crystal. And the gradually rising amphitheatre of meadow, upland, and hill and grove—here, and again, picturesque abruptnesses of rock, or an undulation, based by the clustered dwellings of the town, drawn out at each extremity in a diminishing line of cottages. Boats lying on the beach, others dancing under the fishermen's oars, and two or three ships, whose elegance of mould and slim tapering masts transmuted the objects of my admiration in Liverpool docks, into clumsy, dingy, heavy conglomerations of deformity. But there was one which sat enthroned

upon the glistening surface of the mirror, the Queen of magnificence and beauty! What a wonder of creation did she appear to me! The most delicate and exquisite work of hands which I had ever seen, in imitation of a ship, was enshrined in a glass case; a corvette, built of ivory and ebony, and tackled with silken cordage. Smooth, brilliant, speckless, a thing so beautiful in form, so graceful in position, so admirably proportioned, so elegantly neat in finish, that I almost loved it, as if it had been some creature of life, endowed with a soul. But here was one which, with her vastness of size, her admeasurement of more than two thousand tons, her three tiers of ports, her hundred and twenty guns, which could rain forth a deluge of destruction and death by three thousand three hundred pounds weight of iron, in tremendous thunder; and lodging within her bowels one thousand men; with the immense thickness and strength of her lower masts, and extended yards and upward towering topmasts, with her tons on tons of cables and cordage, exhibited all the elegance of form, neatness of decoration, nice accuracy of arrangement, the whole compact, fitted utility and beauty, even more perfectly than that wondrous thing of twelve inches length, on which I had looked with so much admiration! A fairy's fingers, working on gossamer and pearl, would not have turned out of hand a thing of more faultless order and delicacy. Chequered—but stainless, the mighty gorgeousness sat—motionless—not a sound stirred within her, not a sound or sign of life, save the voiceless sweeping in the breeze of the stately banner, and the fluttering of the high, sky-dancing pendant—there she sat, gazing and musing on the image of her majesty, which reflected worship up to her on her throne; receiving proudly as her due, as if she asked it not, the homage of earth, sea, and sky. How invitingly beautiful I thought her then! Reader, she was a hell afloat! After gazing on her with such wonder and rapture, I felt a dread, as a whispered allusion was made to one ship which was lying in the Sound; a dirty looking, unfinished, straggling—*frigate* they denominated her; her dingy yellow sides were streaked with seams of pitch;—and they called her the finest ship of all that were lying there. “What taste,” thought I; they spoke also of the “good luck” of those who might be shipped on board of her, as she was yet unmanned, or short of her complement. I devoutly hoped, happen what might, that would not be the ship to which I should be drafted, though she had, as I found, the reputation of being a flier. These meditations were broken by our now near approach to the rocks and houses, in passing through the Devil's Bridge, on each side of which people on the firm shore stood to look at us; and sadness sunk deep as I felt they were enjoying privileges and blessings from which I was cut off: they were at liberty to go where they would, to tread the grass and pluck the flowers; I seemed sunk beneath the common lot of humanity; though men were around me, from them I was as much an exile as they were from other men: compelled thoughts of the present blocked up all gaze into the future: and we anchored within two or three hundred yards of an enormous mountain-mass of timber, that I

heard spoken of as the *Salvador*, and another black looking thing, with which I made acquaintance an hour afterwards. Order came on board for the cargo of live lumber to be shifted to the *Razzyloo*, and I soon found myself herded with the miserable mass which the Tender Friendship vomited forth from her foul and pestilent caverns. I—the scoff and derision, now, of that filthy heap of animation. The *Résolu*, or as my companions preferred to name her, the *Razzyloo*, was a human washing-tub, on a grand scale. To her we were carried for the purpose of purification and fumigation—washing, scrubbing, and scraping—previous to being driven into the great fold—the Guardo—the reservoir—the receiving-ship—*Salvador del Mundo*—thence to be sent to the different markets—or rather, as we were already sold, slaughter-houses. And as I mounted the sides of the great wash-tub, I was struck with the dry-heartedness of hopeless misery. Now we were called over by name, and ordered to “toe a line” on the quarter-deck, and such an assemblage we were! for an hour we stood affording to the different knots of gazers right hearty merriment, and “pah’ings” of disgust. Some of their jests were odd enough, and as new to my ears as they seemed mirthful and witty to them; for they showed their appreciation of them by chorusses of laughter, while the victims stood in sullen silence, neither daring nor caring to reply. I shrank within myself, as if wishing for annihilation. It was now reported that the washing and scrubbing apparatus was ready, and the lines were struck off in divisions of about twenty, to undergo, in succession, the application of hot water, soap, sand, scrubbing-brushes, and canvass towels of No. 1. Just as the first body was in motion, an officer called me out from the ranks, and told me to go aft, I was not to undergo the scouring; and once more my hopes breathed; freer still, when, after the washing, each man was examined, in a state of nudity, by the surgeons, I passed muster on answering a few questions, without stripping; I have never learnt to whom I was indebted for this indulgence: but I assure you, reader, it was a delicious relief to my agonized senses. Then assembled on board a sort of committee of captains, in the cabin; my companions were called in, and, at length, I stood feverishly before the inspectors; they spoke to me with kindness, even with civility, and turned to each other to say what I could not hear; one in particular, I noticed, who smiled at something which his neighbour said, and shook his head, as if repelling it; *he* put to me several questions, as to my habits, friends, &c., and “why did I leave home?” I answered to this freely—“I wished to see other countries, and people, &c.” “Why do you wish that?” “Because I have read so much about them.” I was then dismissed; when, as I reached the cabin-door, I was called to remain a moment, while the “master-at-arms” was ordered in. I panted again with fear of something; what it was I could not guess; but that “master-at-arms” had an ugly sound. It was to receive from the commanding officer an order to see that I did not get “knocked about among the riff-raff, to take me under his charge, and into his mess, while I remained on board the *Résolu*.”

Here, then, was a surety that I was *not* to be plunged into the contamination which, to think of, made me sweat with horror. But, oh, this did not continue long; in a day or two, boats came alongside, to carry us to the guard-ship, and I was huddled, with the rest, on board of her. I was no longer separated, I was now one of themselves, to toil as they toiled, washing and *holystoning* decks—to come at a whistle and run at a blow—to scramble, as I best could, through that congregated mass, some of them of the most depraved and abandoned character, thieves and pickpockets too—to wallow in degradation and misery—to watch continually in avoidance of abuse and beating, and to watch in vain—to be scourged with ropes by brutes who were charmed with delight at the sound of the heavy dense blows which they dealt around in sheer wantonness; who rejoiced in their muscular arms, for strength was prized only because it enabled them to strike with greater energy; whose best sport was in watching, and smiling at, and prolonging the suppressed cries and writhings of their victims. I do not exaggerate. There was, at the period of which I am writing, such wanton devilishness among the boatswain's-mates of a guard-ship, that it is impossible to exaggerate in description, nor would it be believed by my readers, if it were described. These ruffianly monsters in authority luxuriated in their occupation. It was delicious to them to see backs and shoulders instinctively shrinking as they passed a group of men—however these men were occupied, or wherever they were employed, standing, walking, or reposing, the shoulder seemed suddenly endowed with the faculty of sight, whenever a boatswain's-mate was in the vicinity, and it shrank as a snail's-horn shrink if a finger approach them. And how the fellows grinned in the satisfaction of hearing the heavy *thwacks* resound from clavicles, or the knots on the rope sink with a dense *thug* into the flesh! A privileged order were they; beings certainly exhibiting human form; but if anything more ferocious can be found among wild beasts, I have yet to learn it, and when I have learnt it, I will abandon my opinions, and worship the boatswain's-mates of an English guard-ship. And it is for endeavouring to prevent a recurrence of these things, for aiming at suppressing such barbarities, for reigning in the evil spirit of those whose authority sanctions, or at least permits, nay, it is too true, did commonly *encourage* these and a thousand other ferocities and tyrannies, that we are to be reviled and vituperated as subverters of the constitution, and unprincipled and mischievously blind levellers! Why, on the will of these boatswain's-mates there was no check; complaint would have been unredressed, or silenced by a fresh "*starting*;"\* or, perhaps, *punished* as mutinous. It was necessary to strike awe—to "take the devil out of the rascals' carcasses!" for in such a heterogeneous mixture there—desperadoes and vagabonds, is the set character assigned to it. Compounded of the sweepings of jails, the picked-up in drunken taverns, or the stolen from home and family, or the returning from foreign lands and kidnapped in free England; first herded in, and then disgorged

\* Thrashing a man's shoulders with a rope.

from those beastly dens which are curiously nicknamed Tenders, it was perhaps considered that the more brutal was the underling in authority, the more effectually and easily would discipline be kept; that nothing but an iron hand and iron heart were capable of teaching such discipline; that iron hands, and iron heads, and iron hearts, were indispensable in mingling and directing the elements of Rule Britannia-ism, and fitting such true-born Britons for their glorious destiny. If this consideration be admitted as an excuse, or in palliation of the wanton ferocity of those boatswain's-mates on board his Majesty's ship *Salvador del Mundo*, let the excusers and palliators make their best of it. I can truly say, *there* most ample and liberal use *was* made of it. I faith the boatswain's-mates did not forego these luxurious privileges: no—they took free scope in their enjoyments. I am speaking of what has been; but is the system yet exploded? Oh no, indeed: but because, just at present, these things are *not*—to their former extent, perhaps I shall be censured for dwelling on those points which no longer disgrace the British navy: they do not occur—they do not exist *now*—well; I, perhaps, should have been silent, and should have done nothing to prevent these matters from dying in forgetfulness, if I did not know that there yet lives a wish—there is a probability that the system of “necessity,” forsooth, out of which that monstrous “discipline,” those remorseless barbarities grew, will be again resorted to; and if it *be* resorted to, the infernal game will be played over again, though, perhaps, there will be less unblushing boldness, and a little more tact, that shall secure the actors from the exposure and punishment to which the increased facilities and proneness to enquiry and communication will now make them liable. That precious claptrap, loyalty, as it was nicknamed, sealed many a mouth, and blinded many an eye, which true loyalty would have encouraged clearly to see, and promptly to speak. Whoever will not so speak, when he *sees*, is a foe to humanity; a disloyal traitor to his country's honour; *he* is the desecrator of her religion: *he panoplies himself in its dogmas, and commends its truth as fetters to his “inferiors:”* *he* is the destructive of her constitution; *he appeals to its freedom on his own account, and contorts its laws into coercions for the “lower classes.”*

Yet these bull-headed fellows—the boatswain's mates—had a perceptive tact about them, and were quick in discovering the best means by which a blow could be laid well on, and made to tell; for instance, on occasions of all hands being piped on deck, one fellow would place himself at the foot of the hatchway ladder, with his “*coll*” twisted round his fist, and dangling in expectation and readiness from his fingers; another, in like preparation, stationed himself on deck, to receive the herd as they rushed up from below: here was fine opportunity for exercise and enjoyment of their craft; as the bodies of the ascendants bowed in taking the first step of the ladder, the rounded and well-spread shoulders presented full and fair space for the ready weapon, which fell *crack—thwack*—in all its energy of play and vigour of weight. They commenced with the first venturer, and continued the blows on back after back, with bewitching rapidity, till the last; then, woe betide

that unfortunate ! he took the residue of the sweating devil's strength, till he reached the deck, where a similar order of scourging had welcomed each as he stepped over the coamings. The two fellows had their turns on each, and beat the *finale* to the music on the back of the unfortunate last. Some had the good luck to escape in the crush and bustle ; the last was sure of triple allowance. It was a common rule in some of the "well-regulated ships" to "lay it on well" on him who was last up the hatchway : somebody must, of necessity, be last ; no matter : no matter either what compelled him to be so, it was not less criminal ; the rule was to "start" the last ; his being last was a sufficient warrant for punishing him ; nothing else was enquired into, or thought of. It was on one occasion of these beloved and beprized amusements of the boatswain's-mates, that I, as with the rushing herd I mounted the deck, received one of the blows across my shoulders, which sent the blood at once whizzing and boiling back upon my heart ; for the blow seemed to fall through my bones into my breast, so ponderous was the stroke. I reeled, and became sick and faint ; this gave him opportunity for repeating the blow, and it was too delicious a pleasure to be lost ; my limbs bowed under me as if they were rushes, and I sank down on the deck, senseless ; and I felt, then, nothing of the kick with which he sent my body out of the way of those who were following, and I know not who, or how many, trampled on me. But I *do* remember, that an hour after I recovered, there was a dismal drumming in my ears, my brain seemed compressed within hard bandages, and a hoop of iron was welded round my brow, and I stood in stupor gazing down towards the deck, *trying to look at something which was not there*. Thank God ! thank God ! I have exclaimed in thought a hundred times since, that there was no knife within my reach, or I am quite sure I should have driven it, blade, handle, and all into his heart ! I was too valuable a subject to be forgotten by him,—that boatswain's-mate. I subdued my bitterness by reflecting, that in a day or two, I should be out of his reach at least ; and I went industriously to work at platting *sinnet*. This was new to me, something to be learnt, and it was easy employment. Here the fellow singled me out next day, and, without the least cause or provocation, for mere sport, he struck me another, though not so heavy a blow as the former, while my back was turned to him, and I unaware of his approach ; I sprung round in the biting suddenness of my anguish, and there he stood, with his hand and rope elevated, *in terrorem*. I spat out the word "devil !" "Ha ! devil, am I ?" said he ; "I'll show you a bit of my devil." His face had on it the cold, calm, dead grin of the concentrated essence of spite, gratifying itself with a luxury ; while the cable veins of his thick bull neck were strained almost to bursting. "I'll not hurt you, as you are so delicate ; I'll lay it on ladylike, to accommodate you," and he repeated the blows, till I fell down as yesterday. Of all the faces I have ever looked on, none dwelt so long, and so distinctly in my memory as his. I can safely assert, that I never remembered any man with feelings of hate, or a desire for revenge, for the duration of a month, save and except that fiend of a

man ; and, for years afterwards, in reflecting on my life on board that ship, I have snatched up a knife, if it were near me, and driven it with all my force into the table or board before me. They would have hanged me for murder if I had remained a week longer on board the *Salvador del Mundo*. Now, how changed am I ! that man is the object of my sincere pity ; I have long since forgiven him ; I have long since, in my heart, acquitted him of ferocity, tyranny, or cruelty ; I have learned how to direct my abhorrence more justly ; that was his *education* ; I have transferred all my hate to the system, and “with all my soul I hate it.” He had been taught by it,—such a man was useful, necessary, in such a place, among such people, and in attainment of such designs. He was a capital disciplinarian of “old England’s jolly tars.” But the feelings of hate, and the imaginings of revenge with which I regarded that man, are not coexistent with my present notices of the proper objects and causes of my abhorrence. I would neither stab, shoot, strike, no, nor aid a corporeal scourge of any one of them. I have no wish, no impulse of that character, whenever my thoughts turn to those objects : but I sicken with disgust, just as I should do in approaching and passing a mass of putrescence ; or, if I pause within the spread of its gases, it is with a courageous resolution to do violence to every sense, in the hope, and with an effort to remove it, and purify the spot and its vicinity. If I could, I *would utterly crush* the system from which these mischiefs and these horrors spring. I *will show* the mischiefs and the horrors, come what may of it. It is only my own tale that I am here relating—true : but, reader, it is also the tale of thousands who have had no historian ; whose advocates have been too feeble, or too circumspect, too cautious ; they whispered when they should have thundered ; they should boldly have declared the facts, commanded attention, and clamoured for redress, if they really and truly felt the wrongs which were done to their fellow countrymen ; but they complained, and lamented, and pitied, and were laughed at, despised, and forgotten. Narrated facts of palpable cruelty, and headlong ferocity, make no impression, if they are gently breathed ; the voice must paint, words must be strong, or the picture will not be seen, and the facts will dwindle into doubts, and expire in indifference. You may be wise, perhaps, in calming your tones, and softening your phrases, when you have a proselytism of opinion or principle to make ; but in stating facts of cruelty, let your words be as apt, strong, biting, and your tones as intense, as your feelings of indignation can make them : whether this be a correct rule, or a prudent rule to follow, or not, I can assure you, reader, it shall be my guide.

Yes, I should have been tried and hanged for murder had I remained a week longer on board that ship. I am quite sure that would have been my fate,—if that fellow had not killed me ; and at this moment, as my pen courses along the paper, I palpitate, while the cold perspiration stands on my forehead, in thinking on the narrowness of my escape. My foot was then on the verge of a fathomless abyss. I glare into the impenetrable murkiness, chilled and motionless, chained by

horror !—I totter, and—fall back !—still gasping, and unassured of my safety : so completely does the awakened and aroused horror grasp at my frame, and cling to my moral faculties. In the long and oftentimes dismal retrospection of the scenes to which I have been witness, the insolent mockeries of justice, the despotic and capricious infliction of scourges and suffering (some of which caprices would be ludicrous, if they did not indulge themselves in the agonies they occasioned) which I know to be true, and which did habitually occur in other ships of war, though so very little evidence appeared of them under the authority of that generously brave and considerately humane man with whom it was my better fortune to be cast, (though even there—but his eye did not witness it—there was sufficient to cause a groaning.)—in this retrospection I at times have been astonished that instances of sudden revenge, even to death, by the knife, handspike, or crowbar, or throat grappling, are of such rare occurrence. “An Englishman scorns to use a knife, he leaves that to more dastardly foreigners ; and he does not resort to the cat and monkey work of scratching and throttling.” I have heard this a thousand times. But “will an Englishman submit to a blow ?” Ay, will he ; I have seen him do so a thousand times. “Take a blow submissively ?” Ay, though his fist were hard and heavy enough to fell an ox. I have seen athletic men beaten and bruised at their work, by persons whose life they could have squeezed out as easily as you would crush the pulp from an orange ; though the blows and bruises were accompanied by a shower of abusive epithets and vituperative curses, they were ductile and submissive. This is the effect of discipline ; yet were these same men as reckless of danger, as bold and unfearing in battle as the free lion of the desert ; and they looked on peril with as steady an eye as the eagle on the mountain cliff gazes on the sun. But education had obliterated their true manliness ; it had bowed their souls to abject servility ; it had bowed down their more beautiful and lofty nature to the degradation of mere hounds of the game. Ay, ay, these bold and boasted British bull-dogs were so bowed down. Staunch, staunch, indeed, when “the slips were taken off, and they started for the prey.” They had heard, as we all have heard, they had been told, as we all have been told, (and, luckily, the truth is beginning to be taught as well as told, and felt as well as taught—felt, too, where it causes not a little wincing,) ay, as often as he had seen days in the year, the English sailor had been told that he was “a true born Briton”—that each and every man, of whatever birth or purse, or no purse at all, had equal laws to guide, and equal justice to protect him ; he was told that peer or peasant, his rights were the same : he was told that glorious independence and freedom from scathe of tyranny were his inalienable heritage ; he was told,—he *was told* that an unflinching spirit in resisting oppression, and driving back encroachment, and in insisting on and maintaining all these privileges and blessings, were the characteristics which distinguished a manly Englishman—a bold Briton, from all other men in the universe. Oh yes, he *was told all this*. There are many now, whose purposes such telling served at the time, would rather bite off their tongues than give ut-



terance to such words, for they are no longer useful words to them; the words begin to have a meaning, to be understood. God keep us in peace, to prosper the understanding! But let us see what he was *taught* with all this telling: what was his education by practice and example? That the high-born and wealthy were beings to whom he owed reverential submission without question; he was *made* to regard riches, a coach and equipage, or a better coat, as the tokens and signs of superior grace and especial favour from heaven! nothing less in effect, though words certainly never went to such a length; to feel that they, the owners and wearers, were of a brighter mould, and purer flesh and blood; and *there* was his station, at their footstool, or at the hem of their garments: his conduct was to be regulated by them; his body's strength was something for their use: that it was disobedience to think or inquire, and disloyalty to question their decisions; their will was his absolute master. Manhood, true manhood, the sources of reason, had been educated out of him, and dried up in "respect for his superiors." His labour was constrained to their purposes; every scanty indulgence, his recreations, his rest, his enjoyments, were only permissive, and, like his hard and peril-earned food, were mere *allowances*;—"Rights" was a word scratched out of the jolly British tar's vocabulary; or, in short, *and at best*, his creed of faith, duties, and moralities, was the Russian catechism, with an appendix, viz. "the divinity that doth hedge a king," did likewise enmantle all his officers, down to the boatswain's-mates of his Majesty's ship *Salvador del Mundo*.

Perhaps, nay it is this education that produces a feature in the English naval and military services which you will have some difficulty in finding parallels to, in other countries. Men who have been promoted from the ranks, or from before the mast, are generally the most harsh disciplinarians and industrious of tyrants. It is an application of their own training in training others: *it is their turn now*. The principle extends broadly and deeply in political or social life also. We generally find those who have ascended from humble poverty and obscurity, to titles, rank, or wealth, are the greatest scorners, the heartiest haters of the class from which they sprung; they are the most diligent and earnest advocates of measures which shall secure and advance the "upper," and "crib, cabin, and confine" the "lower orders;" they make the staunchest of Tories, the most zealous of conservatives. In their social life they are the haughtiest, and most supercilious, most reserved of masters, and rigidly exact that deference and servility, that creeping, cringing abjectness which they well remember to have practised themselves; and they well remember how enviable, in their eyes, was the honour and happiness of the individuals to whom such bowing and cringing were devoted; it is now *their summum bonum*. It is all pure Englishism this; doing things in order, according to custom. The best value of wealth to them is the power and command over others which it gives; the privilege to order imperiously, instead of requesting kindly; to be authoritative, instead of complying.

Again, I say, the whole tendency of our systems of education, is an

inculcation of respect for the great and wealthy, be the individual objects of that respect the most senseless or base of the community, or otherwise; and to desire and to obtain riches. There are precepts enough to the contrary, I know, but who is affected by them? "One man picked out of ten thousand;" and that one is put under quarantine by all the rest;—he is in the "world's" Lazaretto.

It may be a question whether tyranny and harshness excite that which makes their exercise dangerous to the tyrant, more frequently in a blind and degraded man, or in him who thinks, reasons, and decides. One thing is pretty certain, that if retribution be sought at all, the reasoning man will select the proper object; the other will strike randomly, and often revenge himself on the innocent, on the fancied cause; he will make the instrument of an act of tyranny his victim oftener than he will take the master who sets the instrument at work. As, not long since, a soldier, for whom the happy and skilful invention of his commanding officer had contrived a mode of punishment which should not subject himself to the lash of those cursed newspapers that have got a vile knack of showing up a flogger, driven to despair or madness, shot the corporal who superintended the torture devised by this honourable subterfuge. It was wrong, wickedly, as well as foolishly wrong, to shoot any one; but it was a greater wrong to take a wrong aim. This fact is good, strong argument for keeping men from exercising their reason, for drying up their powers of thinking: why tyranny would languish unto death for lack of stimulus, if it discovered it had none but reasoning creatures on whom to exercise itself.

Another digression, reader—wandering and irregular—it is a trick which I cannot leave off. I saw, as I was gliding down on my life's stream, something on the banks, and jumped out of my boat to examine it more closely: further on, a rock, flower, *serpent*, or tree, invited my attention, and I must look at them. Then I ascended the tree, and perhaps you lost me among the branches and foliage: still I had my eye on the boat the whole time. I will leap down, re-embark, up grapple, and away again.

Thank Heaven, my stay on board the *Salvador* was of short duration. I little cared whither, or to what ship I was sent, when the order for about fifty or sixty of my companions with me, was given to get into an ugly, clumsy tub of a thing which they called the Launch. She and her motley living cargo were taken in tow by another boat, manned by some dozen of striped Guernsey-frocked, tarpaulin-hatted, kinky-faced, red-throated, long-swinging-pigtail fellows. And, eh! my stars! what a beautiful sight it was! The free grace, and unconstrained swing of their arms, shoulders, chests, heads, working so exactly together. Wrists curving with such an air of a sense that they were doing it well; and two rows of elbows throwing a double range of horizontal circles from stroke-oar to bow, all at once, with such a seeming of conceit, of self-approbation of its skill, as each elbow rode the periphery: while the oars on either side dipped their trimly-shaped and glistening blades into the water, as smoothly as if they were slipping into oil: without splash or spray they fell and rose, and struck a

beautiful level line of arcs from stern to stern at once—and at once from stern to stern again; all exactly to a parallel with the horizon the oars rose and fell, and rose again; while in the dull lumbering thing which they lugged after, two clumsy oars lazily swung a parabolic curve—up high—and fell with an ugly sound of *splotch* into the water, scattering its splinters over the huddled heap of bodies. Thus we advanced towards the Sound. Where we were going was to be no affair of ours. It was an official secret confided alone to him who had us in charge: it was his business only; and for him to condescend to hint the where-bound to *us*, *that would be* a little too much of the familiar. An English officer will respect his station though he be locked up in a cupboard, six feet by four, for a month with a private: he is cautious against the levelling of distinctions at all times and in all places. He would be irremediably contaminated if he kneeled on the same hassock, at prayer, in a church, with a man in the ranks. Launch him in a jolly boat with a pair of mizentopmen, on the wide waste of the Atlantic, discipline, decorum, and distance will be uppermost in his thoughts, the rules and guides of his steering and sail-trimming, and biscuit cracking. Now, here, in this instance, the design, though it had been to carry us out, and sink the boat and cargo in the sea, was not to be questioned. At all events, the chances of being consigned to some well-authenticated and confirmed hell-afloat were ninety-nine to one against us. No matter, that was no affair of ours,—all we had to do was to take off our hats at “God save the King,” and strike up chorus in “Rule Britannia.”

“Britannia rules the waves,

The Britons never, never, never will be slaves!”—Hurra!

But by the direction which we were going, I soon discovered that the horrible, dingy, yellow, pitchy-streaked-sided ship, to which I alluded when entering the Sound in the Tender, was to be our place of deposit, and I sickened again. We arrived alongside, and as the motley group gained the deck, the suppressed jeers of the men on board were scarcely checked by the presence and regard of the officers on the quarter-deck; the boards of which quarter-deck were, to my surprise, as white as if they had just been scrubbed with hot water and towels; and all was admirably clean and orderly. As I joined the men who had preceded me in the ascent, I slunk from the observing eyes of the gentlemen and officers, when a youth, a boy with very fair and pale face, came towards me, his hands in his trouser's pockets. How well do I remember him in that moment! He has forgotten all this, I dare say. He is now Captain C——. I felt that he was sorry to see me among those people, but he did not like to appear otherwise than cold. “Why, what do you do here? you shouldn't have left your mammy's apron-string.” He asked me several questions, and spoke still as if he was afraid of being kind or too familiar. He endeavoured to be harsh, but it was against his true feelings—against his nature. He thought and looked as though he wished I was not there. “Ha! you'll have nobody here to curl your hair for you;—you will soon have the gloss

taken out of your locks." At this moment, "the Captain's coming," was said by a sentinel on the "gangway." We were ordered to stand away forward; boatswain and sidesmen were called to attend the side; guard with fixed bayonets paraded on that clean quarter-deck; officers and gentlemen, at least a score, came up the hatchways and stood all in waiting to receive the great man. The boatswain sprung his call; sideboys ran down with their baize-covered ropes, and the moment *his* foot touched the gangway, every head was uncovered. He lifted his hat; soldiers "presented arms," and he turned round towards the fore-part of the quarter-deck. It was the gentleman who had spoken to me so kindly in the cabin of the *Résolu*. I was on board the A——: my home, and really a happy home she was to me for several years. But, yes, reader, there was some bitterness to be got over yet: why cannot we get through a life without these butts?—With this *but* I bid you good bye—for the present.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Monthly Repository, January, 1834.*

I HAVE stipulated with my conscience not to begin the new year with a grumbling, vinegary chapter, or else,—well, I won't grumble—I will look only at the sunny side, if I can, and accept man's smile for as much as he wishes to pass current. So: I was fairly shipped on board His Majesty's Frigate A——; registered on her chronicles by name Peregrine Verjuice, aged 17 years, by trade a quill driver, by birth a Welshman: then I was tucked under a sort of gallows to ascertain my height, 5 feet 5 inches; white, soapy complexion, bleached oakum hair, high cheek bones, and deep ditches beneath them; eyes indigo, or pepper and salt, just as the sun or light chose they should be; a nose nothing particular, only it seemed to belong to me: no brands, marks, or scars. All these particulars were duly noted in the Book of Chronicles of H. M. S. A——, in order that if I deserted, the "Hue and Cry" might have a description of me. This course was pursued through the whole crew; then each was stationed according to the estimate of his seamanlike qualities; or, with no such qualities, as landsmen, struck off for after guard and waisters. To myself, no particular duty was immediately assigned: they skipped my name in the muster, but I was soon made useful. I was ordered to paint the numbers on the hammocks. Whence were my tools to come? I had read Robinson Crusoe,—invention is the dutiful and pliant child of that frowning and austere mother Necessity. My pallet was the head of a flour barrel: for brushes, hah! luckily a goose had been killed that day for the gun-room dinner, and he hung, heels up, in the galley; I plucked two

or three feathers from his wing, these were for quills, and sawed off some hairs from the back of a goat, which came bobbing about my legs as if snuffing out a relationship. I am not sure that she was a countrywoman of mine, but she was my shipmate for seven years afterwards, and we became very good friends. For my easel, I selected the back of the smoothest long eighteen-pounder which I could find. Thus was I equipped and furnished for my new trade; but it was a dull business, though I had plenty to do, and got through it much less to my own than to the satisfaction of others. I was all the while dreaming how long we should lie there: change of place was to me the most desirable thing. Conjecture was roaming from stem to stern of the ship, as to her destiny, when orders were given to clear her of the superfluous live lumber, with which, indeed, she was most plentifully stowed, and to "unmoor;" then "bring to the messenger; ship and man the capstern bars." The process of getting under weigh in a man of war is worth a page of talk; but as I shall have to go through it often enough in my tale's journey, I will take a future opportunity for that talk. In this case there was no mystery in our movements; Spithead was the goal of our travel. "Up and down" was sung out from the fore-castle: then "stopper the cable," and "pall the capstern," from the quarter-deck; and "unship the bars," "all hands make sail," followed, and instantly the shrouds, on either side, were filled with men like swarming bees: no voice was heard but his who gave command, and a noble voice it was; but his words were repeated in the out-poured shrillness of the silver calls of the boatswain and his mates; and when every man had set his foot in the rigging, with hands grasping the ratlines, "Away aloft!"—away the swarm rushed with an upward rapidity, as if the life of each depended on his being first. There was another pause: then "trice up, lay (lie) out," and the long-outstretched naked limbs of the ship were everywhere, upmingling in the blue of the sky, and down and out over the sea, alive with creeping things, hurrying out to their extremities, between them and certain destruction, was a curved, swinging, loose rope, on which they struck their feet: this was all that held them from plunging into the sea, or crashing to mummy on the deck. Strange as it is, reader, there is not an atom of danger in this. I never saw an accidental fall from a ship's yards in my life.

I had seen sails set on board the Tender and other ships, but on a small scale; here and there a man dotted the shrouds and the yards; but, on this occasion, hundreds were rushing against each other, each only anxious to be first and to do his own work, at any expense of danger or life to the others. All seemed riot, confusion, desperation; but all was silent; for all was in obedience to a sure design; it was order, precision, exactness, and familiarity with the action. "Let fall, sheet home, haul o'board, hoist away!" were the next orders, delivered in one breath, and in an instant. Reader, this is one of the spectacles that throws such a charm over the trade of war, that hearts which would shudder while the mind adverted to its horrors, and sicken with

contempt at the paltry yet infamous sophistries, which have been too, too often employed in fashioning and encouraging it, throb with delight on beholding such spectacles, and pant for this and a thousand others, which throw around war an attractive splendour. If the blade were permitted to corrode with the blood in which it had been bathed, its owner would hate it and scorn himself: it is the sword's polish and the hilt's gilt which recommend it as an ornament to the hand; there is the loadstone of ladies' hearts. It is in vain that you will look even in the most skilfully manned merchant vessels for any thing which can glimpse a conception of a ship of war making sail from her anchorage. In a merchantman, the sails are spread and set stragglingly and partially; portions tumble down, flap about, and slowly, creepingly spread at intervals, and from the several points; but with the words I have quoted, the instant flashing effect is magical and magnificent: the minute-ago-naked masts, beams, and yards, the whole of the uptowering scaffolding and beautiful skeleton, is clothed in fifteen thousand feet of graceful drapery, so perfectly fitted, and so admirably put on: then out it swells and curves in the wind: it is beauty itself. Not a word is spoken till "belay!" then the rumbling of four or five hundred stamping feet: the rattling of blocks and pulleys, the whirring of ropes, and the grinding of the massive beams which are by these adjusted in their required positions, are all at once stopped. Still the immense and splendidly compact machine lies motionless: the anchor has not yet quitted its mighty grip of the solid ground, ten fathoms beneath the surface of that glassy field on which she sits, but ready for her start. "Ship the capstern bars," a few more turns and the anchor is away; "Man the cat and fish," (odd things there are in a ship, reader, but I cannot stop to explain,) the proud and gorgeous mass of machinery, slowly gathering progress, glides round into her destined track. Track! there is no track. She is the engineer of her own road and digs it up as she advances, and it closes up behind, leaving no line to denote the course of her journey. She is a huge sea dragon, swimming along with her enormous wings thrown upwards to the air, while her copper belly curls up the hissing and boiling foam of the sea, and dashes the clipping waves from her ponderous bulk, as if in derision of their familiar touch. Sulphurous lightning, and thunder, and destruction, are engirdled within her many strong and massive ribs, ready to be spit forth at once from her fifty gaping mouths. Yet is she so beautiful; and she glides along with so much grace, that her every motion might seem the dignity of joy. Who could have thought she was an ocean monster, destined to seek victims and devour them! Circumstances more and more impressed me with ideas of the grandeur of this ship and her genteel manners on the water. 'Faith, the sea was her drawing-room; she was the lordly—lady mistress of the ceremonies there, and carefully exacted the forms of respect from all comers and goers; though she assumed the privilege of occasionally neglecting a little of her politeness, which she could act so prettily when the guest was of rank or station. She was authoritative and dictatorial in her demeanour, at

times. An humble equipage and unfashionable dress, which spoke the plebeian, transformed her tones and graces of courtesy into hauteur and contempt: such were intruders on her sight—yet had she a falcon's eye in search of them, and eager was her clutch of what she oftentimes despised.

On our way we passed two ships of war, and there was a silent interchange of polite gratulations; elegant bows made in passing, the exclusives recognised each other immediately: but a lugger hove in sight; little ambitious was she of such genteel company. Unlucky lugger! she was under our lee, and inshore of us, when we first descried her through the haze; and, like a frightened bird, she instantly stretched out every feather of her wings in the hope of escaping; in vain, in vain; she must be caught; a shot brought her to, and in a few minutes the A—cowered over her as a kite over a fluttering chicken. By this I was made fully sensible of the great size and ponderousness of our ship: she lay, just lifting, at easy intervals on the billows, while that poor, fragile, little creature, was tossed about like a shuttlecock or a blown bladder by every wave, which splashed mercilessly over her, drenching her from stem to stern; yet the men stood as steadily on the deck, as if their feet were pieces of her planks. These are the craft to teach a man to find his sea legs. And no wonder she was anxious to shun our civilities, for a boat was lowered—an officer and men were sent on board, and in a few minutes returned with two hardy, vigorous, young men, whose galled hearts looked out at their pale faces; and the lugger was told she might go. They were *impressed*. Such was all the ceremony used in adding two more victims to our band of captives. Huzza! jolly tars!—again! I cannot help it, reader, I did promise not to grumble in January: but I cannot resist heaving out this short groan and grin: now bowl away again, as if nothing had occurred, and sea, and air, and sky, and wind, were all King George's: so, also, were the stars at night; for they served as lanterns to one of his ships.

Reader, did you ever see an army of bats suspended by the heels to the roof of a cavern? If you have, you may form some idea of the 'tween decks of a frigate at night, when some two or three hundred hammocks are slung up to the ceiling, the deck over head, with half as many sleepers snoring in chorus; though my zoology does not tell me that bats snore. Did you ever switch a torch among the bats, (at the peril of your light it must be,) and set the whole rookery of them, hurry, skurry, upon the wing, with a furious whizz, and a cataract of whirr? If you have, you may conceive the effect which two or three shrill loud twit, twit, twits, followed by a long yell, (for it is nothing else, as it cuts into the ears of the sleepers,) from a quartetto of boatswain's and boatswain's mates' silver calls, has upon those who are occupying the hammocks: then the lengthened shout of "all ha-a-and a-hoy!" and down among the suddenly disturbed mass the arousers plunge to quicken the rapidity of bustle which this occasions—"A-hoy here! out or down! rouse and bitt! show a leg here! out or down! tumble out! here I come, with a sharp knife and clear conscience!" Each, meantime, thrashing away

at the suspended sacks, as he dives under them ; and wherever there is a sound of solidity, down it comes, contents and all, head or stern foremost, no matter which : the knife is sharp, and is through the laniards quicker than you can say " Jack Robinson ;" and in five minutes from the first signal, all is as clear, fore and aft, as if a snore had never been snored there, nor a hammock swung from the battens. How I hate, and always did hate, your early rising : nothing can reconcile me to it, but the fact that I cannot sleep, and I am not much troubled that way. Some folks have a silly notion that it is good for the body's health. Agues and sulkiness ! I say 'tis no such thing : I am sure it is a sourer of the soul, however bright and cheering may be the aspect of heaven's morning. Talk of your " glorious rising sun," and " the glistening of the morning dew !" I am gaping for the first hour, and cannot see them ; my eyes are sand-scaled : what can compensate for a comfortable snooze, and lying dreaming, neither awake nor asleep, building castles and fairy palaces, or plotting treason ? I hold it unmerciful cruelty to have my castles, and palaces, and treason, whiffed away, with a " come, get up : it is such a beautiful morning." Hang you and your beautiful morning ; it cannot be a thousandth part so glorious as the broad day of blissful dream which you have turned into darkness. But to be roused out to wash and scrub and scour decks, up to your knees in water, and down on your knees with the hard " hand bible" to polish oaken or deal planks with sand, immediately out of your warm nest : this is perfection of *joy*, isn't it ? I was in this dismal train of thinking, when " We are abreast of the wite," was the remark which struck on my ears, as I was lashing up my hammock, with arms and hands not yet awake. " Abreast of the wite," what does that mean ? then followed something about " needles ;" so, putting this and that together, I understood we were near the Isle of Wight, of which old dreams and imagination had drawn such delicious pictures.

The vernal and flowery Paradise of England was then within the scope of my vision ; and the thought awoke my drowsy hands and arms, and quickened the turns of my hammock lashing, and lightened the load as I shouldered it and ran on deck to deliver it to the gunner's mate, who was buried up to his throat among the heaps which he was stowing in the waistnetting ; I tossed mine over the rail and swung my head to the opposite direction ; the ship gave a lurch and headlong I went down the hatchway ladder ; a shout of laughter echoed the rattling of my bones, and " ho ! call the butcher !" " here, scavenger, bring your bucket for the dirt !" and " pick up the pieces !" were my salves and comforters : but the Isle of Wight was in sight, and I did not lose time in rubbing my bruises, but limped on deck again for another peep. The moment my head was up the hatchway, the gunner's mate assailed me with " ho ! youngster !" from the hammock netting, nettled at my tossing my hammock to him so unceremoniously, " stand by your salvagee !" and he threw it at me, so that it swung like a collar round my neck, and again capsized me. The fates and he were determined I should not see the Isle of Wight, for I was compelled



to stand there till he chose to receive it, which was not till no other was left to be stowed. "Now I will," said I. "Hallo ! youngster, man-handle that bucket and pass the water along !" Well, I did "man-handle the bucket," &c., till that portion of the washing was completed. Then I could—no—"Down on the maindeck, youngster, and clap on the *holy stone* !" for having no station assigned to me as others had, I was at every body's ordering. Now, reader, was not this provoking ? here was a trial of patience. At length, however, the decks were washed and *swabbed*, and I contrived to take a peep—this delay of the enjoyment had only increased my appetite, and I should relish it with a richer zest—and so I tried to see the Isle of Wight, and there it was. I saw nothing but battered, dingy whitewashed walls, or rather dingy sheets hanging from dirty walls, through the grim, grey morning's drizzle ; and here and there, upon the wall's edge, a little wretched habitation was squatted, shivering in the cold ; and I shivered, too, with disappointment, wet jacket, and cold feet. How barren, cheerless, and dismal, did every thing appear ! How entirely did the ugly reality obliterate all my pretty pictures ! To indulge in these realities, I had run away from home and exposed myself to bruises, and bitterness, and peril. I was of so sanguine a temperament, that when my thoughts turned to distant scenes and foreign countries, I forgot all discomfort and distress, and revelled in delight. I had read of and reveried on other lands, till the hope of seeing them was the breath of my nostrils, the lamp of my existence ; they made the total for which I wished to live : my being's aim and end was to *see*. The desire to know when I had seen, is an engrafted stem on that deeply rooted and gnarledly grown tree. I have often questioned whether this thirst for wandering be a fortunate or unhappy propensity in me ; it cannot be outgrown, it cannot be checked, I fear. Indulgence in it has constantly increased the desire ; and even now I am fevered in the wish that I may not die, till I have retraced my hundred thousand leagues again in body, as it is my office now to retrace them with the limbs of my mind, and that I may yet wander over thousands and thousands more, which I have seen only in maps or in imagination. Hence, reader, you may comprehend how dolefully dismal was my first physical sketch of the Isle of Wight ; especially as I have told you my fancied one had been so beautiful. Matters mended, however, as we approached St. Helen's and Spithead ; for there, on anchoring, I saw enough to repay me, in some measure, for my former disappointment, and enough to make me feel the dryness of imprisonment ; for as to my being permitted to press that verdure, or sit under those trees, or ramble among those hedgerow walks and woods, that was a hope not to be entertained for a moment. But hope with me was ever stretching forth a far reaching and gladdening hand, and grasping at the distant visions of fancy, till the eager spirit transformed them into distinctly moulded realities. 'Tis thus I have ever such an abundant store of duplicate enjoyments ; and when reality *does* fail to gratify, ay, when it obliterates the dream, I am still happy that I have so dreamt. Say what you please, reader, of this folly, this self-mock-

ing humour of the blood, I trust and pray it will never dry in me, till the undertaker comes to measure me for my last covering. Folks that cannot or will not so dream, feel but a modicum of the pleasures which fall, justly, to their share in this world; they live only half a life. I was daily dreaming while we lay at Spithead; for conjecture was busy-ing itself on whither we should be ordered to go. To-day it was the East Indies, to-morrow the West, then came tidings of the Mediterranean, and, occasionally, misgivings that we were condemned to Channel groping, or to live, if we could, through sleet, and snow, and ice, a winter in the North Sea. These fears, happily, were dispelled by a posse of tiptop dandy clerks coming on board to pay wages and bounty, for word was passed, an order smoothed off into a request, a wish, that all the blue jackets should provide themselves with warm climate rigging,—Banians or Guernsey frocks, and white trousers. Hah! now I was alive again, the further the better; and next day we weighed; rumour ran that we were going first to the Cove of Cork, to wait for a fleet of traders, which we were to convoy. It was on the passage from Spithead to Cork, that, for the first time, I saw a man flogged man-of-war fashion, and oh!—but I have promised not to grumble in January, so, if you please, reader, we will let this affair stand over awhile, till after the holidays; but lest the hint should metamorphose the plums in your puddings to pebbles, or the sugar on your twelfth cake to aloes, take this: that man was a thief, and a treacherous knave, to boot.

On the third day of our swinging along from Spithead, as the early morning fog cleared away, the ship's head was pointing as directly amidships of the two projections which form the entrance to Cork harbour, as if she had been measured to the place with a carpenter's rule. Who does not wonder at this? It is the exactness of science, precision of calculation, and a constant watchfulness, which carried to the highest perfection in ships of war, causes less surprise at their escaping the hidden perils of the sea, than at their stumbling on them. Remember, you don't tie your ship to a tree at night, there; the road is not macadamized, there are no mile stones nor finger posts. A little shivering needle in a circular box, and a star over head, are all the index and beacons; yet she will flit across the wide and pathless waste of waters, as truly as an arrow shot from a bow, though the points be a thousand leagues asunder. This very thought alone is sufficient to reconcile one to mouldy biscuits and putrid water for a month occasionally. So with a swish, into the very middle of the gaping jaws of the Cove of Cork did the A—— gallantly rush; anchored and moored, and lay there to "bide her time;" while the hands were exercised, daily, in loosing, reefing, and furling sails, and working the guns. There was the green shore under my eye, and I often wished it were under my foot; but, by degrees, I thought less of the deprivation, and was anxious only to be moving further away; lecturing myself, occasionally, into a resolution to become a tough one, to endure hardships; and constantly failing, it seemed, in body, as I tried my strength at endurance, I could not trace my progress, though it is certain I was not stationary in this matter;

and whatever might have been the treatment of others, I can complain, myself, of no real harshness, or particular severity. On the contrary, there was much disposition to kindness exhibited, and endeavour so to employ me, as to relieve from liability to the maltreatment to which, otherwise necessarily, (as the discipline is ordered,) I must have been exposed.

Nearly one-third of our crew were Irish, and the daily visitants from the shore to see sons, brothers, and friends on board, presented many of those singular scenes, which, in the warmth, and, to an Englishman, oddity and extravagance of Irish character, were so remarkable a commingling of the ludicrous with the pathetic. Some were well-clad tradesmen, but by far the greater part were stockingless; some shoeless; many, too, who had, thus equipped, (or expended their better equipments on the way, perhaps,) traversed from the North-West extremity of Connaught just to exchange a word or a salute with a friend or relative, and then bid farewell for ever. There was one man, in green old age, about sixty, who came on board to see his son, Justin Moran; he had the appearance of a decent farmer, in his corduroys and heavy top boots, and two coats, each trailing down to his heels; evidently he was of much heavier worldly substance than any of the motley and tattered beings, who daily flitted about the decks, or stood between the guns, alternately silent, sad and whispering, with mouths in contact, and screaming out a wild laugh of joy, and pattering the decks with their brogues or naked feet, in a sudden ecstasy. To see his boy, Justin, the old man came on board. Of all the odd Irishmen we could muster, Justin Moran was the oddest; a compound of idiocy and hard cunning—clumsy cunning; a creature, whose visage, eyes excepted, informed one he was half demented; but in the eye was a sly sinister knavery peeping out at times; it betokened a depraved, a brutalized intellect, rather than original stupidity. His pale, bloated cheeks, hung flabbily as if pulled down by their own dead weight, and the eyes peered through cracks in the swollen, bladdery sockets, like little twinkling lights buried in balls of dingy tallow. His huge head was covered with matted hair, begrimed with dust and dirt, as though comb, brush, nor fingers, nor water, had ever made acquaintance with it, and its only covering had been a dust basket. Sluggish and drowsy in all his movements, every spark of being which could lift him out of the mere animal, seemed utterly extinct. His whole appearance, manner, and habits, were those of one of those melancholy wretches, who have soddened their brains by months of unrecovered drunkenness; whose senses have evaporated in wild riot and the filthiest debauchery. Such, indeed, was the case with him, and he was but twenty years of age. "Pass the word for Justin Moran," was sung out from above to the main deck, where Justin was at that moment employed in his office of sweeper. "Justin, boy, here's your fader come o'boord to see yez," said Teddy Disney to him; but Justin paid no attention, he continued the action of his broom. "Hand him down on a clean plate," cried Mike Weymouth, the boatswain's mate, who was then superintending the labour of Justin and others. Presently the old man descended: "Justin, darlin, how

are you, thin?" and he ran to him. Justin attended only to his broom, though his father had by this time clasped him round the neck and kissed him, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks; but no word, no look, was returned by the son: the broom only moved jerkingly. The father took the heavy head and pressed it to his bosom, patting it, and stroking down the coarse and ragged locks, as, probably, he was wont when Justin was a little chubby urchin on his knee. "Justin, darlin, spake to me." Justin answered by a struggle to disengage his head. "Och, hone! darlin, Justin, boy, dear boy, do spake to your fader; would you brake my old heart, quite; do look up in my face, thin!" and he continued his caresses while the tears rolled down his cheeks like rain.—"Darlin, Justin, do look up at me," he continued, "spake to me; I have left your mother and the chilther, and by the same token come all the way from Kallymard, just to get a sight of yez, and to hear a word, and you wan't spake. Och, hone! and is it after killing me yez ud be?" All had no effect; at once the old man burst out with such a transition of emotion, that he appeared nothing like the same man. He stepped back a little, and looked at his son and his broom, and then, as if in ecstasy of admiration, on the top of his voice he cried, "Och! an its iligant sweeper you are; never say the Morans have not an idicashon; fait and you handle the broom like a gentleman or a lady. Oh! may be I won't give you oceans of brooms, and you shall pick and choose from the best to show your taste; its an iligant taste, I'll go bail you have. Oh! then you shall have an assartment of em, Justin; I'll cut up every twig in the ould place; you know it, Justin, darlin; if I should not lave the stump of a shillaley for the love of a friend, if you'll spake to me:" and he melted again. "Och, botheration," at last Justin blurted out, "lave me alone, fader, and don't be hindering me from sweeping, and the boatswain's mate by me; may be I shan't be's after getting a starting, and he with his colt in his pocket." "Drop the broom and speak to the old man, you greasy Russan," said Mike Weymouth, snatching the broom from his hand, and switching Justin's back with it, and then doing the remainder of the sweeping himself. "God's blessin on you, Sir, you've a tinder heart, and I thank you," said the father, snatching the hand of the boatswain's mate, and jerking it as if it had been a thrashing flail. The father and son stepped between two of the guns, and there a scene ensued, Justin throwing a side glance at the boatswain's mate, while he hurried forth an eager whisper to his father—"Did you bring the whiskey?"—"Is it the whiskey?—the whiskey?" and his father's eye spoke deeply as these words were uttered, "The whiskey is it Justin?" and he shook his head, "No, darlin." Justin was blank again, and not a little black.

After a minute of silence and sulk, he spoke earnestly in Irish, to which his father answered in short guttural words. What was said I could not understand; but from what followed, I learned the substance to be, "Father, if you love me, give me your coat;" for the outer garment was taken off, and given to Justin. Then in English Justin

chuckled : " This will save me from the cowl'd ; look how its snowing fader," and he stooped to look through the port, the snow was falling thickly, " Och, but it will keep me warrum," and he wrapped himself in it, " in the cowl'd nights when I'm on the look out on the weather gangway." More gestulation and Irish followed, and it won for Justin his father's body coat, who now stood, in his shirt sleeves, hugging his son, whose eye, meanwhile, laughed on the two coats, which lay across his arm. " Och, then, Justin, its your own fader that shall walk two hunther miles, and widout a coat he'll be, all for the love of you, boy, so I will, and think joy of it every step I take. Justin, honey, I won't feel the cowl'd snow and the wind when my heart shall be cowl'd, and that's true for me !" To this Justin was no listener : his father clasped and kissed him once more, then in obedience to the order for him to leave the ship, turned silently away, and got into the boat—Justin, unmoved and careless of his departure, remained on the main deck, till he heard the dropping of the oars into the water ! then he looked through the port, saw his father was fairly gone ; then he cracked his fingers, whirled the coats round and round over his head, and sprung with a whoop of mad laughter, the ecstasy of triumph. " Oh, then, Justin, but its yourself is an iligant Christian child : faith, an ye're the broth of a boy, to take your *owld* fader's coats, and lave himself to go all the way to Kallymard in his shirt sleeves this blessed night, and the blowing and the snowing that there is," said Teddy Disney. But Justin still reeled, and laughed, and capered. " Can't you be *quite*, you Homadhau," and Teddy seized him by the arm, suspended the coat-whirl, dragged him to the port, and held him with a grip by the " scruff o' the neck of him," and thus compelled him to look. There was the old man sitting with his head bowed down to his knees, his face buried in his palms : the boatman with a dudeen in his mouth lying on his oars. " Look at your owld fader, you Judas of a baste, and see him breakin his heart in his shirt sleeves, and all for the likes o' you." Justin was perfectly passive under this, and after the other had withdrawn his grip, remained in a fixed gaze, till his head dropped on the gun. He then stood in board, for awhile stupified, then groaned, or rather shrieked, " Och hone !" and fixing his hands on the break of the forecastle, sprung on the deck, over the hammock netting, and into the forechains, and set up a cry so ludicrous, but so wild, so heart-piercing, I will not attempt to describe it. He was on his knees calling to his father to come back and take the coats, while he still hugged them to his breast as a mother presses her child in the fear of its being torn from her. " Och, fader, fader, come and have your coats again, you'll be perished, so you will : " then followed some ejaculations in Irish, and " Oh, blessed mother of Jasus ! and was I after robbing my poor fader, and laving his ould bones to be freezed in the snow, after all as I have done to break his heart." By this time the boat had drawn sufficiently near to admit of the coats being thrown in, but the old man waved his hand in refusal, saying, " Keep them darlin ! I won't want them ; I'm all over warrum now !" Justin threw them into the boat, stripped off

his jacket, it followed the coats ; then his shirt, that went too, and lastly his trousers ; then thrust his body through the port, dropped upon the main deck, ran forward, and crouched naked in the manger between the cables. "Boatswain's mate, start that fellow aft here," called the officer from the quarter-deck. The boatswain's mate went forward for that purpose, and laid hold of Justin by the shoulder, but he slipped like an eel out of his hands, and crouched against the bows on his hams, so that the rope's end could not reach his back. At length Justin was grappled and dragged forth, but he slipped away again, and in an instant was through the bowport : *splash* he went into the water, and swam to the boat in which his father was. He scrambled over her gunnel, and there knelt naked to the old man, who clasped him in his arms, till a boat from the ship separated them. This was the last time the father and son saw each other, except in dreams, for Justin was killed three years after.

We had been lying in the cove for about six weeks, while transports and victuallers assembled there, for what purpose I could not then learn ; but on the 4th of December, a line-of-battle ship appeared off the harbour's mouth, and telegraphed to the men-of-war within. "All hands unmoor" soon followed, and in an hour the harbour was in motion with frigates and transports under way. On arriving outside, we found four ships of the line and another fleet of some thirty sail of transports full of troops, hovering about till our squadron joined ; which done, the signal to make sail was thrown out from the flag-ship, and repeated by the frigates, the A—— leading the convoy, and the Success urging on the stragglers and dull sailors. "Hurra ! for a warm climate !" was the talk as every bowsprit looked S.S.W. But whither ? which ? West Indies ? East Indies ? Mediterranean ? that S.S.W. was the course to either for several hundred leagues. It was an expedition ; to attack what place ? We could not guess. Hard knocks, at all events, we might calculate on with some certainty. Troops and line-of-battle ships,—there were batteries to be battered before the troops could be landed then : hard knocks to a certainty ; and some of us would lose the number of our mess in the job. The secret did not transpire for some weeks. Exercising daily at the guns might have taught us to expect we should soon be called upon to work them in earnest. And perhaps it was well to keep the secret close, we might have gossiped with strange ships on our passage, to the frustration of, or at least increase of difficulties to the scheme. Well, on we sped, day after day, and such speeding with such objects before and around us was to me a newness of life and joy. The sea, within a circumference of some miles, was sprinkled over with buoyant habitations crowded with human dwellers. Here was a little white cottage ; there a lofty and noble mansion : a suburban village, each house in which was separated from its neighbour, by a larger or smaller space of liquid verdure in undulations, on the tops of which the crested billows swayed and bowed like garden flowers shaken by the breeze. The whitened walls threw back the rays of the sun, or received on them the sleeping

light of the clear moon : and all were journeying along on the sparkling and flashing waters. Now, almost in the distant horizon, one had strayed from the rest as it floated, and seemed clipped in an embrace of sea and sky, with nothing visible of motion stirring her. Now she was a dream ; now a crashing confusion of suddenly awakened and bright thoughts ; now diminished, reduced, concentrated to one single point of perfect beauty ; an idea alone and unconnected ; a gem of itself, and all gem within itself. She was the echo of a linnet's "twit," single, small, and clear. Now she looked like a spark of fire as the clear sun flashed on her sails. Hark ! 'tis music floating over the water, and swimming about our ship's white wings. It is the band on board the Admiral : an enormous ship, double our own in size : we are nearing on her starboard quarter, and how deliciously soft that music sounds as it winds towards us : its air,—its particular tune, is undefinable at this distance ; but there is witchery in it thus, it touches the combustion spark of the soul, and fans the imagination into a blaze of rich creations : it is the realization of a fairy revel, so bland, so mild, so sweet, so gentle. And there the ship rides along ; her mountain weight scarcely lifting to the rolling sea : yet onward she swings, while her lofty royal masts sway to and fro, cutting, triply, vast arcs across the dappled sky ; while that transport under our starboard bow, though of four hundred tons burthen, is a very plaything for the sportive billows ; they toss her green coppery breast out of her path, till it points to heaven ; they bound along, and down again it plunges into the hollow they have left behind. Her decks are crowded, booms and all, with idle soldiers ; and some other half-a-dozen, apart on the quarter-deck, hold talk and comment on the beauty and order of the frigate so near. Those men on the booms are saying, "My eyes, Jim," and "blow me, Joe, she's a gallows fine craft : " for pass a ship twenty times a day at sea, she will always present a new form and new points of beauty to gaze on, admire, or censure. On board the A——— everything is hushed, everybody is motionless, except that four-feet-high reefer, who, contrary to orders, is scrambling up the after carronade, from which he may get a better view of the Admiral. "Young gentleman, if a certain eye see you, you will very likely try a journey to the mast-head to fit you for climbing." Now we are nearly alongside of the great ship : then follows an interchange of hat-lifting from either quarter-deck, and a wave of the hand or handkerchiefs from forecastles ; and the band strikes up a crashing burst in salutation, not a word spoken till it ceases. The admiral's voice is heard : "How d'y'e do, Captain M." &c. ; and "there is a straggler or two out on the larboard beam ; drive them up, that we may have them all snug by sunset." And with a few spokes' turn of the wheel, the A——— sweeps round, crowds all sail, as if by magic, and dashes out laterally from the admiral, threading her way through the fleet. Now she seems bent on dashing into the bowels of this ship, yet shoots past under her stern, near enough to grasp her mizen boom : now she slips across the bow of that, so close that her mainsail may be bored by the jib-boom end ; but

no, all is clearly passed as if there had been a mile between them. Then on she bows and swings, ploughing up whole hillocks into spray, and dashing them from her bows in a succession of cataracts. Signal to close with the commodore is made to the lazy or lubberly ones, and they crack under every stitch of sail, at the peril of their masts, in obedience to the order, for sunset is now fast drawing on. And such sunsets as we had there! I had read and heard much talk of the glorious beauty and splendour of these things, but never saw one, till I was out on the bosom of the Atlantic, and watched the sun as he glided down on his throne of golden clouds, and spread a blaze of many hues, crimson, violet, and green, upon the glassy plain beneath him. Now the rolling and dark masses, fringed with vermilion and laced with silver, hung as a gorgeous veil before his face, or shot up radiations and fine threads of transparent and coruscated vapour, through and above the denser conglomerations; the whole glory of the spectacle acquiring a deeper and a richer magnificence, while the dazzling brightness of the great luminary dims, as he slowly sinks behind, or pauses on the lower edge of a cloud, through which his splendour shoots a clear, pure-mellowed blaze. Ethereal temples, fanes, and gardens, suspended by an invisible hand from the great arch, swing in harmonious duty on his retiring light, the immediate attendants on his silently majestic course; while others, less near, are gathering around him, antheming his praise as he moves beyond the limits of their sky; and the outstretched remotenesses on either hand stand awed, as gazers deeply and devoutly worshipping. He touches the ledge of the watery horizon, pauses with a final, blessing smile upon his countenance, then sinks at once before the enthralled and enraptured sight; diffusing with that last look on the mortal day, such a wonder of delight! an arched ocean showering down joy on the hushed and adoring spirit.

How beautiful! how limitlessly, how indiscribly beautiful were all these things! The most dazzling, glorious effulgence, softened, melted into quiet, tranquil, pure gentleness of splendour, which seemed to breathe pity, love, gladness, affection, and bliss—bliss! bliss! on all creatures, and on all things. It was a bath for the soul to refresh in, to sail in, to sleep, to dream in! How *good* I was while I gazed there! My heart was all peace; my thoughts all delight,—love: not a vice was then on earth's broad surface, in its recesses, or on its mountain sides. Ill did not exist: corroding passions had no being, no name; and all the children of the earth were transformed into angels. Even that boatswain's mate on board the *Salvador del Mundo* was a thing of beauty now. How truly, deeply, do I thank the God of Nature for such balmy and blessed thoughts; such delicious anodynes as scenes like this, and a thousand others, have thrown on my parched spirit!

Look at the setting sun a thousand, ay, a million times, and you will never weary of its grandeur. You will feel no diminution of its power over the senses. It never relaxes its enfolding of the soul, if you once give your soul to the gaze. It was now, for the first time in my life,



I was made fully sensible of its wondrous power on the spirit ; but there are other places and circumstances wherein the glory far excels anything which I ever saw at sea. I feel that I have failed in my painting in the above attempt : it would be folly to do more than merely to cast a glance in reference to a clear, frosty sun-set, when the thermometer is below zero, and we, meantime, are dashing along in a cariole on the ice, the whole length of Lake St. Peter's, in Canada. That is a thing which may be gazed upon, but it is not to be talked of, not to be painted,—a scene which the soul may drink in, but which words can never re-deliver forth. He looks an ocean-bed of snow into the blended hues of an iris, then sinks to rest beneath it.

The wind veered round to the Southward, when we had been at sea about ten days, and the fleet braced sharp up to battle with its opposition. It was indeed an inspiring thing to gaze on so many coursers of the sea, as they galloped freely before the gale ; but now the scene took on and increased in attraction. The ships gained new impetus as they approached each other and bowed as they passed on opposite tacks, and then shot past with the speed of an arrow from a bow ; and as the distance grew they seemed to faint in their force of flight, as if the power which had drawn them on, and dashed them along had spent itself. There again two might be seen racing side by side, straining for the mastery, bent down by the wind's pressure on their triple mountain piles of canvass, till the decks to leeward furrowed the water, each lurching and plunging in the swashing heaves of the sea, by fits, so that the stander there, and the looker on here, held their breaths, as if the whole bulks would topple over, and be whelmed beneath the ocean. But each gracefully and gloriously swung upwards again, and laughed in her security, while some more clumsily fashioned, built with a view to gormandizing a huge cargo, rather than to carry one quickly, dragged themselves heavily and slowly along, with creaking masts writhing under every patch of canvass they could muster, in the vain effort to keep pace with their more fortunate and fleet comrades. They faded to less and less, as the space between them and the better sailers widened. Then was the time for the A—— to revel in her falcon speed. She darted down and along to the uttermost limits of the scattered fleet : now whizzing to the east ; throwing up broad and spreading fountains of spray as she split the oncoming billows in her westward dash ; then rocking from side to side, till her yard arms pointed at the yesty waves, as she swung in balance before the wind in her northward run : now bounding to this point, now darting to that, and wheeling round all with the rushing sweep of an eagle round a flock of swans, that flap their wings in laboured motion, until resuming her first position, she half enfolded her wings, and floated as she rested on her sea. 'Faith, reader, I began to be proud of my ship !

These baffling winds continued till the nineteenth day of our departure from Cork, then chopped round smilingly. It was in the afternoon of that day, that "Land ho," was sung out from the mast-head.—"Whereabouts?" from the quarter-deck.—"Half a point on the lar-

board bow," and half a dozen glasses were levelled in the direction given. Ay, land it was; but an hour beyond this I could see nothing but a thick black cloud rising from the horizon. That could not be land? yes: it grew into distinctness and assumed solidity of appearance: this was Porto Santo; the first bit of foreign land my young and wistful eyes had yet seen; and I felt towards it a love and reverence, though it looked like nothing else than a huge black castle rising directly out of the sea, with its walls dilapidated, and its turrets and towers in demolition. Signal was now made for the headmost ship to shorten sail, and to the fleet to draw close in round the commander-in-chief, which, by sunset, was accomplished: all were packed up in a small circle, with main-topsails aback; and the space between every ship was alive with boats, passing to and from the Admiral and others with final orders; and in a short time the A—— was in a buzz, fore and aft, from fore-castle to 'tween decks, from quarter-deck to cock-pit. We were to attack Madeira next day. During the night, the fleet filled and made sail, and at earliest dawn, for I did not require rousing from the boatswain's mate on this occasion, I was gazing with more than all my eyes on the mountain which rose up to the sky on our star-board-bow: my heart leaped with ecstasy on seeing it: I knew nothing of the pending battle, and probability of death, my every faculty was in my eyes; my soul had leaped to that mountain's top; and when the morning's sun had lifted himself sufficiently high to throw his broad light there, I felt myself almost in heaven. Nearer and nearer we approached, and flitted along the mountain's base: while I was feasting on the ten thousand objects which rose, changed, and vanished, till I was drunk with delight, yet speechless through all. I have frequently, but fruitlessly endeavoured to trace the origin, the cause, the germ of this, if not singular, at least unusually strong and graspingly deep pleasure, which I ever enjoy in looking on a new scene, or perhaps an old one, if beautiful, wild, romantic, or when decorated by art. Is it one of those faculties which are called innate? I well remember that I used to lie awake for hours, forming, as it were, in dreams, gardens, mountains, rocks, landscapes, seas, rivers, summer-houses, grottos, and temples, and holding them in my eye as palpably as if they were physically present, long before I read, or could read of such things: this I do remember, distinctly, as far back as before my fifth year, I am certain of the time, for I have room and bed in which I lay, under my eyes now: but I have not the slightest recollection that my father, or any one, ever spoke to me of these matters: and I think I could not have forgotten it, had they done so: and, here, as we rolled into Funchal bay, was the very realisation of one of these waking dreams of my childhood. I would cheerfully go back and live years of misery over again, if I could again feel what I felt on the morning of December 24, 1807. Oh! I remember it,—remember it! but it is a feeling which I *cannot* recreate: it was like that fullness of the joy of innocence, in which, a kirtled child, my little pepper pod of a heart swelled, and my eyes flooded, at the distant ringing of

church bells as it leaps over the haze of a sunny morning. I saw Madeira thrice afterwards, but never with the same heart.

The eye paused, fascinated, as it rose upwards from the town and took in the white dwellings, fairy temples, elfin cottages, and sprite cells, that sat upon the mountain side; so small, so elegant, so airy, did they all appear; the builders must have been workmen from a world of spirits; they were the houses of Lilliput. It was the hugeness of the mountain which, to my unaccustomed sense, gave to the buildings those diminutive and fairy-like proportions: they were the very things I had fashioned in my dreams, my waking dreams, and seen in prints; the very things themselves, which I had erected of cards and paper; and the trees, too, belonged to Oberon's own forest; and the shrubs were of Titania's garden. There, upon a turning ridge in the hill, one stood out against the light, and yet preserved its Lilliputianism; another, nestled in a hollow, was the little snug retreat of some six inch sage, shut out from the world. And every where the green, gliding off into brown and deeper shades or brighter hues, told spring, summer, and autumn had their home there, together and for ever. Craving still, and feeding still unsated, the gaze was called to a hundred points of beauty and fascination in a moment, and revelled bewilderingly on all: till, taking in the whole of the grandeur, and magnificence, and fairness, of the uptowering and outlaid bulk of the mountain, the soul said, "*This is sublime!*" One mighty shoulder and arm extending away to the north, green and varied at its junction with the body, became dim, blue, and dark in the distance which it *grasped into*. The huge broad foot, spreading like the roots of a monarch among the oaks of the Titans, was firmly planted down, down, a thousand fathoms down in the rocky bottom of the Atlantic; and those dark black rifts, too, which score the mountain's front from summit to base; they are the ravines which are dugged by the rushing torrents when the collected clouds, striking against the mountain's high crown, burst open, and throw down their thundering cataracts, tearing up earth and rocks in their course, and leaving their dry channels to blacken in the sun and wind when the rains subside. This, reader, is the result of inquiry into the cause: but imagination, on first beholding the effect, flies back thousands and thousands of years, and regards them as the result and record of some mighty demon struggle with the operations and architecture of nature, when, strong in his fierce malignity, the evil power sought to deface and destroy the wonder and loveliness of her handy work, and having fixed his burning and enormous hands on the fabric in the intent to tear it into fragments, left these haggard, charred, and black lacerations to mark the wounds he had inflicted. They are the rents which his huge claws had torn in the face and breast of the mountain's beauty, that beauty which had kindled the envious fury of his hate. Nor was the town of Funchal without its novelty: houses all so un-English; all white, steeples and turrets shooting up above the flat roofs, and all silently smiling under the sun's light; the boats with their high pointing sterns, and gaudily coloured bows, a big eye looking out of each, or a

bunch of flowers on each side washed by the spray, as they lay wobbling near the surfy beach; the men *standing* to row, with their faces to the boat's stem. And that genial richness of the climate, the temperature, was alone sufficient to satisfy and repay every excited fancy or previous discomfort. Midsummer voluptuousness was in the air; and twenty days ago I had been shivering in snow and sleet. Here all was glow and free elasticity: no buttoning up, no muffling of the body to exclude the cold blast and the snow, but, jacket discarded and neck bared to taste fully the fanning breeze through the sun's heat. "People ought to be happy here," I thought: but, reader, we had business to do here in this pretty glorious place, and nature must be forgotten awhile: though, *entre nous*, I had much rather stay with her a little longer.

The fleet of transports and victualling ships stood off and on under easy sail, at a little distance from the anchorage in Funchal bay, while the ships of war advanced under the batteries, and, taking their respective stations, each to its own point of attack, came to anchor with springs on the cable. Understand this manœuvre, reader, will you? Where there is no tide, a ship always swings head to wind at her anchor, so we should have done here, or if we had swung head to tide, the position of the ship's broadside could not have admitted the pointing the guns to the objects of offence. A hawser is, in such cases, passed through a stern port, and being brought forward to the cable at the bow, is hauled upon till she is drawn by the sweep of her stern, with her broadside to the position required. Were I to tell this over again in a seamanlike, and strictly correct nautical fashion, I should puzzle you much more than I have done by this clumsy attempt. The York took one battery all to her own share, I forget the name of it, but I see it and her now, at the N.E. end of the town. The Invincible and the Admiral were in line, with heads a little east of the centre of the town, broadside on to Loo rock and castle, in which line also the A—— has taken up her station, close under the stern of the flag-ship; a capital berth I assure you, reader, for getting well peppered and pelted; and the Shannon laterally from our larboard quarter. Every thing was now in order; fires extinguished, fearnought screens round the hatchways, for passing powder from the magazines. Shot racks drawn from under their peaceable coverings, and arrayed ready for their work: guns cast loose, crow-bars for pointing the guns lying at hand on the deck, tompions out, all ready for a game at thunder. By jingo! but old Loo will get it roundly presently; how the stones will rattle about his ears. A hundred and twenty-six guns will bang at once three thousand pound weight of iron wedges right into his ribs: why the very wind of it will make him reel and stagger! But don't you imagine, reader, that I was not frightened in all this. 'Faith, there was something in the orderly stillness of lying there for half an hour with all this preparation for destruction and death, that made me think there might be worse places than the counting-house after all. There was no noise, no laugh, no show of hilarity, yet was there some interjectional jesting bandied about, which called up grim smiles, but no laugh,

no cackination, no chirruping. Men, shirtless, with handkerchiefs bandaged tightly round their loins and heads, stood with naked brawny arms folded on their hairy and heaving chests, looking pale and stern, but still, hushed; or glancing, with a hot eye, through the ports to the battery on which the Portuguese flag flaunted, very innocently, while those black looking monsters, the guns, were creepingly shifting the position of their heads, and looking open mouthed upon us. All these matters were to me ugly, dismal, throat-pinching; I felt a difficulty in swallowing. Now if we had gone at it at once, without this chilling prelude, why I dare say I should have known very little about that thing which we call fear. I shall have plenty of these matters to talk of by and bye. "Stand to your guns!" at last came in a peal, through the perfect stillness, from the captain's speaking-trumpet; it swept fore and aft with such clear force, as though it had been spoken within a foot of the ear, and seemed to dash down into the holds and penetrate to the very keel. The instant change this produced was magical. "Take good aim, ready the first *platoon*!" Ready? aye, every one *was* ready; stern, fixed, rigid in soul, pliant, elastic in body. "Captains of the guns watch the falling of the first shot, and point accordingly." Not a word was replied, even the everlasting "Ay, ay, Sir," was refused now. Now then, no firing yet? No: a boat with a white flag is rowing out from under the Loo rock; and ho! humbug; there is to be no rumpus after all. That boat brought terms of capitulation; indeed, there had been no occasion for the "expedition," as its chief objects had already been secured by Sir Sidney Smith, a week or two before. Well, I was at once glad and sorry; glad that I had escaped the danger of a battle; and sorry that I had missed the seeing and knowing what it was like. Hem! I thirsted for knowledge, reader. Well, the transports stood in and anchored, hundreds of boats were in requisition, and cargoes of red-coated, knapsacked, musketed, belted, cartouch-boxed, and bayoneted bodies, floated in towards the beach, and round Loo's base, and disembarked; and "the British flag waved, proudly" (?) over Loo Castle, and Funchal, &c. &c.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*Monthly Repository, March, 1834.*

THERE are things which you do not enjoy in these northern latitudes; you cannot see them, for they are so seldom here to be seen; you cannot feel them, because, when they are here, you are scarcely ever free from some discomfort, or apprehension of discomfort, spite of great coats and lined cloaks, in the foggy or misty night air, though it be the meridian of summer: therefore you will not know how balmy and delicious the

scene and its circumstances are, unless you go some fifteen or twenty degrees southward ; then you will find in them a taste of Elysium, if your memory of other things do not fasten on and scathe your mind ; and even then you may be anodyned into forgetfulness, and fancy and imagination will envelope your spirit in a mantle of creations, so vivid, rich, and soothing, so invigorating, and yet composing, that you will wish to dream on for ever : and, when you are aroused from the dream, the returning reality of bitterness will be soothed and softened by the yet lingering and mingling spiritual sweetness. Do not imagine that an excursion in one of your dandy-craft, not the best of the Clubs' yachts, however compact, neat, well-finished, well-manned, well-ordered, and belly-timber-stored she may be, will give you the true relish. They are all too small, too bladdery-light, too feathery under their canvass ; they are all too crank ; they leap about, toss, dip, heave, bore, pitch, and lurch too loosely and riotously : the demand which they make on more than half your senses in holding on, and the effort to rivet your drunken feet to the mad deck, will not give you the necessary freedom of body and soul ; or, if you do catch a transient glimpse, or a good draught of the loveliness and glory, just as you would exclaim, in your sudden rapture, " how beauti—" full your distended jaws are of the salt water from that splash of a wave which has reached up to the main catharpen-legs. No, no ! nothing like a good spanking eight-and-thirty gun frigate, (she's a four-and-forty now-a-days ;) such a frigate as my old, glorious, darling ship, the A—— ; peace be to her manes ! if the oysters and crabs have not used up all her ribs and knees, or the coral-worms built pyramids over them. A frigate is the carriage in which, to the completeness of grasp and fulness of enjoyment, your senses may rise and revel amid such beauties.

What beauties ?

Those which for the last half-hour my mind's eye has been looking on, and my spirit dancing and floating in, as my memory leaped back to a night in early January, 1808, when the A—— spread her wings for a flight from the bay of Funchal, rounded the point S.W. of Loo rock, and, with a fresh south-eastern breeze, swept over the liquid wrinkled ribs of the Atlantic. On the starboard hand you saw the twinkling lights from the dwellings which dotted the hill-side like glow-worms on a moss-bank, on a Brobdignag scale ; and the dark mountain, bearing up its lofty crown, seeming to hold communion with the millions of stars which looked out of the deep blue concave, so bright, so clear, so full : legions and legions of lovely spirits were they, gazing down on earth and ocean with their golden and gladdening eyes—brighter, fairer, deeper, fuller, more lustrous than any we can see here ; and the air was so congenial, so softening yet exhilarating, as it swept across the brow ; while the deep-toned anthem of the rolling waves, dissolving among the whispers of the snowy foam, which danced in flaked lines as the ship rolled over them, lulled the soul into a dreamy joy : and then there were myriads of phosphorescent sparks that shot, leaped, vanished, rose, glittered, and faded in the clear dark waters ; the fishes,

elves, mermen and mermaids, fairies of the deep, and *all*, had illuminated their green sea-groves for a festival. And I, while I sat stooping to look into this bright pageantry, was as quiet, as happy, as blessed as when, in my eighth year, I used to lie on the o'erfringing green-sward on the banks of Rushton's pool, (a small pellucid lake, a mile from my common in Worcestershire,) nestled in by entirely surrounding woods and hazel coppices, and there look into the trees which grew downwards, and gracefully waved their branches and shook their foliage, as the fleecy clouds sailed through them into the inverted sky : when I used to trace the double trees meeting at their roots, and fancy the road to heaven was through that mirroring water which showed all things so transparently and clear. And so it was ; but the world would not allow me to go to heaven that way. And then the little fishes would come gliding up, by one's, and twos, and threes, till thousands had collected, to say "how d'ye do?" to me, and, "are not we very happy here?" And they flirted about, and flashed their silvery spangled sides in sport, and each turned a glancing sapphire and emerald eye up to mine, and then, at a move of my face or finger, the whole troop would dart away, flashing their beauty at me, affecting to be afraid, and then come creeping back again—for I would not hurt them and they knew it—and I utterly forgot the purpose which called me to those woods, which was to hunt birds' nests, and chase butterflies, and catch grasshoppers : and I walked away tongueless, letting the grasshoppers, butterflies, and birds' nests alone, as I communed with my nature, and what I had seen, in strolling with feet that felt no ground, towards my home. I think I ought to have been happy ; but folks spoiled me in the making. And here, on this night, I inhaled new delight, as I sat now in the larboard fore-chains, (as I said,) bending my eyes and soul down on the beautiful visions there : now over on the starboard side, tracing the dark and bulky form and changing outline of the hill, from which stars following stars rolled out, after their holier salutation, from the mountain's head. I gazed, and thought, and dreamt, till all the universe was as happy as I wished it to be : and that wishing does not exceed the limits of likelihood : there is abundance of material for universal beauty and universal happiness, if man did not take such pains, in his skill, to mar it.

"Hurrah ! for a feast of oranges," was the voice-subdued exclamation on the fore-castle, as the rumour ran through the first watch, after coiling down the ropes—all snug and a leading wind for "St. Michael's." More excitement ! another bit of stranger-land for me to gaze on. I knew the Azores, and their verdant summer all the year round, from books ; and there is St. Michael's under my vision—a low, dim, grey-looking town, and some broad ragged batteries projecting towards the sea : it looks like a timber-wharf, neglected and in confusion ; the old balks begrimed with age, as if no speculator has had dealings there for a century. But there is a turret or two ; half a dozen beams lashed together and stuck on end, as a sort of sign-board ; and bells jingle and clamour from their summits. This ugliness runs off from the troop of

smug, clean, round knobs, smooth hummocks, semi-spheroids, as regularly sloped as if they were so many eggs cut laterally, painted green, and set up on their bases. The sea has been in a boil here, and there are some of the huge bubbles that have taken a stubborn freak into their heads, to consolidate; but there is much beauty and good-nature in the freak, and so greater-beautied and better nature indulged them in it, and garlanded them over with her most gladdening and refreshing green. Green, green, green everywhere; light, mellow, or deep, as the grass, grain, and groves, and the sun's laugh, and their own shadows, present it in diversity to the eye; all gradations of green; and all looks as fresh as if the rain had just washed it over; and the speckled blue sky looks down upon it with serenity of blessing; and the loveliness which that sky canopies throws back, with its thankfulness, a blessing and a song. This is the Island of the Golden Fruit, and it is not guarded by "Hesper, the dragon, and sisters three:"—

"He with the silver hair and silver eye;"

for, look, yonder they come! boats—one, two, three, five, a dozen! all laden up to the gunwales with the juicy balls. Now, don't you be cockneyish in your selection: those deep-coloured ones are not the thing; not half so luscious as those with one side of their cheeks tinged with green just ebbing into yellow; you may drain them and munch them, rind and all; so much the better; the pungent bitter corrects the effect of too free indulgence, to which you are prone, after a sea voyage: they are fresh from the tree, and are quite as ripe as the others were when they were gathered. There is no suspicion upon them; a taint, from which the others are not free; for, observe, they lie too orderly, having been packed for, but failed to find, an earlier market. Have no trade with them: and of those lighter, but truer fellows, an old clasp-knife will purchase a purser's broad bag full to choaking. What a perfume fore and aft, and atween decks! The whole ship, even to the cable-tier, from forehold to bread-room, is all ORANGE! Suck, suck; squeeze, squeeze, from stem to stern, and orange-peel flying in yellow showers through the ports. Eat away: good oranges are fruit on which you can neither cloy nor surfeit; and here you have them good.

Some hundreds of cases were taken on board, to be served out gratuitously, daily, to the ship's company, as an antiseptic, when salt junk and rusty pork made such qualification valuable; and with these, and a score of diminutive bullocks, as fat as grey-hounds in a consumption, for the fleet, we weighed, and steered for Cadiz, with nothing but cloudless sky, fair breeze, and rippling sea, till the snow-white walls and towers of the city, the tall masts of the enemies' fleets lying in the harbour, and the twelve noble and beautiful ships of the line of our own, rose upon us like faint flashes of light, and then grew more distinct and substantial. And what a sight it was when the whole magnificence of the scene was unfolded—laid out to the gaze! when, at the distance of about three miles from Cadiz lighthouse, making that a centre, the eye ranged along an outstretched fore-ground of some twenty-five miles,



(for I won't call the *sea* fore-ground, though it is the nearest object in the picture,) from Point Chipiona on the one hand, towards Cape Trafalgar in the S.E.; the former dwindling off into a low, fine line, as it projected into the sea, and the blue-vapour-looking hills about Seville rising over it; the latter (towards Cape Trafalgar) leaving the slopes and hillocks of sand, where the waves gently and sportively broke, and rising into a perpendicular and dark, rocky wall, against which the billows dashed angrily, as at a barrier that coldly scorned and spurned the assault. From glancing the eye along the bare line thus spoken of, we return again to the N.W., and mark the objects that checker the scene on the beach and shore, where the yellow sand lies basking under the southern sun, and Rota elevates its rough front and embattled walls—the frowning and watchful guardian of that side of the entrance to the harbour of Cadiz, which from that point indented and drew back in a noble and beautiful semicircular sweep, as if holding out an embracing arm of welcome to the long-absent bark and the ocean wanderer, which here were bid to repose on the secure and unruffled bosom of the haven, after toil and peril: and the whole of that shore, from Rota to Puerto Santa Maria, embellished with the deep and luxurious tinting of the glowing clime; less beautiful and pastoral than the landscape-green in England, but voluptuous, heated, and glittering in its picturesque of russet, golden, grey, and blue variety, with here and there a little island of green, lying as a carpet on the sand, between two stately looking mansions, whose walls were of dazzling whiteness; and far, far back, towering up in solemn dignity, massively dark at first, then fading away into dense vapoury remoteness, those far-famed mountains of Estremadura,—Cervantes' immortalized hills,—the Sierra Morena, like intense meditations, gazing on the world which they saw not. Then, starting out from the creek under St. Mary's walls, the market, water, and passage boats, with snowy wings or splashing oars, standing across the bay, careless of our watchful gaze, till the walls of the city shut them in. And there, too, the combined Spanish and French fleet; the tricolor floating amicably in the same fanning breeze with the golden ensigns of Spain, which so soon afterwards were swung against each other in deep and deadly animosity. Then, to an Englishman who has never seen an assemblage of houses and churches, all built of pure white stone, and shining beneath a warm sky, the city of Cadiz is an object which fills him with wonder, delight, and admiration; looking, as it does from this point of view, like a gathering of marble palaces: he knows not of the narrow and filthy streets, and the thousands of abominations which beset the passenger at every step within its walls: he sees nothing but beauty, grandeur, and splendour—a realization of one of those romantic pictures which his imagination has painted while he read. Projecting out of the sea was the strong bulwark of defence, Fort St. Sebastian, on the extreme point of which, the lofty watch tower looked out upon the ocean, and gazed down on the splintered billows, which foamed and whirled round the Porcus reefs, and fixed the sight of a gazer from the sea, in spite of himself, for a while. Then,

glancing upwards, the eye rested on and ran along the thousands of little turrets or Miradors, which give to Cadiz so singular an aspect—beautiful indeed, even though they are used as posts for the Spanish washerwomen's clothes-lines; but magical when appropriated to their original and more agreeable use of supporting tinted, striped awnings, under which the black-eyed, and silken-footed Andalusian damsels parade or sit screened from the sun's fierce rays, to inhale the sea-breeze, and gaze upon the flashing mirror and the Sierra Ronda; or sometimes wafting a rich, fond look, or a wistful sigh over the sandy isthmus, up to Medina Sidonia, which lies, like a flock of sheep, herded on the mountain's side, and to those ragged, jagged, whimsically shaped, up-lifting, dusky, dark, dim, and sober hills, which lead the spirit over into that paradise of the old Moors, the Vega of Grenada. But, reader, there was one ingredient in the finishing glory of these assembled objects, which, if you now take a trip to Cadiz, you will not find: doubtless, it was that which called many a glance from many a lustrous eye under those awnings on the roofs; viz., that ever-moving and ever-splendid array of magnificent ships of war, twelve sail of the line, and the scattered frigates, which spotted the blue and glittering waters with their gorgeous pride and graceful glory; at one hour studding the distant horizon with their white sails; now sweeping along in stately majesty away to the westward; then mingling among the shadows of the dark rocks and hills to the eastward; now riding over the billows in gallant order, full before the city's ramparts, and pausing to be gazed on while they frowned defiance; then slowly rolling away in calm contempt.

Frequently the fleet stood far away out of the sight of land, probably in the futile hope of luring the enemy from their secure harborage; but they were too wise to allow themselves to be caught in such a trap. Napoleon's policy with his navy was much deeper than, at that time, it was by our government conjectured to be. He, perhaps, anticipated wearing us out by a continually increasing expense. In every harbour where there was convenience for laying down a man-of-war's keel, he was building ships; and at the period of which I speak, the whole northern division of the Mediterranean was his: his aim was to make it necessary for the English to send ships to watch them. Thus the French naval force was increasing with astonishing rapidity, and the resources were inexhaustible, and accessible at an outlay almost as nothing in comparison with the mighty swallowing up of means to which England was liable. For every new vessel that was launched in each of the enemy's ports in the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and on the Atlantic and channel boards of France, an equality of strength must necessarily be kept up in front of it by the English, at all the vast expense to the nation which was thereby incurred: while, lying snugly in harbour. Napoleon's fleets were maintained at less than one-third of the coast which was sustained, and remains to be felt by England; and had the war continued but a few years longer, it is not very foolish to suppose that Napoleon's *lie-still* manœuvres would have mastered

our activity and vigilance,—that our resources would have been crippled, and the French sufficiently strong to cope with us on our own element. Sometimes, for several days, the fleet was out of sight of Cadiz: but the inshore squadron was left to look into the harbour, and to pick up, occasionally, any bold, but unlucky adventurer, who might take that opportunity of running towards Cadiz; for, in nine cases out of ten, he, that is she, was almost certain of being chopped up by the wary and watchful dragons. These matters rendered our inshore station in the A——, one of constant excitement and alert occupation; and many were the instances of cruelty, for the paltry purposes of gain, and private injury of individuals, which we thus perpetrated according to orders, and under the sanction of the honourable laws of war. When will nations abandon the practice of piracy and robbery on the high seas? Never while war is the trade of honour. Justify, if you will, the custom of seizing and destroying vessels armed for the purpose of conflict and depredation; but oh! remove that foul stain from the name of enterprize, which eagerly seeks and fattens on the ruin of the defenceless, merely because they belong to a nation against the power of which the madness of our rulers has issued its murdering ban. What! forego our prospects of prize-money and booty? Forego your silly boast of belonging to an honourable profession, then! No, no; for such is the honour that is linked with the profession—take away the magnets of prize and booty, and how wonderfully will the profession of arms diminish in its attractions! Oftentimes the capture of a small craft, carrying crockery-ware or vegetables to the market, has been purchased by the loss of many lives and mangled limbs; and the seamen engaged in the “noble and perilous adventure,”—for these captures were made within range of the forts and musketry on the beach,—were remunerated by a sixpence, as their share of the proceeds of prize-money. I did not think, then, so closely on the subject, when I was, with so many others, mingled in these truly disgraceful and inhuman acts. I had caught the excitement which was so general, and, let me say, it was soul-stirring. The foulness was hidden by the glare which surrounded me; and it was, indeed, most exhilarating to be running along the land, inviting the whistle of a shot from the batteries; to fasten my eyes on the ever-varying picture—making a moving diorama, new every hour, which land, and towers, and battlements, and cities presented in our course; and clutching at that which endeavoured to escape. It was on one of these temporary absences of the fleet that I had my first practical lesson of “shot in anger,” as it is called; though there was more laughing, and cheering, and hurraing, on our side, than anger. The A——, Mercury, and Grasshopper, were lying at single anchor off the lighthouse, when a large drove of small craft, bold in the convoy of a flotilla of gunboats, and the great distance of the English fleet, came swaggering round Point Chipiona, from San Lucar and other parts N.W. of Cadiz, standing with fair wind for the latter place; apparently confident that we were too weak to venture on attacking them; while another flotilla of gunboats stood out from Cadiz

to strengthen them, and the combined French and Spanish fleets were at such an easy distance, that they could intercept and destroy us, if we did stand in to annoy them. We lay very quiet; but no sooner had they advanced sufficiently far to leeward to render retreating round Chipiona before we could be in amongst them, impossible, than each anchor was tripped, and instantly, at once, our little squadron heeled to the load of canvass with which they were crowded. While we were lying so innocently still, every thing had been prepared—bulk-heads down—a clean sweep, fore and aft, of the main deck—shot-racks ranged—breechings cast loose—tompions out—gun-tackles coiled down—fearnought screens suspended over the hatchways, through which powder was to be handed—fires out—my friend, the goat, sent down to the cable-tier—the captain's ducks and geese left in the coops, to cackle and quake, and take their chance—the doctor's saws, and knives, and probes, and bandages, and tourniquets, all laid in order, in the cockpit, and I devoutly hoping, as, tempted by curiosity, I looked at them, that I might be blown away altogether, rather than that he should exercise his skill on my limbs or carcase. And every man and boy was mute as he stood at his station. Here and there might be seen one drawing the knot of the handkerchief, girt around his loins, or that of his head-bandages: all grim in lip and glistening in eye. Luckily there was not much time to think; and, in ten minutes from our getting under way, the flotilla, which came out of the harbour, let fly a thundering compliment from a score of four-and-twenty pounders: some of the shot of which phizzed and whizzed and split through the sails and rigging, like the bursting of a legion of 'scape-valves in steam-engines; others fell just alongside, with a short sharp *chop*, as if they were cutting the ocean into splinters; and threw up a deluge of spray, which fell like a shower of rain over the whole hull, from stem to stern, and rattled like a hail-storm. "Go on, my fine fellows; you will catch it presently: we shall speak to you in a minute, when our tongues can be better heard. Now for it! Shorten sail!" Up run the courses. Top-gallant-sails and royals are in with the word. Nothing on her but three top-sails and a jib. "Stand to your guns," rings like the full diapason burst of an organ in a void church: all is hushed. Another tightening twitch at handkerchiefs, and more rows of set teeth shown, or lips hardened together—smack! bang! crack! whizz! They are pouring it into us across our larboard bows, from the other division of gun-boats; then it is high time. So, "Watch her as she comes up to the wind.—Luff!" "Fire!"—and a thousand pounds of iron is rained from her twenty-three sulphur fountains; round-shot, grape, and canister, all hissing and banging together; the huge bulk recoils, and every mast, rib, and beam in her quakes in the thundering weight of the blow she has given: and, the next instant, what a horrible confusion of screech and howl rises above the cannons' bellowing! it is frightful! The whole shower fell in the very midst of them; and scores of men are swimming about for dear life; one gun-boat sinks beneath the boiling whirl. "Over to the larboard guns;—stand by;—take

good aim, as she falls off. Up with the helm!—fire!” Another recoil, and a similar quaking fore and aft, alow and aloft. So, we are at it, “hammer and tongs;” “all order is orderless.” Two minutes since all was so death-like quiet—now such yelling, hurraing, hallooing, leaping, tugging, clattering of ropes, and grumbling of blocks, as if all the tenants of the lower regions, black from the smoke, had broken loose and gone mad. Now the rookery on our starboard side gives us a second edition, embellished with bar, grape, and canister; but it falls harmless; nobody is hurt by it, except the tough oak; two-thirds of the intended pelting either goes over us, or falls short. The fellows point their guns badly; there is a little wabbling sea, which, though it does not shake our steadiness, causes them to roll and reel to it; let but the breeze continue half an hour, and we shall make fishes’ meat of most of them, if they will stay so long. I cannot resist the invitation of curiosity, but poke my head through an idle port. Well done, little Grasshopper! she skips among them, as if she were hunting filets of sunshine in a crocus-meadow; and Mercury flings his wings about, as if he were shaking the dew from his feathers. Bursting forth from the many black iron mouths, and whirling rapidly in thick rings, till it swells into hills and mountains, through which the sharp red tongue of death darts flash after flash, and mingling fire, the smoke slowly rolls upward like a curtain, in awful beauty, and exhibits the glistening water and the hulls of the combatants beneath; while the lofty mast-heads and points of yard-arms seem as if cut away from the bodies to which they belong, and sustained, or resting, on the ridges of the dense and massy vapours alone. The ensigns are partially enveloped in the clouds; so much of them as is visible shivering in the multiplied concussions, as though they fluttered in the anticipation of victory, or trembled in the expectation of defeat. And ever and anon, amid the breaks of the cannons’ peal, the shrieks and cries of the wounded, mingling with the deep roar of the out-poured and constantly reiterated “hurra! hurra! hurra!” a chorus of cataracts, sweep over the rippled smiles of the patient, passionless, and unconscious sea. Sulphur and fire, agony, death, and horror, are riding and revelling on its bosom; yet how gently, brightly playful is its face! To see and hear this! what a maddening of the brain it causes! yet it is a delirium of joy; a very fury of delight! And that loud exulting shout again, which now beginning at once in each, is echoed and reduplicated from ship to ship, announces more destruction, more human slaughter: yes, two other of the gun-boats are gone down; many men with them sink to death in the whirlpools; and the poor wretches who are scattered on the waste of waters, amidst descending missiles, are swimming for their comrades’ vessels, in the agony of fading hope; some scramble on board safely; others, too distant, are struggling for life. “Lower the quarter boats; cutters and yawlers away, and pick up as many as you can;” and in a few minutes our boats are among the poor fellows. Fifteen are thus saved, and brought on board; yet to be prisoners. “Hurra, hurra!” another rattling cheer rings upon the air, and rolls

through the welkin. They are off—scudding for the shore, to get under the batteries of Rota. After them we go, ploughing the fore air with fire and iron, whenever a gun can be brought to bear. In a few minutes the storm bursts anew, and with increased fury and force, for the gun-boats have formed in line under the land, and Rota opens upon us. Attend to the leadsman in the chains: he chaunts out in a clear high tone, “and a half three,” twenty-one feet of water! *and the ship draws nineteen!* if we stand on a minute longer we shall be hard and fast, and they may do what they please with us—so, “Ready, about, down with the helm! let them have the broadside while she’s in stays!” So said, so done: and now, wheeled round on the starboard tack, let her fall off, to lie beam on to the land, with her nose snuffing Cadiz harbour: here we continue pouring it after them as long as a shot can reach; till having retreated to the edge of the surf, the gun-boats are directly under the shelter of the batteries, which the guns of the A—— cannot reach: but Grasshopper and Mercury, being of less draught, close in, and receive to themselves our share of the good things which are there distributed, and we cannot avail ourselves of the bounty. But now, our boats—man them, and away to pick up as many as possible of the dispersed vessels, which are endeavouring to escape under the smoke into the harbour. While we are thus employed, hot work indeed it is for the little Grasshopper: she, from her light draught, is enabled to get in so closely that she seems mingled in the fire and smoke of the enemy: but the fury of the turmoil diminishes—the gun-boats slacken fire, and let fly at intervals, each wider and more prolonged than the former. Still Rota, for a time, maintains its vigour of salutation, and then grows weary. And, “hurra! hurra!” Several of the gun-boats are stranded, and their crews are scampering on the beach, and scudding into the town;—others of them, with the utmost speed of sail and oar, are running into Cadiz. Turn your eyes to the harbour, there is something a-stir there; ay, a seventy-four and two frigates are in motion. No matter, the wind is in their teeth; they must beat out, and we are to windward of them three miles. We have done as much mischief as we could do. Mercury and Grasshopper are called off; and with seven captured vessels under our wings, we stand out to the southward, where now the mast-heads of the fleet are visible in the horizon. Doubtless the admiral has heard the noise, and they are all coming up to see what has been the matter.

Reader, I have, in part, told you what were my sensations. I had no time to be frightened during all this, for I was not in my right mind—I was in a whirl: the bustle, hallooing, hurraing, crashing, cracking, rattling, thundering, whizzing, and whistling, made me drunk and delirious; like a fellow in a tavern, who, when he is in the third heaven of jollity, smashes tables and chairs, dishes and glasses—dashes his fists through the door-pannels and the windows, all senseless of the scarifying and bruises he inflicts upon himself in the indulgence of his fun: mine was an excitement even to frenzy, from the strangeness, and wondrous novelty of my position; and, I dare say, if any one had set me the

example, I should have ran away and hid myself if I could; only, it happens, that there are no back doors to escape by in these affairs.

After making report to the admiral, we were ordered to Gibraltar with the prizes, and to refit; and that night we bore up for the entrance to the Straits, with a fair wind: and, no doubt, each man on board, from the captain to the scavenger, lay awake a little, during the first watch, calculating; taxing his arithmetical skill on the proceeds and divisions of eighths, and third of eighths, five shares, three shares, share and half, single, and half shares, from the day's hard, bad work, and that agreeable, but unfortunate flock of chickens, (our plunder,) that fluttered within the ship's shadow. But the calculations were somewhat premature: the arithmetic proved to be faulty; for, at about twelve o'clock, a world of black mountain clouds, apparently as solid as the Sierra Ronda itself, came marching towards us from the S.E. and gave solemn warning of the elemental rage which would soon assail us; and all hands were called on deck, in preparation for its burst. Each of the little vessels was hailed, with an order to shorten sail, and make all as snug as possible, and to keep the ship's lights in sight. All our smaller sails were taken in, the courses furled, and hands were stationed by the topsail sheets and halyards, ready to let go at the instant it should be necessary: clewlines and buntlines were manned; and we lay for some minutes in a death-like and ominous calm; not a breath of air moving; even the feathers of the dog-vane hung stirless on the staff; while on came the mass of cloud in magnificent and terrible array, as it advanced swallowing every thing up in a wide, dense, and impenetrable blackness; till, sweeping, like one vast enveloping mantle, over the mast-heads, it descended compactly on the other side of the concave, and shut out every star and every patch of sky: then, as if the whole canopy were an ocean, the cataract torrents poured perpendicularly down, like millions and millions of steel rods shot from heaven, sparkling and glistening in the lightning's sharp and rapid flashes, which scathed the eyes, and plunged all our universe in palpable, thick, heavy, solid darkness, for one moment, and at another exhibited, all around, the sea one sheet of smoke, through which myriads of up dashed spikes broke in sparkling bubble; the torrent comes rattling down on the ship's decks, as if it were raining tons of pebbles; yet all the sails lie sleeping, drenched and dead, against the masts, for not a sigh of wind breathes into them. But now the black mass of mountain over head rolls slowly off; and, between its jagged roots, a star or two appears in the grey sky, and the sails begin to nod. Hear the distant muttering: it comes, sharpening into a howl:—'tis here! "Let fly the top-sail sheets and halyards! clew down the yards! away aloft, men, and furl the sails!" and the ship rides in a cauldron of foam, though she heels to it as if she were close hauled, and under a press of sail, in a stiff breeze; while the fierce wind, catching at the white crests of the sea, mows them like a scythe in a grass-meadow, and scatters them, in showers of mist, as far as the eye can reach, into that blackness to leeward: but the very force of the wind keeps the billows down;

they do not rise higher than the stubble in a reaped wheat-field. Oh, the poor unfortunate men in the prizes! it is impossible such fragile and ill-found vessels can live in this furious howling and hurtling of the wind. And look around; cast your piercing and anxious eyes every where: hundreds do so at once, with the word:—they are not to be seen! Happily the fierce gale lasted but a very short time; it was but a sudden and soon-spent squall; for the clouds gathered up again in detached and smaller masses, and the descending rain subdued the wind. At length, when morning broke, three poor dismantled things were descried, far away to leeward. We bore up towards them, and found two fast sinking; filled, literally, to the hatches with water; but their deck-cargoes, of fir timber, luckily had not broken adrift from their lashings, and thus the vessels were buoyed up: but the other four, with all on board, had foundered. Spars and barks of timber were every where floating around. We hastened to take out the men from the two sinking craft, and as much of the timber as we could secure from their decks; and then set to, to bale out the water to get at the cargoes. Many crates of crockery-ware we thus recovered, which, being much damaged, was distributed, or taken *ad libitum*, among the seamen and marines; and the whole 'tween decks looked like an earthenware warehouse: each mess was furnished with cups, platters, and dishes sufficient for a cruise of half a century to come. One vessel, laden with olive-oil, had stood out the storm undamaged, except in masts and rigging: and the wind shifting to the westward, we stood in for the Straits again; slipped between Cape Spartel and Tariffa Point, keeping the African shore on board, and glided along the watery bosom of that deep, magnificent, and sublime glen, with the Andalusian hills on one side, bright in the moon's glory, and breaking the mellow, clear, star-spangled sky with abruptness and undulations; and, on the other, the mountains of Atlas, (in whose engrossing shadow we moved,) rising, in their vast grandeur, up, like a black wall, shutting out every glimpse of the heavens which hung above their zenith, as if they (the mountains) were an immense curtain suspended thence by some invisible agency: and so soft, so genial was the breeze that blew, it invited the gazer to linger, linger yet, in spite of weariness, the warning of time, and the wooing of necessity, to sleep awhile. How intense was the solitude! till the breeze, becoming fainter and fainter, called up remarks and murmured apprehensions that it would fall calm before we had passed the confines of the Straits; and then, doubtless, the Spanish gun-boats would be out upon us: and if so, why our late work would be mere child's play and frolic gambol, compared to what we should encounter; for we should lie motionless, while they, with rowing, could take whatever attitude and change of position they pleased, and pour destruction into us, without ability, on our side, to return more than occasional shot from the bows or stern. Well, this talk disturbed the deep serenity and beauty of my rapt meditations, and I went below to sleep out the time, as the best means of forgetting fear; for, indeed, I was afraid; and, I'll warrant you, so were a good many others: and many more *good* others,



who have been in like situations, have been afraid too; for a gun-boats, lying under the quarter of a becalmed ship, when helpless as a log, (terrible as she may be at other times,) is reader, for the people on board that ship; though it is fine sport for men in the gun-boats.

My rest, however, was not disturbed by any "discordant beat" to quarters; and I forgot the late hubbub, storm, drown Andalusian hills and African mountains, and Spanish gun-dreams of fern and blossom, gorse-bush commons, rutted la hazel coppices, till a full hour after day-light; and then he deck, to take a look round, and see where we were. And what a new world was every where! What stupendous wonder beauty, and diversified grandeur, rushed at once on my sight were close to Europa Point; it bearing N.E. from us, not a instant; with a speckless blue sky, and a shining sea, as smooth mirror, not the least ruffle or ripple upon it, as far as the eye stretch around; but it heaved and sank, and heaved, like some creature breathing in a deep sleep: and there the impregnable snatched the eye up to its loftiest ridges, where each object was visible in the morning sun, save that it was diminished by distance if it concentrated all light upon itself. In every direction, dovetailed ranges of batteries and barracks looked out in their formidable and preparation; and the numerous white dwellings, which, on precipitous sides of the rock, were perched on every projecting ledge, which space could be found for them, looked even more like little habitations, than those which I had worshipped at Madeira; and the absence of verdure and trees diminished the pleasing beauty shadowed yellow, and brown, and white, of the rock, added grandeur of effect: all looked heated and parched; yet stern haughty confidence of strength, were the attributes of the mountain, running the eye downwards and along its base, the forest of the dock-yard, the mole, the town, and the grey walls of the Moorish castle, spoke of old romance and white-bearded El Zagal, and dreamy sad, as they mingled with modern bustle and constant and warlike activity. But, so far, here was a feeling of something satisfaction, that, strange, utterly new, as these objects are, as anything we see in England, yet the place is English. The sea it is English, is rendered more tenacious by looking across the neck of sand, to the towns and villages beyond, St. Roque, &c. are planted on the mountains' sides; and were so placed to insure watchfulness and defence in the olden time of Moorish and foray. Every rock and cliff, valley and glen, thereabout, and at Algeiras and the now unseen Tariffa, has been the scene of adventurous exploit; and, if it could speak, would be eloquent in Mahomedan chivalry, and ferocity, and courtesy, and Spanish cleverness and cunning, and fraud, and indomitable daring. The verdure and cultivation, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle graze in easy quiet, with no armed watchman near them, on a com-

point, to give notice of the dreaded enemy's approach; and richly do they beautify and soften the scene. And that town of Algeiras, lying at the foot of the mountain, and stretching itself on the beach, like a wolf in the sulks it looks, spitefully casting up its half-closed and blinking eyes at yonder huge rock opposite, and at the intruding banner which flaunts there. Leaving Algeiras, and following this course of sight to the southward, we see the channel to the Atlantic, through which we lately came, closed in by Apes' Hill, with Tangier nestled in a bay at its foot. Westward from Tangier, look along the dark bulwark of the waves, and opposite to Europa Point, dimly seen in the distance, is Ceuta, the only remnant of the olden Spanish prowess and chivalry in Africa. By the way, I know not why Gibraltar should be called the key of the Mediterranean, except that it makes up a sounding phrase for John Bull. It locks up nothing but itself, and can prevent neither egress nor ingress to the "great sea," to any comer and goer that chooses. Nor how it *commands* the Mediterranean, can I see. If it could contrive to stride or sail about, as occasion required, it might indeed command; but now, all that it locks or commands, is a good huge heap of official patronage: and all that is necessary to convince grumbling John Bull of the value, utility, commercial advantage, safety, honour, and glory, of keeping Gibraltar, is the jingle of the *key* in his ear; which, to him, is sounder argument than a voice from heaven would speak.

Throwing the eye off Ceuta, it rests on, or shoots round, the expanded Mediterranean, till the meeting sky and water limit the scope of vision. But the most perfect of the novelties which my gaze encountered, was a privateer, of the build, rig, and trim of the regular xebec, (the antique galley,) the most picturesque of all coursers of the sea, little or nothing changed in shape and action for 2000 years; the realization of one of those ships which we build in imagination, when reading of Actium and Pompey, Antony and Cleopatra; but very unlike those tub-round stern and stern machines which were also then known. The high, out-stretching, overhanging poop, and the low beak pointed to the horizon, and sharp as a ploughshare, to cut its passage through the waves; painted and gilded fantastically, if not always in fine taste, with white bottom, carved quarters, sides, and prow; from which sides, projecting in even lines, were two rows of twenty long oars, dipping uniformly into the bright water, and lifting, with each stroke, a curving mirror of molten silver: each of her three short masts supporting a long bending yard, from which hung idly a snow-white cotton sail, a thousand times bleached in the hot sun, and showers and wind; and of that triangular shape, (the human scapula,) called latine: onwards she lifted along on the smooth highway, and passed us in ceremonial silence, except with such sounds as were made by the dipping and rumbling of the oars, and the sharp tinkle of the dropping water from the oars' blades: leaving us to wait till the breeze should come to waft us to our destiny, she passed on, and anchored before the town. About eleven o'clock a slight fluttering in our light sails, and a dark line on

the sea-resting sunbeams, (the presence of the on-coming ripple,) gladdened us with a prospect of advancing; and, in a few minutes more, the sails filled, and the ship glided along towards the mole: we anchored, warped along side of it, and fell to, to strip her of every thing; and, by sunset that evening, the A—— was as naked as she was born; that is, as when she was launched from the stocks: and that night, I went to sleep, serenaded with a lullaby from the musical throats of Gibraltar cuckoos, *alias* donkeys.

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## CHAPTER IX.

*Monthly Repository, June, 1834.*

Few writers, I believe, have looked with a really thinking eye on the condition of "England's jolly tars;" or when they could do so, they have refrained from speaking what they thought, or describing that which they saw. Were common sailors to write, *truly and thinkingly*, for themselves, oh! their drama would be a very gloomy one, Dibdin's flashy songs notwithstanding: "How much is the nation indebted to Dibdin!"—so fools think. Truth would have presented a different and a disgusting picture; and those really energetic and powerful writers who have given us nautical novels, with a vividness which presents all things they do paint as clearly to the eye as if we were actually engaged in or observers of them, have contrived to hedge off all matters that shall not exhibit Jack's condition as it affects his moral and intellectual being, *couleur de rose*. The writers are not wanting in intellectual and perhaps moral *strength*, but they are deficient in moral *courage*. Their aim seems to be to enkindle strong excitement in the readers by a detail of perils, difficulties, and disasters, sometimes stretched to the very verge of possibility, and averted by something so wonderful that escape or rescue comes with the unexpectedness of a miracle, and the reader gasps in sympathy with the actors and sufferers in the recorded events; so do I—no reader among them more eagerly and delightedly, I am sure. I do not accuse those writers of falsehood; I do not say they have written that which is untrue: I have read nothing in the nautical novels of the age which is not acknowledged by my own experience as probability, but *they have avoided truths* and pictures which might be disagreeable or unpalatable. For its perceptible purposes, such writing is oftentimes as admirable for its vigorous eloquence as for its closeness to reality, and while it is devoured with avidity it creates a craving for more. The productions of Captains Marryat, Glascock, and Chaumier, and the glorious Tom Cringle (who is he? I have occasional glimpses of a fancy that he and I have been shipmates,) are not only choice in the vigorous elements of literary composition,

and most heart-stirring and fascinating in detail, but to nautical aspirants they contain many invaluable lessons of seamanship. Cooper, too, is as magnificent as either of these, *at times*; only he seems never to be content with ordinary, no, nor with *extraordinary* peril: he has an *eternal penchant* for suspending all his heroes and heroines by a frayed rope-yarn, and swinging them over the edge of a yawning and bottomless gulf. Indeed, in all these writers, extreme perils have been too much made the events, and eccentricities the costume of the drama. None of them has given a philosophically concluded picture; therefore I venture to say that (as far as my limited reading goes) the descriptions of the habits, characters, and condition of common sailors have so far failed, that *the inference drawn from perusal of their writings is an erroneous one*. Indeed it seems no attempt was made to give these things with the sternness of truth. There is none of Crabbe's soul-thrilling and chilling rigidity in their delineations, though as ample space and occasion for it exists in the sailor's reality as ever Crabbe found in the pauper's hut. They were officers that spoke and wrote, and it is not unlikely, nor is it ungenerous to say so, that an interfering *esprit de corps* allured them away from the statements which might have enabled the readers, and through them society at large, to arrive at a just conclusion on these matters. Generally speaking, the authors have abandoned the clap-trap trumpery about the "*generous and honest* English tars," knowing, as they must do, there is as great a predominance of selfishness and cunning among them as ignorance can well engender. None of us like to have our pleasant dreams broken by reality, reader; but reality will tell you that the English sailor possesses as keen a sense of the sanctity of *his* MINE, (except on the matter of his brains), as does the most thriving class in the kingdom, whether on sea or land. THINE, to be sure, is another affair with both; the only difference is, Jack's mode of damaging THINE is less conventional, hypocritical, and writ-fearing than theirs may sometimes be; he has fewer shiftings, shufflings, and doublings, with all his ignorant cunning to help him therein. Of recklessness and extravagance, of wild and of *cool* daring, I am not disposed to deny the English sailor abundant provision and possession; and I deem it quite probable that he will retain the last quality when a wiser training shall have eradicated all the former; or is "courage" at last to be acknowledged as no more than a *beastly* peculiarity? Answer me, ye spurners at the inevitable consequences and necessities of man's not being all brute!\* The perils of

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\* Although the phraseology in which they are dressed would conceal it, the gist of all the arguments I have ever heard or seen from objectors to education amounts to these, and to nothing more, most certainly, viz.: In one set it is, "If you cultivate their minds, they will discover the shallowness of our pretensions to superiority." In another it is, "If you teach them science and politics, and to reason, and to think, they won't mind their work:" which, translated, signifieth, "they will not work *for* us." With a third troop (I think this is the fullest

Jack's life, and his characteristic oddities, have been the sole themes on which a sympathy with him, and curiosity regarding him, have been excited. He is pitied or laughed at only on these points, and, apart from them the common belief is, that his term is nothing but jollity, "swigging the flowing can," chorusing clap-trap songs, and the everlasting reel and hornpipe; he is attractive as a *lusus naturæ* only. Now, the fact is, that the perils and difficulties about which we all become so sympathetic and generous to Jack are the things which least fret his existence; if they come, they come; if he can conquer or escape from them, why, so much the better; if not, his mind is made up to them; or, at least, the forebodings of mischance do not cling to him with much sense of wretchedness. Truth, however, would make a dull book; philosophers only would turn its pages over; and—ask the bookseller—"Philosophy does not pay:" he will point to his shelves, and show you loads of waste paper which his experience and fears have destined to the huckster's butter, cheese, and candles.

Truth in these matters has had but few advocates. My aim is to direct the thoughts of others to a consideration of the existing evils, in the hope that remedies may be suggested, canvassed, and applied. The work is in progress, I thank God; and when a deeper research is more numerously made, the obstacles which now arise from opinions in conflict, in the minds of sincere philanthropists, will be swept away. So far, however, as it regards the mariner's life, to amuse, not to amend, has been too much the object of writers who have made life at sea their theme. Who has glanced at the common sailor's reality of interior? To scrutinize these, and put forth the result of that scrutiny, would be deemed *unpatriotic, disloyal, un-English*, or the astringency of a discontented spirit. Worse than all, it would cause an evaporation of those exciting visions in which we have been fed and fostered with regard to the "jolly tars of old England!" Nevertheless, in order to rectify man's crookedness, it is necessary that we should pain our senses by looking at him more really. It is with pain and reluctance, not in eager delight, that I permit the dark shadows to break in upon the clear and brilliant, and, to me, heart-cheering pictures in the reminiscences of my life at sea.

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regiment) it is: "If you open their eyes we shall no longer be able to cheat them securely." To the correctness of none of these conclusions do I demur for an instant. But, I will add, when the working man is taught all that can be learnt, though it be to probe the earth's centre, or to soar to the remotest star in the system, he will be most thoroughly convinced that "the natural law," which teaching will make him comprehend, love, and obey, with a vigorous and sound alacrity, "is, that every one who desires to enjoy the pleasures of health, must expend in *labour* the energy which the Creator has infused into his limbs." And, moreover, "that men," he as one, "will no longer shun labour as painful and ignominious, but resort to it as a source of pleasure and advantage."—P. V.

If the reader will look back to the point at which I paused in my consecutive chapters,\* (chap. viii. March, 1834,) he will see I laid down my pen with no symptom prophetic of asperity. I shall exhibit asperity only when circumstances arrest and compel me to exhibit it; when, in fact, its demands are irresistable. At the close of that chapter, he saw the A—— moored at the mole of the dock-yard, Gibraltar, with nothing but her naked lower-masts and bow-sprit starting upwards and outward from the immense bulk which she appeared to be, now disembowelled of her stores, provisions, water, shot, even her iron ballast was taken out, for she was emptied to the keel for a thorough overhauling and repair. A gangway of planks communicated from the deck to the wharf, with an interval of only about four feet or less between me and the solid earth, which for nine months my foot had not tasted; and how I longed now to feel the pressure! but I dared not step across those planks till I was ordered to do so; and in this state of defeated longing I lived for six days, when at length I heard myself called to go with a party to the dock-yard. This, to me, was a splendid holiday of new life, and I felt the blessedness of existence the instant the last inch of plank was passed, and my foot had solid ground beneath it. How pleasant it was! I was ignorant till that moment—how often does accident enlighten us!—I was ignorant till then that there was charming music in the sound from the grinding and crouching of pebbly gravel and rough sand under one's feet—and how I enjoyed it! as I kept up a scraping, and kicking, and pirouetting, my companions laughing at me as mad—the sea and all Andalusia before me, and stone walls blocking up everything within a few feet behind me: then my pleasure was increased as we moved on in straggling order toward the dock-yard, with curiosity to see and examine and move about everywhere, and make the most of the joyous opportunity. But, alack! my soul was his Majesty's property; my thoughts, eyes, and limbs were at the bidding of his officers; and the snatchy wanderings of my curious gaze, the fitful leavings of my elastic thoughts, were encountered and crushed by the Argus and unsouled eyes, and authoritative lungs, and merciless threats of those who could see nothing in my abstractions but the evidences of an idle and skulking lubber, and misery was with me again. Yet I was on shore in a novel world, and the sight of it, captive and slave as I was, was refreshing.

I will not conduct the reader through the fumes of pitch and tar, the horrible discordance of calkers' mallets and ships' decks and sides scraping; no, nor the process through filth, which is indispensable in arriving at cleanliness on a man-of-war's refitting, but hasten from Gibraltar with all the speed I may, pausing only to remind him of the Oriental look, Saracenic and Jewish, in spite of an English garb, which the beautiful women possessed and exhibited to us on the Sundays, when curiosity led them towards the A——; to me they were

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\* The intervening or stray papers will be found at the end of this chapter.

charming: there was a dreaminess in the reality which was strongly tintured of romance: and also to acquaint him that on such days parties of the crew were permitted to go on shore on "liberty," which "liberty" was to hasten to the first tavern and drink themselves into a state of helpless infirmity; which not to do would be symptomatic of cowardly lubberliness, or worse: and no further harm comes of the "liberty" than a head-ache occasionally, or a fit of fever and death. For though drunkenness at sea is obnoxious to severe punishment, in harbour it is not a failing considered, nor even a sign of progress to degradation:—that degradation, however, is nothing; it is not even a note of coming inattention to duty. Another matter which occurred here was somewhat serious. The boatswain, after a whole day's sitting in solitary indulgence of the grog bottle, still retaining a mechanical impetus to go on board at night, reeled over the platform at the top of the ragged-staff steps, and fell to the bottom. He was quite dead when the men from the waiting boat picked him up within half-a-minute from his fall. He was considered, and justly so, one of the *smartest* boatswains in the navy.

It was "with no reluctant and unwilling ear" that I heard the order giving for casting off the moorings from the mole and hauling out when the ship was accomplished in all her dock-yard fittings. The prospect of moving about at sea had in it a charm and renovation of hope, for the reader will easily consent to my declaration of drowsiness when I tell him that for four weeks I had endured the pain of gazing on those exciting scenes and wonders which are visible from every part of Gibraltar, with restriction as entire as if there had been chains round my body and limbs, and I longed to be away, no matter where. With men-of-war crews in general, the prospect is not so inviting, except to the few staunch and steady; for though the toil is greater and more constant in refitting, victualling, &c. in harbour, the usual severity of discipline is relaxed; the eye of authority cannot be fixed on every individual of the scattered labourers, and opportunities for getting drunk are as surely seized as they are found. At sea the work is easier, but the eye of discipline is severely watchful, and each man, except the few whose higher elements are not utterly extinguished, moves, lives, and breathes in apprehension of punishment. It wakes him to keep the midnight watch, and he lies down in thoughts which may flash it to him in his dreams. His freedom from it elicits a fitful levity—his very cheerfulness is a kind of delirium engendered by reckless apathy. I was one of the very few who were pleased with the motion of the A—as she glided from the mole for the purpose of anchoring in the bay: and here, at sunset, occurred one of those specimens of the perversion of authority, which were so often exhibited by naval officers under the commendatory appellation of smartness and good discipline. The captain and second in command were on shore,—the latter's place in a ship on active service is no sinecure; his toil is without end or beginning,—and the authority devolved on one of the junior lieutenants. A bold, thorough, weather-fronted seaman was he;

he was one of those who seemed to consider ruggedness of manners indispensable to true seamanship, and every thing which by others might be deemed courtesy, the gentleness of intellectual culture or refinement, as equally undeniable evidence of lubberliness and finicalness. Yet had he an example in Captain M—— which should have warranted a demolition of his theory; it did not. (Captain M—— was merely an exception to the rule, and confirmed it.) He was an enthusiastic flute-player, nevertheless. I wonder its tones did not inoculate him with a little of mellowness. I speak of him *parliament fashion*, as an officer and a disciplinarian; for he could be, and oftentimes was, kind; but his sympathies were all with natures and habits that echoed or resembled his own, and were reciprocated by the hard, burly, rough ones of the crew with singular earnestness: they looked on him with a sense of mingled respect and awe, which after awhile amounted to enthusiastic admiration. From all who were not of this character he stood aloof, either in contempt or pity; I suspect the former predominated; but his severities had not in them one-thousandth part of a scruple of mercy: I may truly say they were on some occasions remorselessly savage in their character; fortunately they were seldom exercised, and only when he was aroused to fury. It is the custom in ships of war at anchor to hoist the boats, some up and some in, at sunset. Those who have witnessed the mode of doing this in merchantmen only, with a small number of hands, will not be able to judge from that slow and tedious process how it is effected when two or three hundred men unite their strength. At the signal to "haul taut," every man grasps the tackle-falls, and sets his muscles in preparation for making a clean run: then "hoist away!" and the boat flies up from the water to its position for being secured. The launch, (or long-boat,) from its great weight, does not always answer the demand so readily. On this occasion it rose over the hammock-netting with stem and stern not exactly parallel with the deck: smartness *will have* this exactly. So, "Lower away again!" was the word; a second attempt, with no better success; a third and fourth, then a fifth and sixth,—nothing right yet. "Boatswain," (we soon had a supply in the vacancy of the dead poor fellow) "and boatswain's mates! stand by with your ropes' ends, *and lay it into them as they run.*" Reader, there is no occasion to book all the curses, imprecations, &c., which were showered like steel spikes, as thickly as the blows from the knotted "inch and half" *colts* of each of these officials: as soon as the pipes had chorused their screaming signal to "hoist away," the whole four stood and belaboured each passing back with all the vigour which their muscular arms and brawny shoulders could throw into the blows. Again and again, and again the ceremony was repeated, without a minute's intermission, for more than an hour; each trial diminishing the chance of the desired result. A new device was then hit upon. The yawl and cutter were lowered again to the water, and divisions of men taken from the yard tackles, (by which the launch was hoisted in,) and wearied, and heart-sweating, and suppressing, in fear of consequences, (charge of mutiny,) the gnawing indignation



which burned in their brains, were ordered to *clap on* to the other boats' falls, and the command, as useless as it was merciless, was given, "to make a run of all three boats together," which the lieutenant knew to be utterly impossible. No matter for that; it was his *will*. The trial was made, accompanied by the former thwackings and thrashings, to which he united the strength of his own arm,—not to the boats' tackles,—in flogging men's backs. Useless, useless!—no matter,—"*It shall be done.*" The fatigue of the men, which was now almost overpowering, and many were ready to drop, was not of the slightest importance; he was not fatigued; and thus for more than two hours was the devilish infliction continued, and ceased only when, not his fury,—oh! I beg pardon, I forgot,—his respect for discipline was satisfied, but when his own body refused to obey his heart's injunctions, and the launch was hoisted in by wearied jerks. *He* was tired, and gave in till another opportunity.

But his fury died off, and he had neither malice nor ugly remembrances beyond its minute—a redeeming feature in his spirit which I cannot award to all officers whom I have seen; and such a man was far less a cause of continued suffering and disgust to a ship's crew than others whose gentility never permits them to exhibit passion, whose propriety retains a calm face and equable voice, while the heart within is bubbling in concentrated rage, or in its petty spiteful joy at the opportune exercise of privilege to annoy. With some, the only apparent use and pleasantness of power is its affording means of time and place to make those who have had the misfortune to be within its influence feel it in the most galling form—a lengthened and repeated process of *niggling* irritations, as if with a resolve of provoking looks, words, or movements which could be taken advantage of, translated, and reported to the commanding officer as insolence, disobedience of orders, or mutinous conduct. It was by no means unusual to resort to this device, especially in those ships in which the captains had expressly ordered that no man should be *started* or struck by any officer. It seemed a pleasure to these gentlemanly disciplinarians, when a man was worn out with constant labour in squally weather during the first watch, to keep him mid-leg in water all the middle watch, vainly and uselessly sweeping at and swabbing the deck as whole seas were shipped over the gangways or through the ports, for some such terrible offence as hauling a rope taut without being ordered to do so,—and that so hauling was to prevent a man from, probably, being knocked off the yard by the flapping sail. Now, if such a man had been knocked off the yard, the officer would certainly have had the other flogged for neglect of duty, as the cause. It was charming, also, to set a dozen of similarly wearied men to pull at a rope fixed to some immovable substance, such as a bit-head or belaying-cleat, for an equally atrocious crime. Yes; these and a thousand other amiable devices were practised in the sheer love of annoyance and caprice of authority, and they will be practised again *unless we talk of them, and pretty loudly too*. Though well aware am I that the fault, the wrong, the discontentedness, the destructiveness, the criminality, is IN THE TELLING THAT SUCH THINGS WERE DONE, NOT IN THE DOING

THEM, and though, perhaps, (if I am so far noticed,) I shall be censured and denounced as a libeller on an honourable profession, will any officer or man who served three, four, five, or more years prior to 1816, tell me or the world, *thinkingly and candidly*, that he never knew, saw, or heard of such practices as those I have mentioned? or, indeed, that they were not of frequent occurrence, especially in "well-regulated" ships? Moreover, I say they will be practised over and over again unless the officers are more wisely educated. However, these evils were not of long continuance in the A——. A change of lieutenants, and better acquaintance with Captain M's aim of justice, with all his dignified discipline, *nearly* obliterated them; besides, blessed be fortune for it, she was not one of the "well-regulated." Still, while they were, it was agony to witness them,—I think greater when I was removed from subjection to them myself; and I beg to assure each reader of these memoirs, that there is not in me one atom of malevolence towards the authorized to stimulate me. My prompter is compassion for, sympathy with, the galled and degraded animal man; though, in truth, there is not so much humbug and hypocrisy in me as will make a profession of love, "brotherly love," for the galler and degrader. So, reader, I do not remember my former officers with bad feelings towards them; and I still regard the four last years of my life at sea as the happiest of my existence,—but to them was a painful precursor, and I have only commenced it. I shall travel more rapidly by and bye. Nor was it only in the instances to which I have referred that the *vezatious* principle of disciplining a ship's company was acted upon; it was daily exercised at sea in working, or rather bothering the ship, trimming sails and boxing the yards about, and a hundred other petty manœuvres for irritation, (oftentimes to the detriment of the ship's progress and service,) which engendered a contempt for the officer's lubberliness and lack of skill; for lack of nautical skill there was not, but lack of mental philosophy was plentiful. This it was which excited contempt and a heart-gnawing suppression of bitter aversion to the officer's tyrannical, trouble-giving propensity; but he would not forego this opportunity of letting them feel they were at his mercy,—the glory, and honour, and sweetness of his station were comprised in the privilege and ability to knock two or three hundred men about just as it pleased him. I do not deny that it was necessary to train the crew to an uniformity and rapid simultaneousness of action, by which the whole duty and labour of the ship is lightened, and that her working and navigation may be effected with regularity and exactness, and, indeed, beauty of order; but I am sure these results would be more quickly and completely attained by a process entirely free from irritation and caprice. Whenever Captain M. manœuvred his ship, either on emergencies or on ordinary occasions, the whole of the vast machine moved like clockwork, without jar or impediment. With him she was a feather in a cup of oil, floating and bending so easily and smoothly. Why was this? True, he was one of the most skilful and cool-headed seamen that ever commanded a ship, as the thousands who knew him will allow. Others on board the

A—— might perhaps have vied with him in mechanico-nautical skill, but they had not considering minds with that skill. Was it because the eye of the great man was on them that the seamen unanimously exhibited more alertness ? that they stood or moved in the assurance that fault, or neglect, or carelessness was then more open to detection and punishment ? Not so, either : they knew from experience that faults committed under his eye were *less likely to meet with castigation* than when such and similar faults went through the regular formula of an officer's report to him. They were willing, because they found he wished to be, would be, just ; they put forth their strength, skill, and cheerful alacrity because he was merciful and considerate in his discipline : he never tasked them with impossibilities ; he never irritated them by caprice ; there was no *veracious niggling* in anything he ordered to be done. Half the ships in the fleet during the last war contained crews that required only a spark to start them into open mutiny ; the combustion was daily accumulating under this toil from the caprice of officers and their *veracious niggling discipline*.

But come, it is time to leave Gibraltar. I did so most gladly—and on the gallant A——, in all her newness of finery, rigging, sails, painted sides, and purified decks, bowled away to Tetuan Bay, where I saw nothing that was not beautiful and picturesque, though the blue and brown hills and shingly beach lay roasting fiercely in the sun : there I saw some turban-headed men and skullcaps, on foot and on horseback, moving about on the sea-shore ; perhaps attracted by a desire to know why that beautiful machine had visited their domain. Of the town, I think, I saw nothing, for I have nothing on my mental retina of it. Our object was to take on board eighty tons of shingle from the beach, for ballast. The ship had lost something of her sailing trim, and this plan was adopted with the view of recovering it ; but her swiftness never was effectually restored. The Moors were disposed to contend the matter of taking their beach away, and endeavoured to strike a bargain moneyish, to which Captain M. objected, decidedly objected, and would have the pebbles without pay. There was such a smell and feel of shore in the millions that were sent rattling through the ports and down into the hold, that I was sorry when the amusement was over. Then we dashed away again, with a spanking easterly breeze, through that magnificent and sublime gateway to the Atlantic ocean, the straits of Gibraltar, heedless then of a whole swarm of Spanish gun-boats ; in such a breeze we should have knocked them over like nine-pins in a row, or whisked off like so much chaff. We rejoined the fleet off Cadiz, and there remained dodging off and on for a week or two, till a new order of things came about,—events so unexpected a week previously, that all the world seemed to be capsized ; allies in sworn hatred to England had suddenly severed their cords of amity, and assumed the attitudes of deadly ferocity to each other.

What intelligence the English admiral may have received, or what rumours were afloat in the A—— as to the goings on between the French and Spaniards, I am ignorant, as I think was every one on

board ; but on a Friday in 1808—June the month—some three or four days after the grand salute had been fired by about ten sail of the line and our ship, in honour of the birth-day of the pious and finessing father of his people, *Mulish Moloch*, commonly called *George the Third*, while the A—— was lying at single anchor off the south-east end of the city, and we were sitting atween decks honestly occupied in despatching rusty pork and pea-soup,—“Holloa ! what’s the blow-up now ? The fleet’s saluting again ! What for ?” and a hundred rushed on deck, I among the number, to see the show, and a pretty hot salute it was. It was too heavy and continuous to be a brutum fulmen : and with the aid of glasses and rigging climbing, the truth was ascertained. There was “a regular row between Johnny Crapaud and Jack Spaniard.” The batteries of Isle Leon and the inner harbour were heaving their hills of smoke, and volleys of thunder, fire, and shot, into the French fleet, which returned them with steady but useless determination. The dense masses of white smoke rolled upwards, and the roar reverberated to walls and mountains to proclaim the slaughter, while sea and sky, brightly glistening, and splendidly blue, stood wondering “what was the matter !” And all the bells in Cadiz joined and sent their discordant and horrible clang and clamour along with the cannon’s thunder. I am of opinion, that notwithstanding our loyalty of dislike, call it patriotic hatred if you will, of the French at that time, not one was on board that did not feel admiration of their courage in contending against such an immense disparity of force, and compassion for their hopeless position. They were moored in the inner harbour ; the Spanish fleet blockading the entrance between Matagorda and St. Laurent ; the heavy batteries all ready to pour down their strength upon them should they move ; and the English fleet ready for them if they did attempt, as a last effort, to run this tremendous gauntlet. Their situation was indeed desperate, and desperately they fought ; perhaps I ought to say foolishly, for it was a vain and stubborn waste of lives, without the remotest chance of escape, to lie there as if only to be cut to ribbons or battered to chips, with a certainty that captured they must be at last. The combat continued without pause till sunset, and then ceased, as if by mutual consent, or as though both parties stopped only because they were toil-worn. Perhaps there was some attempt at negotiation, for they remained quiet till next morning, then recommenced and continued through the day till evening ; pausing at intervals, perhaps for taking food and refreshment. Surely the guns of the batteries were badly directed : one would think that by this time they ought to have blown the French ships out of the water. Sunday followed, and there was a cessation of hostilities ; not in reverence of the day, for our most rigid enforcers of Sabbath observance never saw any harm in murdering by thousands on a Sunday ; then it was “the better the day, the better the deed ;” and when *we* won the victory, it was with the “blessing of Almighty God.” Selling or buying a pennyworth of lolly-pop, or a pot of beer, is a heinous profanation of the Lord’s day ; and a walk in the fields to look at God’s flowery trea-

suress and beauty is a headlong gallop to the "naughty place." It is very religiously virtuous to kill our enemies at all times, Sunday or Monday. Perhaps on this especial Sunday, I believe it was so, though I have only conjectures and signs for authority, the interference of Admiral Purvis was sought by the French admiral; if it were, the terms were not satisfactory; yet the battle was not resumed that day. In the afternoon, novelty and excitement came on board the A—, with the shapes of two richly-bedizened coat and Lundy-Foot-complexioned Spanish authorities, and one olive-coloured pilot—their purpose to conduct us into Cadiz! Why, it surely was a dream! but it was a glorious dream! and enjoyed in all the freshness and sunniness of broad-awake sense. To enter that port—to be there in that romance-painted, time-consecrated scene! *THERE*, towards which I had looked so often without hope, that the very wish to be there was withered and dead—to *BE* there, where, a few days ago, we only from a distance dared to cast a glance as foes exchanging hostile frowns with foes—to see *those* hastening and hurrying to hail us with greedy welcome, who so lately would have fled from us as from destruction, or met us only with purposes of defiance and death—to be there, under the glad heart-flashed gaze of that white city's tens of thousands of admiring eyes—to be *there*, listening to the shouts of joy; to see the waving and skimming of forests and parterres of caps, handkerchiefs, scarfs, shawls, and streamers from quays, walls, doors, windows, and roofs: the approaching swarms of boats converging from so many points; each with its full load of human creatures, restless, heaving, and fluttering with hilarious gratulation; women and girls gemming the laughing water, and gladdening the brilliant air, in their picturesque and beautiful apparel, and their luxuriance of loveliness: our decks crowded with men, in whose sun-tintured visages eyes shot forth a fire of delight, while voices, and hands, and arms chorused the eyes' eloquence; aye, and the very men who, by our seizure of their property two months before, we had nearly reduced to mercantile ruin—the men whom we had taken prisoners, now came on board, and threw themselves on the necks of their captors, and shed tears of rapture at seeing them again! What a wondrous change was wrought! The whole scene stood—all—the city and fortresses, villas, trees, gardens, the sea, and the sky, all, in an attitude of grand pleasure, and smiled on *us*; and threw, at the same moment, a scowl of hatred and revenge on the new foes, Spain's late allies, who there in silence looked on and listened to us: to us the smile alone was visible *then*. Oh, it was a glorious dream; and such sensations as I then enjoyed were worth living through months of misery for; but soon there came a change. A barge, rowed in stately time by about sixteen oars, and bearing at her stern a grand Spanish ensign, which floated sleepily in the small breeze, swept out from Port St. Mary's, across the harbour, towards the city; she had another boat in tow, in which sat two apparently unemployed men. As soon as she was descried by the people in the boats which surrounded the A—, a sudden and simultaneous yell

rose from the multitude, and as suddenly all was utterly still again for some moments; and *then* nothing was heard but the rapid splashing of oars, and the fierce rushing of the hundreds of boats through the foamy water towards that exciting cause. They seemed to be struck into mute madness. It was like an electric shock communicated at once to thousands of people, each feeling alike, and each understanding the feelings and wishes of the others; or as a flash of light, which covers all within its range with a full blaze. What parley took place between the multitude and the people in the official and ominous-looking boat and her tow, or whether the design were understood without communication by words, I know not; but it *was* understood; and instead of continuing a course towards the city, the whole turned short, and made for the A—, in the same portentous hush of voice, but hurried rush through the water; and on the nearer approach, the others drew a little off, while the particular objects came directly alongside, and there lay to be gazed at by our people from chains, gangways, and shrouds, to which we crowded; and then that yell rose up a second time. In the towed boat a wretched creature lay, a man apparently about thirty years of age, lashed with cords to the boat's thwarts by the extended wrists, and the knees and ancles, thrapped down by the shoulders and loins. There was enough of fastening to hold a giant motionless. He wore what had been a gorgeous French uniform; it was now battered, rent, soiled, and bloody. An aiguillette, torn from his shoulder, was tied by a rope round his neck in derision; his hair was matted and clotted with gore, a stream of which still trickled from his cheek; his face was ashy pale; his ghastly but glistening eyes were cast upward, as in a faint voice he said, "Messrs. Anglais, a little water; I would not ask it of these generous Spaniards;" and his smile as he spoke was horribly sublime in the strong scorn of exhausted nature. One of the fellows who sat beside him threw a fiendish laugh at him, and then towards his own compatriots, and with the heavy hilt of his knife struck the bound man a blow over the mouth, and the blood gushed forth from it. Wine and water was handed into the boat; none there would give it him; but one of our reefers dropped from the main chains, and, after wiping his face, applied the beverage to his lips. In a few minutes they rowed away amid shouts and yells of laughter from the crowd. I am not sure who or what that French officer was, but I believe he had been in authority either at Cordova or at Valladolid, and one of the chief political movers and partisans of that feverish season.

Messrs. Englishmen, it was to strengthen that power, to restore that dynasty, and reinstate that order of things which would continue and perpetuate, in Spain especially, the fanatical ferocity and bigoted ignorance which were displayed on this and a thousand other occasions, that you won "honour and glory" on the Peninsula; for it you patriotically called yourselves "brave and generous Britons;" for this you dashed forth your subsidies; for this your pæans of loyalty were shouted, and thanksgivings at God's altars were sung; for this your four hundred millions of debt were doubled; for this the heart's blood

of your brethren was poured in sluices; and *for this* you go on talking of the obligations and gratitude you owe to Wellington! Pah! But it is too horrible to be sickening.

This affair did, indeed, "change my glow into a shiver," and if I glowed again that night, it was with indignation at those wretches; for *then*, reader, as I have elsewhere stated, I had not learnt to direct my abhorrence and indignation to the proper parties, to the *causers*. I was then linked and riveted to the gross error of inferences and conclusions which under a false system of education, and the miserable moral economy of our contradictory and corrupting conventions of society, are inevitable. Whatever indignation or abhorrence I now feel from a revivification of that painful and disgusting scene which I witnessed in Cadiz harbour, is directed to the political and moral governors of those men who committed the atrocities: their wisdom was to keep the mass in ignorance and superstition, in the foolish fancy that ignorance and superstition, no matter to what horrors they may else lead, are more easily ruled. They are so; but it must be only where fraud and villainy, oppression and knavery, are the ministers of a government, of religion, or of education.

The time and place, however, were pregnant with novelty's excitements; and while I shook in disgust, I was feverish with anticipation and curiosity, mingled as they were with expected pain, and, perhaps, more cruelty. I had to wait only till the morrow morning, Monday, when the combat was renewed between the French fleet and the Spanish batteries; and there we lay, looking on. After battering and blazing away for three or four hours, they were silent; but the antagonist ensigns still shook in fury at each other. There is but one justification for the French admiral's holding out with such obstinacy, such, otherwise, useless and remorseless waste of life; he may have resolved that it was less horrible to himself and all his fleet to be blown to atoms, than to trust to the mercy of the exasperated Spaniards. He was, perhaps, not unconscious that the exasperation had been caused by treachery, from suspicion of which he was not entirely exempt. However, next morning, Tuesday, at eight o'clock, when, in accordance with English naval customs with harboured ships, the A—— hoisted her ensign, the French fleet, consisting of five ships of the line and three frigates, hauled down theirs, in surrender,—it was *said*, in compliment to the British flag; certainly the peculiar circumstances of the act gave it that colouring. Whether it were so or not, John Bull said it was meant for him, and all his family in our neighbourhood believed.

Next day our signal was made by the admiral, and we put to sea with despatches for the fleet at Lisbon. Of this place I remember only masses of the magnificently picturesque: that Belem castle (or is it St. Julian's?) sat laughing and scowling on a hill at the base of a mountain; that our fleet lay at a respectful distance from the fortresses, and that there were glimpses and suburban indications of a gorgeous city: nearer we did not approach, and I have never looked within five hundred miles of the place since. We anchored at sunset; and were under

way by daybreak the following morning to rejoin the fleet off Cadiz, which we found augmented in number and importance by the junction of a division of the Mediterranean fleet, under old "*Salt Junk and Sixpenny*,"\* (my Lord Collingwood,) who ordered us to Palermo! Huzza! the long wished for Mediterranean cruise was our destiny!

[There is no attempt made to keep up a sustained and continuous narrative in the following chapters of the Auto-biography of Pel. Verjuice, therefore they are now printed not in the exact order in which they first appeared, but at the end of what the author called his "consecutive chapters."—J. F.]

## CHAPTER X.

*Monthly Repository, September, 1833.*

A STRAY CHAPTER—WITH THE EPISODE OF THE DRIED FONT.

\*.\* A sketchy allusion to the incidents of the tale of the "Dried Font," illustrative of some metrical scraps of mine, was printed in the *Liverpool Kaleidoscope*, in February, 1829; it did not exceed twenty or thirty lines. I here present the story in full.—P. V.

"Sir, I was then in light and lusty youth;  
And ignorant of peril, while it threw  
Fair things before me; and now memory's truth,  
Flashing its lustre backward, can renew  
The past, and every sense again endue  
With that spring freshness, and that plastic mould  
At forty years, which twenty summers knew."

"*Comé, Pietro! La Casa del Diavolo?*" "*Scior sci*:" was Pietro Camiso's reply. Pietro Camiso was a bushy-headed, bullfinch-nosed, cat-eyed, reddish-brown, ochre-faced, clean-chinned, mustachio-lipped Spalatrese; and "*Scior sci*" (pronounced *shore shee*) was his patois for "*Signior si*." Pietro Camiso's history has nothing to do with my tale, except it be to account for the manner in which I made his ac-

\* *Salt Junk and Sixpenny*,—a soubriquet which his penurious hospitality won. With salt junk, and a wine which he was proud of saying "cost him but sixpence per gallon," he regaled his dinner guests. Of course, "this was occasioned by his ardour for the service which kept him so long at sea, away from ports where supplies could be obtained." There were, however, many worse men in the service than old Collingwood.—P. V.



quaintance, and why I was at this time in his company. Pietro had, in his boyhood, youth, and early manhood, acquired a familiarity with the Canali di Zara, Spalatro, and Brazza, in a single-masted craft of small tonnage, which plied between Zara and Spalatro, occasionally tripping round Sabioncello to Ragusa. He had even passed the Bocca de Cattaro, and visited the terra incognita of the republic of Montenegro. Many a rich cargo of maraschino had Pietro carried to Spalatro; and many a head-ache in Spalatro could testify the virtue of the said maraschino. But this proved to be too narrow a sea for Pietro Camiso's ambition to sail in: and he advanced himself to the dignity of capitano of a trabacolo of Pola, *La Madre di tutti gli Angeli*, which fetched and carried between that port, Venice, and Fiumé. It was an unlucky day for Pietro, when, seduced by the yellow smile and oratorical jingle of an additional zecchino, he bargained to navigate "the Mother of all the Angels" to the mouth of the Tagliamento, there to take in a cargo of bricks for Chiozza; for within one hour of his tripping his anchor, he, and his deeply laden trabacolo, were prize to certain boats of his Majesty's ship A—, which picked up "the Mother of all the Angels" as she was yawing about in the fog. So Pietro and his trabacolo full of bricks did not go to Chiozza that time, but altering course, followed in the frigate's wake, made fast to a hawser, with five other victimized small craft, like bosses on the tail of a boy's kite, and in this order entered Porto San Giorgio, at Lissa, where "the Mother of all the Angels" was safely delivered of her bricks. But even now, Pietro Camiso could turn his wits to account; for being familiar with every nook in the Dalmatian Islands, and experienced in the depth of water in every inlet and bay along the coast from Spalatro to Trieste, he soon forgot his grief for the loss of his trabacolo, in the profits which accrued on his services as pilot, in our along-shore expeditions and boat-marauding excursions; and many a countryman and countryman's neighbour of Pietro's dropped into the open jaws of the foe, which lay, as per direction given by Pietro, to catch them. Pietro, herein showed himself philosopher and philanthropist; he was desirous of giving his friends the benefit of his experience; though, I am sure, on many occasions of encounter and tussle, some of which were rather rude, he wished himself snug under the lee of a stout maraschino butt at Zara.

Pietro, in addition to his services as pilot on the water, had oftentimes volunteered to be our guide on the land, and none of the party was merrier on the capture of *woolly bears*, (sheep,) *baby lowers*, (young oxen,) and *squealers*, (hogs,) than was Pietro; though, probably, the spoil was gathered from his own kith and kin, occasionally. Sometimes our shore visits were made without a thought of depredation, and as the amphitheatre at Pola presented itself in all its attraction of curiosity, in our frequent glimpses of it from the water, some of us—but come, let me speak in the first person singular, or I shall entangle my narrative—I resolved, if possible, to have a nearer view of it; but this was not to be obtained without considerable risk. The French

flag was flying every where along that shore : it flourished on the whole coast of the Adriatic, from the heel of the Italian boot, Cape St. Mary, upwards, and down on the opposite shore, to Ragusa : a warning to us to keep of, or come on at our peril. When curiosity is strong it laughs at little dangers, and cannot see great ones. My excited curiosity might be gratified during the night, and with cautious treading there would be but little danger, especially as the wary Pietro was at hand, and the moon would increase the beauty and enrich the impressive grandeur of the scene. With these thoughts, after the night's duty of reconnoitring the harbour, to note the number, character, and position of the vessels which lay there very quietly ; but especially to ascertain the condition of a large Polacca ship, whose slim masts tapered prettily up to the sky : we had a notion of giving her "snugger lying" in Lissa harbour—to this end, about two o'clock in the morning, we were standing in towards that projection of rocks, which runs out west from the bay of Pola, in the yawl, which was manned by ten stout, dare devils for rowers, and three "jollies" sitting in the stern sheets, where were also I and Charles Nourse, holding converse with Pietro Camiso. "*La Casa del Diavolo ?*" said I. "*Ma, per che ?*" "*Scior sci,*" said Pietro, and proceeded to relate, with due emphasis and "Oh's and Hah's !" and sundry head shakings and hand upliftings, the manner in which a trio of pious Fradelli laid their heads together to build a church to the glory of the holy—(I have forgotten the saint's name, but it is the same brazen fellow who stands a tip-toe on the top of the Torazzo at Rovigno, a few miles from Pola)—and in the midst of their debate, a gentleman in a dark blue cloak, with a red feather in a broad-leafed capello, which capello seemed to rest on certain invisible protuberances on his forehead, suddenly presented himself in the earnestness and very marrow of their counsel, and, with much politeness in his manner, sat down, arranging his feet under the table, and then smiled his wish to aid in their consultation, to which the priests thankfully assented ; but as he pleaded thirst from a long and warm walk, a cup of wine was proposed to cool and lubricate his throat, in which the brotherhood, in sheer good fellowship, participated : health, prosperity, long life, and success in all designs, were mutually pledged, and the gentleman in the red-feathered capello, (which at first gave somewhat of offence, as he never lifted it from his head,) informed them, most graciously, that his assistance in the building was at their command—"any thing he could do to serve them," the only return for which he stipulated being their prayers, and a repetition of their lately uttered good wishes ; to this instant and full acquiescence was given, and they sat to it till the three cowed heads nuzzled the table, and the gentleman evaporated, leaving them asleep. And lo ! as all three at once opened their eyes in the morning, they saw the sides of the little cell stepping out, all round, and lengthening upwards, into a noble and gorgeous building, full of altar places, and confessionals, and gilded colonnades, and fine pictures and beautiful images. "And there it is,"

said Pietro, "as much as remains of it," pointing to the amphitheatre,\* which was now distinctly visible under the eye of the moon; "but oh! would you think it, *Scior*, the very first time that mass was sung in it, just as Frere Matteo was lifting the sacred cup to his lips, a clap of thunder shook the building, and the roof tumbled in, crash, crash! and down it fell! and buried every body beneath the ruins! except Frere Matteo, who was seen to fly away through the top, with a score of dragons at his heels, lashing him with their forky tails." "Oh, then, it was the devil that built the Casa?" "*Scior, sci*—but how could the Fradelli be blamed? they did not know who had got into their company—and the gentleman was so civil too!" "And a skilful workman," said Nourse; "I wish he would come to Lissa, and build us a few seventy-fours, for we shall require them up here if they send out a few such ships as the Rivoli, which is fitting out at Venice." "*Troppo—troppo! Guarda! La Luna!*" exclaimed Pietro, in evident alarm, as the oars were now cutting deep gashes in the laughing ripples that flickered brilliantly in the line of the moon's wake, which set all objects within its range as distinctly clear, as if it were mid-day's brightness. "*Largo—largo!*" However, we were now nearing the point of debarkation, and rounding the promontory, Pietro was at once relieved, for we were instantly in deep shadow. Silently the muffled oars were tossed out of their rowlocks, and quietly boarded: and the bowman, alternately shoving and hauling upon his boathook, carried the boat into the little creek which indented the line and base of the rock, and was as smooth as the water in a deep well. A snug little cove it was, where a boat might lie unperceived and unsuspected of being there for a month on occasion. After landing (Pietro piloting) we traversed the strip of sand, not two feet broad, which fringes the base line of the rocks, for a few steps, and then scrambling upwards, verging starboard and port as the hand and footholding required, gained the top. The course to our object, which was not visible from this point, was about S.E., but by taking that, we should have been exposed to observation on its elevated surface, and must necessarily have passed by several buildings which lay between our place of landing, in line with the amphitheatre. So Pietro took a broad sheer to the N.E. and held on, with little variation from that course, for about half an hour; myself and Nourse picking our steps after him in silence. Now vegetation began to thicken, and we waded through a brook that babbled most musically in the stillness of the night, while the moon washed her face in it. On getting across we veered suddenly to the south, and plunged through a thicket into a footpath, which ran through what seemed to be a domain of garden and pleasure grounds in ruins, overrun with brambles; yet at every step shrubs and flowers wafted to the senses various and mingling perfumes: and now, turning westward a little,

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\* The amphitheatre at Pola is better known in Istria as *La Casa del Diavolo*.

we rose on a gentle hill, which exhibited masses of broken walls, and down on its other brow a roofless, fragment-bestrewn mansion, dreary, solemn, and desolate in the midst of so much beauty: for from this point was seen, a little to the left of the distance, not the entire outline, part of it was hidden by a hill, the dark grandeur of the amphitheatre, towering in stately sublimity; and between the trunks of the trees, and up through foliage at their topmost branches, directly before and outspread below, the Bay of Pola, and the Adriatic, burnished with a line of silver, shivering and flashing as the young waves danced upon it. Stepping among the ruins, which straggled out to some distance from the main building, we fell again into the path, which continued for about half a mile by what seemed to have been the course of a stream, though it was now filled or choked up with weeds and debris, and suddenly terminated in a precipice about twenty feet in height. On the side of this precipice, halfway down, a rock or ledge apparently projected, but a closer inspection discovered it to be a natural basin, starting from the face of the rock. It bore marks of the chisel, for its rim was sculptured ornamentally, though the work was so much worn and decayed as to be, in the shadow, scarcely perceptible. Pietro called this "the Dried Font." As this was not our present object we descended the slope (which had evidently been cut into steps) by the side of the precipice, and stood a moment on the margin of the hollow, into which doubtless the stream had once poured: then we marched on towards the amphitheatre, verging a little to the left; we moved at a rapid pace; but it seemed to come no nearer after twenty minutes' walk. The distinctness in which it stood, in bold and massive outline from the ruins of the mansion, caused an erroneous estimate as to its distance; here we turned the base of a hill, rising a little on its slope, and descending on the other front, walked a hundred yards further, and stood in the deep shadow of the amphitheatre, gazing upwards through the triple range of arcades—through the vacant space, and out again at the opposite sky;—an ocean of light limpid blue! I scrambled up the walls, no difficult matter, for at this point the loosened fragments were heaped sufficiently high to enable me to reach the first opening by an easy spring, and by a similar assistance I descended into the area, and stood gazing in that indescribable but rapturous confusion of the senses, which, I dare say, many of my readers have experienced whenever overawed by the sudden impressive burst of a spectacle—(the entrance to Tintern Abbey, seventeen years afterwards, was a feeble something like it)—that delicious bewilderment of the thoughts in which you are more disposed to shed tears, than able to adopt any other mode of expressing yourself: the heart heaves and swells ready to burst; there is an utter inability to concentrate the faculties to any one point of observation or of reflexion; there is a kind of greedy devouring in the gaze, as if it feared any object, part, or particle should elude its grasp, yet it cannot rest on any one part or particle, smaller or greater object, for a single instant. It is all craving, hungry and dissatisfied wonder. The line, or rather the broad sheet of wall, partly whitened

by the moon, and cut into many sharply defined shadows, lifting itself up aloft towards the sky, which stooped down to embrace it, and the absence of beginning or end, no point from which the vision could start in direction of range, while the eye repeatedly and vainly attempted such a process; and more than all, the swelling and soaring effect on the imagination that was produced in the alternations of clear, pure, luminously blue sky, and the dark wall by the uppermost ranges of arcades: O, the wondrous and delicious beauty of that moonlit heaven when it is thus viewed! The light is thrown back into vast, vast distance *here*, and seems *there* hanging within your tangible grasp, more calmly and gloriously lustrous in either. Reader, reader! create such a scene in your imagination, and let me leave you to bathe your soul, and swim and sail in the ecstasy which you will feel, if you have a soul!

It forms no part of the object of this narrative to describe the building, to give you its admeasurement, &c.; if I had carried lines and scales for the express purpose of ascertaining its dimensions, I should have thought no more of them than if they had been sunk "where fathom-line never touch the ground." I will tell you merely that the external wall, the shell of the roofless building, is complete, except towards the south-east, where there is a huge gap from the parapet lessening downwards, and a narrow strip or split continued from it to a good long line, through which a keen and brilliant ray of the moon cut with singularly beautiful effect, as it spread its length out on the area. It allured one to take hold of it, and I actually did stoop to touch it. But the tiers of seats, which once gave accommodation to twenty thousand spectators, can only be guessed at in some fragments which are strewn about the area. After a little struggling, and a trifle of shin scraping, as I groped my way through what seemed to be a line of vaults broken and obstructed by dilapidations, (it was the bridge on which the seats had been erected, and at one time extended around and in gradated heights up the walls,) I found means to exalt myself to the second range of arches, openings, windows I suppose they may be called, and there stood on a shelf or ledge that abutted inwards from the wall, and leaning on what, in my ignorance of architectural technology, I must designate the sill of the windows, gazed on the bay of Pola, down to the left on the flat roofs and ribbed tilings of the city—and on the vessels, some standing out in the light, and others obscured in the darkness—then outwards far, far upon the face of the Adriatic, where I distinctly saw, blackening up from the waters, my roving dwelling-place, my wandering habitation, my beloved and beautiful home, the A——, the happiest home I ever knew! I thought then, and I yet think, language could not impress paper, nor voice give to the ear the enchanting beauty of that view, neither is the world's heart nor its wisdom plastic and capacious enough to receive it. It is from repeated instances of this powerlessness of the thoughts that I have been led to question the writer's truth who has "written poems on the spot" descriptive of the scene and his impressions, when surveying an extraordinary splendour or magnificence of nature or of art, unless it has

been on a second, third, fourth, fifth, or twentieth visit; so that he might then subdue the uproar in his thoughts, and assume a steadiness to his purpose; for that same mental and constitutional conformation which enables him to take impressions so deeply and so vividly, will effectually bar the concentration of thought which is necessary in writing the impressions down. I grant ye, if his mind be of foot-rule and fathom-line quality, his aim will be attained; but it is not of such I speak. I admit that striking points may be arranged and fastened on the mind of my *proper man*; but I believe it is only on a recreation of, and after reflection on, the past, that these have been combined and given to the world, in a spirited, energetic, and correct picture of words. This, I am sure, is the case with myself at least; rapturous confusion, intoxicated bewilderment, have ever been my sensations while the objects were under my physical gaze; therefore I ever look on "written on the spot" with suspicion, if the writing be *true*, bold, and sharp and deeply cut. When it is tame and duck-pondish, it passes for "written on the spot" with me. You may take notes if you please, but do not call that "written on the spot." Perhaps, however, I am in error, and appear bigoted in thus "measuring other people's corn by my bushel." Possibly there are some spirits who can take a soaring, and yet collected flight, where I, in the overwhelmingness of impressions, in which nothing is defined, and a hundred streams rush at once with a crushing and devouring influence into my thoughts, attempt to fly, but my wings collapse after a few dull, unmeaning flappings.

The moon's fair and bright face was fast dimming in the approach of day, a fiercer luminary was threatening to stare her into pale bashfulness, while yet I lingered there, and before turning to leave the place, the sun was gilding the crests of the Carniolan mountains. It was necessary now to retrace our course; and I was surprised, as we marched along, that the very cautious and extremely wary Pietro had been in no hurry, nor expressed the least impatience at the delay—not a single "Scior" passed his lips in warning: this, however, I attributed to his feeling of perfect security.

In reapproaching the precipice and "Dried Font," the guide again directed attention to it. On a close inspection, I discovered that the rim or lip of the basin contained round it a band line of small perforations, and at once saw the beautiful effect for which that had been done when the basin was supplied with water, which was not thrown into it by the cascade, but descended through small fissures in the face of the rock, and had been turned off by some process from the main stream above, and so trickled down through the crevices. From the basin the overflow through the perforations must have descended in a silvery shower into the bed of the cascade. On the verge of the overhanging ledge above the font a moss-covered stone seat still occupied the place which it held in the days of that rare scene's glory and beauty, and our return course showed more clearly the extraordinary scenic loveliness which must have reigned there; but some remarks of Pietro Camiso's respecting a tale connected with this Font awakened curiosity and inquiry.

Pietro could not tell the tale so well as his amico, (I forget his name, and I am sorry that I do; he was a kind-hearted and clear-thoughted old fellow. Perhaps the name will come back to me as I proceed.) "Who is he?" "He lives in the cottage under the ruins." This cottage had escaped my observation; but now there it was, propped against the external wall of the mansion; three of its sides built of the fragments, and the fourth formed by the ancient mason-work—a rough excrescence growing from it, a fungus on a withered trunk. If I were writing to make a book, I should elaborate a description of this cottage; every turn and mound in the garden, each bend of the stream; how it was there hidden by a clump of perfumy shrubs, how there the slender branches and foliage stooped down to kiss the water as it flitted by them, &c. &c., for they are all as clearly before my eyes on this *23d July*, 1833, as they were on the morning of *August 8th*, 1811. And if ever I could hope to win a reader's approving smile by scenic description, certainly it would be this one that I should select to exercise my skill upon; for though I had looked on many before, and have gazed on many since, none has ever called up similar sensations so strongly. It was that saddening and melancholy pleasure of tracing loveliness and elegance in ruins, the reuniting of broken and disjointed beauty, the reanimating of its charms, even while you commiserate its death and wreck; and thought would sigh as it revelled through the recreations of memory. Ay, Sir, sigh, for we can sigh, we do weep in delight. But the attempt to describe would exhibit only the feebleness of written words. This I have felt a thousand times. In tasking myself to the delineation of what my eyes had looked upon as grand and beautiful in scenic nature, I never said or wrote anything that was more than a mockery of my thoughts. Though I confess to a notion that the naturally adapted tone of a capacious (I do not, by that word, mean boisterous) voice, will paint better than brush and colours will do.\*

Now, pass on, if you please, across the old bed of the stream at this point, and, a few steps more, enter the ruins of the chateau, under the architrave of a dilapidated window; destruction has facilitated access, it has removed all barriers of bolts, locks, and doors. You may walk in with a little clambering over the heaps; but look first along the line of wall, and all that remains of its architectural design and beauty. Is it a work of Palladio? I should so think it, though I cannot show that he ever visited Istria, or that his genius threw its splendours across the Adriatic, in a plan which others executed while he lived. No, there is a date which marks that portion of the erection at least to have taken place nearly a century after the marshalling of his self-superintended triumphs—*MDCCLXIII*. There is yet the partial blackening of the smoke, as if a current of air had just now brushed it across the numbers, which themselves look not a month old. In, press through the rank weeds;

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\* But we have "changed all this" in England; which is one cause of our not perceiving how the oratory of Demosthenes produced such wonderful effects as are ascribed to it.—P.V.

they grow in rough and rude luxuriance about the whole extent of the enclosure, forcing themselves between the fragments, and clipping and entwining them in fellowship. Here, mount on this cemented mass; it is but a stretchy step; here, hence the eye may range over the whole. You cannot spring up? Give me your hand then—now. Stop, what means this? A cross cut deeply in the face of the marble, and as fresh as if the chisel had wrought on it but yesterday. A memento! surely not a tombstone? There is a meaning for this; we may know it soon, perhaps. Happiness may once have found a home here. Wealth and abundance, certainly, have been residents; perhaps luxury, or splendour without luxury, for time and fire have not effaced the gorgery entirely. You can trace, even now, the dim remains of the fresco which ornamented the walls: but it is impossible to say to what story that beautiful head, looking back, as if flying in fear, belongs; there is a hand, too, pouring water from an amphora down on a foot, the sandal of which is loosened, on another compartment, and the foot and hand belong to two different sexes. No, this is not a Palladio, nor the architecture of his disciples, for that long line of wall is broken by a recess, in the fashion of an oriel window, containing remnants of what we usually call gothic shafts. At least I can remember nothing in the works of Palladio or his disciples in which that style of building is adopted. Elsewhere that golden ray from the morning's sun would be cheering in its effect; but here, on this fire-haggarded and time-shaken monument of calamity, it seems to scoff, and stands a derisive laugh at misery. Or, reader, did you ever see that slowly-moving or moveless smile, which curls the lip, and pales the cheek, and makes paleness wan, while the heart beneath is breaking? I have seen it. Like it is the sun-light on that wall. Or is it not the ray of a prosperous star, which shines too late to cheer, for the temple of hope is in ruins, and heeds not, for it cannot feel the warmth now? But liker, far liker is it to the bland smile and courteous glance that drop on the intended victim—which sport and shine to mask the bleakness of a corrupted thought and callous treachery. The portion of the building in which we now stand was probably the Atria to that hall, which, from its size, and the vestiges of profuse decoration, it is easy to suppose was once magnificent, and echoed the laugh of revelry, and reflected the glory of eyes which dazzled each other with beauty and gay lustre. Now, how sad; rendered ten times more sad by these torn records of its former splendour. See, jutting from the crevice, between that charred beam and the wall which clips it, a single scarlet flower contrasts its fresh youth and loveliness with the blackness of the wood. It is one sole, pure, and healthy thing smiling in the midst of an enduring pestilence, unconscious of the death which looks upon and surrounds it. It is a fair hope-light that gleams to cheer the storm-tossed spirit; or a guileless child keeping the vigil during the sleep of groups of desperate men, fatigued with ruffian toil. It is a little bright star, shining singly and solitarily in the sky all night. And who would pluck it? Do not touch it; here let it stay, and live and die: it beautifies desolation, and desolation worships it.



It is not likely that this survey, cursory as it was, should diminish the desire to know the history of the place; and Pietro Camiso's repeated ejaculations of "*pauvretti*," having reference to the persons whose calamitous fate was connected with the ruins, the cottage of his amico was now the object to which we turned our eyes. The door by which the ground-floor apartments were entered, was closed; but a flight of rude stone steps led exteriorly to the upper chambers, the portal of which, as we began to ascend, opened, and a most venerable looking man, with a head of flowing hair that was as white as the snow on the Carniolan alps, hailed us with a clear-toned, a kind-toned "*Buono Giorno*," closing a volume at the same moment, and retaining it, with the finger mark, in his hand, as most cheerfully he welcomed us. While he and Pietro were busied in setting black bread, goat's milk, and cheese, and some delectable purple grapes before us, I looked at the old man a request of permission to open the book, which now lay on a stool. "*Si, signior, si.*" It was the "*Gierusalemme Liberato*," and I commenced forthwith, at the opening stanza, and trolled out, with "*bad* emphasis and *bad* discretion."

"Canto l'arme pietose, é il Capitano,  
Che gran' sepolcro libero de Christo —."

The old man caught the words, threw down the grapes, capsize a bowl of milk, ran to me and smacked my cheeks with half a dozen kisses, and continued the theme, while arranging the eatables and drinkables, with enthusiasm flashing eyes; and so through our repast, which was as heartily accepted, as it was most freely offered; and from this rare old man—he was an Istrian peasant, truly the son of an ostler—I heard the history of "*The Dried Font*."

The communicated facts did not refer back to the period when the mansion was erected, nor to the time the hand of art was employed to decorate the natural formation of the Font; but a legend had long existed in the family of Oschiaro, to whom the chateau and its domains had for centuries belonged, which pronounced the failure of the line, and extinction of the name, on the drying up of that Font. The last Count Oschiaro had an only son, who, with unusual comeliness of person, combined the rarer graces of quick impressibility, which were nurtured by a cultivated intellect; but there was in him that corporeal delicacy, on which an ardency of feeling, when it was aroused by the insensibility or injustice of others, shook with a violence that threatened early ruin. By the boisterous, those whose knowledge of him was limited to that surface which was exhibited in the ordinary tenour of his way, he was regarded rather as a being whom they might pity; the better of them compassionated his weakness, and sought him only with the demeanour of protectors; others despised him as imbecile, and anticipatively viewed him as their prey. Miscalculating his evidences of gentleness, the disposition to retire within himself, the yielding of his manner, these were sometimes encouraged to advance beyond the limits of endurance. Then rose the hitherto subdued elements of

his nature, which transformed the feeble and fragile youth into a giant; the bursting of the storm caused the insolent intruders to start back amazed at the strength which they had derided, affecting, while they retreated from it, still to make it a jest. They found that though he shivered and shrank from the breeze, he would oppose and battle with the tempest, though the encounter must destroy him. Few around him were formed for companionship with such a being; and his life was passed in pursuits and pleasures which were strangely opposite to those to which their tastes allured them. But who could be more beloved than he was by all who sought fellowship with him, or who looked to him for protection! "The best of his name was the last of his race," is to this hour the melancholy dirge of the grandchildren of those who remembered Count Lucio. He was happy in the happiness which he saw in, and imparted to, others. The wounds of dissention were healed by his hand; and his arbitration in disputes sent the reconciled parties away pleased with each other, and almost glad that they had quarrelled, because that had enabled them to feel Signior Lucio's benign interference. The natural goodness of his heart, the free giving bounty of his spirit, had enjoyed the singular—oh, most rare, rare blessing of living on, and growing up, through youth to manhood, unperverted.

An orphan girl, daughter of a former comrade and oft-tried friend of Count Oschiaro, had been bequeathed by her dying father to his charge. She was then in early girlhood, blooming in all the promise of future loveliness, and she never learnt how beautiful she was; she was like a gentle flower that now stoops, now lifts its head upon its slender stem, unconscious of its form or the exquisite charm of its tints, retiring and placid as though it would wish to live unseen but by fairy eyes. With her stature grew, and that unconsciously, what at first was the tenderness of brotherly and sisterly affection, between Melaza and Lucio. Unconscious on her part, at least, for though she knew herself to be, by her dead father's interference, betrothed to Count Jeldaz, the quiet cheerfulness of her thoughts was never broken by any uneasiness as the time approached when he should be expected to arrive to claim and carry her away as his bride. She had not dwelt upon it. She was too innocent to dream of sorrow; but the sadness which she oftentimes saw clouding Lucio's brow, calling up her sympathy, drew from him the declaration, and imparted to her that knowledge which at once chilled her with the sense of reality. It was about a month before he did come, that a courier from Fiumé arrived at the mansion with a packet from the Count Jeldaz to Count Oschiaro, announcing his intention to be there on a stated day; another also, containing a few words, and a present of rich jewels for Melaza, which she received in pale and trembling silence: and after standing for a few minutes gazing at the packet, from which she seemed to shrink, holding it forward as if she wished the messenger to take it from her again, she hastily quitted the room and its occupants, the Count and the messenger, without speaking or looking off the packet. Her guardian smiled at

this, attributing it to the perturbation of maiden bashfulness ; and speedily dispatched the messenger with promises of honouring, welcome, &c. Lucio was made aware of the visit of the courier only as he saw him spurring on the road to Lisignan, where the bark lay in waiting to bear him back to Fiumé. As Melaza, he found, had quitted the chateau, he sought her through the gardens, and on arriving at the precipice, found her lying motionless and cold on the ground, her head resting on the stone seat, on the ledge overhanging the Font. The blood had trickled on the seat from her brow, which had struck the stone as she fell. There she lay, with the crushed up packet suspended from her pale fingers, which were entangled in the silken strings which enwrapped it. "Melaza, Melaza !" he groaned as he raised her, and then drew her towards the stream, and there sprinkled her forehead and face with the cold drops, which recalled her breathing ; and the first impression of returning sense was a bitter smile which broke into a bubbling sigh. From that moment she fast withered ; and Lucio's melancholy gave way to deeper sadness ; and long, long intervals of silence. Morning, noon, and evening they walked together to that spot, to stand gazing, as they bent over it, on their images reflected in the translucent and liquid mirror beneath them ; and scarcely any other word was interchanged, save those ever repeated names, "Melaza !" "Lucio !"

Reader, were you ever immersed in an unconquerable grief, while the sounds of mirth and the joyousness of festivity rang in your ears ? Did you ever hear your irrepressible sighs echoed by a shout of laughter ? you will know that your grief receives no *anodyne* from such sounds. With what howling mockery must they have rung on the ears of Melaza, who, at early morning's dawn heard the bustle of preparation, the joyful anticipations and cheerful welcomings of gathering hundreds, as she lay in her chamber, and felt herself the victim about to be immolated in the cause for which all this busy, mirth-teeming uproar and sparkling pleasure was elicited ! But she arose, and passively received the aid of her attendants, as they ornamented her for the sacrifice, and mingled the labour with their glee, chirping their hopes and wishes the while. She descended among the patrician guests, many of whom had already arrived to honour the day. The first glare of the gaiety and splendour stunned her faculties, and she stood gazing in the silence of stupefaction, as the voices of congratulation dropped on her unheeding and unlistening ears. Her guardian prompted her replies to the glittering throng, which she uttered in little words, so faint, they had scarcely disturbed a gossamer had it floated within the circumflexion of her breath. The woe-begone smile that fluttered on her lips faded—faded into marble composure, as the looks and tones of encouragement to gladness met her on every side. Alas ! they deemed it timid, sinking, maiden bashfulness in her ; they saw not that neither thought nor will was in the few faint words that floated from her lips and died within the circle of her breath. To task the features, tongue, and frame to mingle in pleasures, while every pulsation

of the heart is a throb of misery, is only mockery of their anguish ; and every word which would tell the victim to forget, does but cause the grief to cling with closer enfolding. Oh, bid the sightless eyes revel and range over forms and scenes of beauty ! bid the one in chained and fettered limbs laugh at restraints and freely dance !—bid the exhausted frame be agile as the forest fawns ; and plunge the wretch that faints with feverish burning in streams of fire ; when the concentrated heat rushes to the brain and leaves the heart an icicle—so in the midst of the splendid array which encompassed Melaza and mocked her misery, her thoughts roamed o'er a waste

“ Of blighted hopes and flowers decayed ;—  
 Leafless and all their perfume gone,—  
 A limitless, unchanging shade,  
 Lit by no cheering ray ;—not one !”

And beware, ye wise, ye gravely consoling, how ye intrude ; leave such suffering to loneliness ; for solitude is its sole relief ; or sigh and weep with it, if ye would, can, sympathize. It will partially, and more and more forget itself, in seeking to alleviate the pain which your sympathy evinces. Come, cavillers, or else show me a sounder, a truer system of philosophy.

The whole road from the mansion down to Cape Promontorio and to Lisignan, was animated with groups of holiday expectants, and the passing of messengers, who carried, every half hour, reports from those who were stationed to watch from the outstretching cape, up the Gulf of Fiumé, for the approach of the galley, which at first appeared a dot on the water ; and now moved along on the smooth, sun-planished surface of the sea, by the even stroke of sixty oars, dipping, rising, flashing, and falling in unison : the white sails slumbering in minute fits, as the small breeze kissed them,—and the rich carving and gilding of the prow, sparkling in the reflection of the crispy foam, whose white curls took, in reciprocation, the yellow hue. The first intelligence of the galley being in sight, called forth a cheer, which was tossed from group to group on the road, and deposited in the mansion, where all, with one impulse, received and echoed it : all—except *one*—one on whose forehead, face, neck, and limbs, as the sound struck her, the dew of hopelessness and dismay hung in drops, and glistened out from the deathly whiteness of her cheeks. Where was Lucio ? He had avoided the scene ; his presence would have accumulated her sufferings, as she watched the misery which he could not conceal. Yet, as the messengers arrived with tidings of the nearer, yet nearer approach of the galley, it was observed that Melaza lost much of her agitation. She seemed to concentrate all her faculties as if commanding them to the ceremonious duties on which she was shortly to enter : a collectedness of thoughts to one fixed purpose—as if she had suddenly become sensible that she was mistress, or the worshipped queen of the festivities ; still she was silent, pale, and smileless.

The pouring in of the different streams of holiday guests and gazers,

from every point, down to the Marina at Pola, and the tramping of caparisoned steeds, some of which were led by the attendants, forespots the entrance of Count Jeldaz's magnificent galley into the port; and now the pealing cannon, uprising above the shouts of the multitude, undulated into Melaza's ears the intelligence that *his* foot had kissed the shore. Count Jeldaz and his retinue mounted the waiting steeds, and the whole formed into a long line of procession, through the street which led eastward from the city. A gallant gentleman he looked, in all the consciousness of admiration and brilliance of hope awaiting bliss. As they passed along near that house, which is now tenantless and in ruins, as you turn to the left, in the direction of the amphitheatre, the crowd paused, numbers took off their hats and set up a shout of "Viva!" Count Jeldaz, turning, looked upwards, and lifting his plumed capello, bowed to a youth who stood in the balcony, as to him the people's respectful tokens of gratulation were offered. The youth uncovered, seemingly unconscious that he did so, for he did not return the salutation of Count Jeldaz, but waved his hand to the people. "Who is that?" the Count inquired. "The Lady Melaza's brother." "Her brother?" "It is the young Count Lucio," said one who held the bridle rein of the horse on which Count Jeldaz rode. "Ha! her *foster* brother, you mean; he seems a feeble and sickly youth, and not overborne with joy at seeing me, his *new* brother." There was a sneer implied in his manner of speaking these words, which caused the same person ("it was myself," said the old man,) to reply, "the Signior Lucio Oschiaro is the best of all the many good that had been named Oschiaro,"—and all around echoed the shout of "Viva, viva Signior Lucio!" "He shows cold courtesy to one who might reasonably expect a warmer from the brother of my—of the Lady Melaza. Perhaps he is unwilling to lose his sister's society." "It may be your Lordship judges rightly," said a restless-eyed gentleman, the Signior Gozmia, who rode by the side of the Count, "I have known such friendships, and they would not laugh a ben venuto to a third participator." "This boy is garlanded with the praises and good will of these about us. How much further and singly closer the sympathy prevails, perhaps I may learn—in time;" and the Count here became silent, or uttered occasionally a courteous remark to those near him, till, having passed the avenues through that division of the grounds and gardens which led to the portico of the chateau, he paused, and descended from his steed. The steps were occupied by ranges of courtly guests, in rows of smiling faces, nodding plumes, and sumptuous robes; and the instant his foot had left the stirrup, the acclamation of voices, and a peal of music, rent the air. He ascended the steps, bowing gracefully on either side, and at the entrance to the atria was received in the arms of Count Oschiaro, who led him on through the vestibule, and between another double line of animated beauty and human splendour, on towards the recess, in which the Lady Melaza stood, grasping fitfully with the white fingers of her left hand, a veil, which, suspended from her head, fell down on that arm. "Your bride, my Lord," were the only half-choked words uttered by Count Oschiaro,

as the tears fast rolled down his cheeks. Jeldaz took the disengaged and passive hand in his, and suddenly dropt it, starting as if the touch had chilled him; but he resumed his complacency, and smiling, again lifted it, and ranged his eyes over her form, and surveyed her from head to foot with cold surprise. After a few ceremonial words to her, which met no other reply than a faintly hoarse "My Lord," he turned, and bowed with his well-chiselled smile, as he glanced on every side, and along the gay assembly; and speaking to the tear-eyed Count Oschiaro, said, "She is fair." "As the enshrined at Florence, Count Jeldaz." "And quite as cold," he replied; "I thought I touched the marble when I raised that hand, save that the stone is not so dewy dead." "Her maiden timidity." "Belike, my Lord,—much bliss to me this clayey figure promises," muttered Count Jeldaz. "But you have a son, my Lord; shall I not hail him as my friend? is he not here among the guests?" Sweeping the assembly with his eye, as if in search of him; but glancing more keenly into Melaza's face, as if to detect the expression which this allusion to Lucio occasioned; but no change could be marked; not a quiver of the lips, nor a flicker of the eyelids, gave token that the words were heard by her. "My son has not, of late, mingled in our festivities; his pleasures are more with his own thoughts; but he *will* join us soon. I doubt not. The sickness of a friend in the city called him from us." "It must be a firm friendship, indeed, my Lord, that allures a youth from the presence and smiles of such an assemblage of beauty." "I know not that he appreciates these assemblages as we do, Count Jeldaz,—we—ay, we I say, for I have still youth's fervour of admiration for them; he dwells, as I before told you, within himself. The silken chains have failed to fetter him." Nor was it till evening, amid the glittering of the crystal lamps, that Lucio was seen among the revellers, where so many faces, rich and joyous, looking all as if no sorrow dwelt on earth; and forms, in order marshalled, stood, waiting

"Impatient for the music's clang,—  
It struck!—on a hundred feet upsprang  
Elastic forms, in buoyant motion,  
Like billows bright on the sunny ocean.  
They waved, and swept, and wheel'd, and curled,  
Like beings of some other world;  
Or scattered iris tints at play;  
Or things that floated life away  
To sounds that bade the corporate frame  
Be evanescent, and dissolve  
Into ethereal, hurtless flame;  
Yet warm with life; and each revolve  
Of figure, showed the dancing eye,—  
The glowing cheek,—the bosom fair,  
Which ne'er had heaved with sorrow's sigh,—  
The brow that ne'er was pressed by care."\*

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\* I have put quotation marks to these lines, lest I should be charged

But is not his pleasure far greater, who stands a looker on at this motioned beauty? Whose watching eye follows the silken feet, as they noiseless bound from the floor, which they seem to kiss, coquetting with their own delight; or fancy them two tiny, fairy skiffs, sporting on the gently undulated lake, and wooing the perfumed breeze, which sings through their gossamer tackle, and fans their sails of film. Or like the serene and soundless flight of birds, with winnowy wing, fluttering a moment in rapture, and then skimming the air with unruffled pinions. It is thence the spiritualized grace of motion is made visible, and throws the gazer into an entrancing dream,—and flashes before the eyes of his imagination many a gleam of dazzling brightness, which is invisible to the dancers themselves—they are but dancers.

Alone and apart Lucio stood, and saw in all nothing but a whirling mass of vapours. The clouds exhaling from the benumbed sadness of his heart threw their thick mists before his eyes. The Count Jeldaz, with winning courtesy, participated every where, and with all the passing jocundity, seemingly forgetful of his silent bride, but occasionally casting a cheerful and confiding glance towards the alcove in which she sat, while Lucio ornamented its outline. Lucio saw it not, but other eyes frequently accompanied the busy and inquisitive direction of Signior Goznia's looks, which were ever and anon sent towards Malaza and Lucio, at each turn in the dance's figure. The revelry was at the highest, when by that clear communion of two souls which reciprocate their wordless sympathies, Lucio and Malaza, unobserved as they supposed, quitted the hall and descended to the gardens, then walked to the Font; there, in the clear, cloudless blue of the night they stood—silent—gazing on their reflected images in the dark and shining mirror beneath them. The faint and sorrowful smile changed to a quiver of the lip, as he bent his eyes on the shadowy form which his arm encircled, and he kissed the thin and pale fingers as they drooped over his shoulder against which her face was leaning; they seemed touched with only the last lingering flutter of existence.

“Ah! if, when thou art gone thyself, Malaza, that precious image would here remain; if that liquid glass would still reflect, as it does now, thy angel form, my days, and they will be but few, would pass even like this hour, in raptured sadness; until this life dissolved in thought, should, as a bead of dew, exhale and upwards soar, still clinging to and embracing the memory of thee, up to a dwelling with some bright, distant star, that holds its course in yonder blue ethereal sea. Till then, this spot should be my place of rest. Here I would sit, and hope for heaven, and think not that thou awhile from me art riven. I would talk with it, as it were with thee, with thy dear self; and as I breathed into thy listening ear, the voice of fancy would answer me in

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with plagiary; they are, nevertheless, my own property; though they may have been seen in type by some half dozen people in the wide world; but I am quite safe: not one of that half dozen remembers *where*.—P. V.

thy own soft silvery tones, with none to disturb, none, oh! none other to partake the converse; and I should feel thy breath still gently fan my face, then should I dream myself to eternal repose, and with the blessed be most blest."

The parting lips of Melaza gave passage to the thin and trembling sigh that fluttered from her bosom: but she spoke not; not a sound of murmuring word was in that sigh, but she turned her swimming eyes up to the star-lit heaven, as if she sought that dwelling to which Lucio's words had pointed, or looked a prayer that heaven would close them in a long last sleep of mortality. So she stood during the pause in Lucio's voice; and as his murmuring accents rung again upon her ear, she bowed her head again upon its resting place, and the tear-washed lids sunk down over her balls of sight. The mournful accents were melody to her; they were the only sounds which earth or earthly things could yield to wake in her one wish to live.

"Oh! may we not, Melaza, Melaza!" and he drew her more closely to him, trembling while he spoke: "may we not fly to some far secluded isle, before that dreadful blow fall, that must crush into utter darkness the little ray of bliss; which must change every flower here to vile and poisonous weeds; which must leave us to the desolating sway of woe, that dries up the heart, and leaves it to crumble in the dust of misery? To what a waste and wilderness will it transform this paradise, in which, like weeping spirits, we, each hand in hand, have walked, beguiled into bliss by our companionship of sorrow which drank happiness out of the cup of grief, and fed on sweets from thorns! Is this to be our parting hour? Can this be the last time I may gaze on thee, thou drooping angel flower?" The whole frame of Melaza shivered as she feebly, oh! so feebly spoke! it was the plaining of a lily as it withered: "The last, my Lucio, I am already dead!" At that instant the splashing of a stone as it struck the water in the Font, fell on the ear of Lucio: she did not hear it. "Who's there?" said Lucio, first looking round, "but I did not answer," said the old man, who was narrating the tale. I had seen Lucio and the lady pass through the garden, and tracking them, in the seclusion of the shrubs, was Signior Goznia, who followed them undiscovered and concealed himself in the clump of myrtles, which then stood within a few feet of the stone seat,—they are not there now. I had watched some opportunity to give Signior Lucio warning that a spy, perhaps an enemy, was lurking near, and took that means of cautioning him. He looked around again, but saw nothing, nor heard my "hist." Then partly lifting the poor girl, whose trailing and slow step showed how little of life was left, he bore her back to the chateau.

In a few minutes he returned, and examined every bower, recess, and shade, but found no one; the Signior Goznia had retreated in the same guarded and creeping manner, when I stepped forward, and he looked more surprised than angry. "Nicolo! is it you? Have you seen any one hereabouts?" I then informed him that it was I who threw the stone into the Font, to apprise him that some one was watch-



ing; who that one was, a gentleman who came with Count Jeldaz. On hearing this he struck his forehead, and burst into tears; then, pressing my hand, as he put a zecchino into it, which I have kept ever since, he said, "Thank you, Nicolo, thank you, be silent;" and he ran hastily, or rather leaped down the steps by the side of the cascade, bending his way as towards the city, and I lost sight of him. Poor gentleman! poor Lucio!

It was an hour beyond dawn the following day when Lucio was seen, with folded arms, walking from the chateau down by the side of the stream in the garden. Within the memory of no one had he ever been known to wear a dagger or a rapier; now both were appended to his girdle. Yet he had acquired considerable dexterity in handling the rapier. He took pleasure in the exhilarating elasticity of limbs which the exercise called forth: but it was remarked by all who had intercourse with him on such occasions, that any complimentary allusion to his skill in his application of it as a soldier, or in any strife, instantly called up an expression of aversion, and caused him to dash the weapon from him in contempt, then walk away in thoughtful silence. Perhaps it was on the report of this, that several gentlemen were encouraged to press on him with an audacity of demeanour. Certain it is they held him in derision, and when not in his presence would express that derision. Well, it was thus accoutred, to the surprise of all who saw him, that he walked by the stream-side that morning, and at that hour he was encountered by Count Jeldaz, who was accompanied by Signior Goznia. On the latter the eyes of Lucio instantly fell with a fierce and scornful anger, as the Signior uncovered his head and bowed, Lucio still continuing his walk; but with the utmost smoothness in his tones, and a bland courtesy of manner, Count Jeldaz gave him a "buono giorno, mio fradello." The short glance of questioning contempt with which this sneer was received by Lucio, did not, in the least, affect the smiling demeanour of Count Jeldaz; but he continued his speech: "It is a fair and freshening morn, and after the revelry of yesternight, its invitation to enjoy it is rendered doubly acceptable. I, for my own part, could not resist it, and such companionship as yours were of itself sufficient to richly recompense this early rising." "I walk, Sir,—." "For your pleasure," said the Count, breaking Lucio's reply, "I see you do; may you enjoy it; here is beauty enough hereabouts, and temptations more alluring yet." They had advanced now within a few feet of the stone seat, when Signior Goznia and Count Jeldaz, grasping each an arm of Lucio, drew from him the indignant exclamation, "What means this?" "You shall see, my brother," said Count Jeldaz; and here for a few minutes they stood, while the Count, still calmly smiling on Lucio, and speaking in the most even and gentle manner, said, "It has ever been my pride, nay, I deem it indispensable to the support of the honour of my name, inquire at Fiumé if it is not so, ever in my hospitalities, in my gifts, my help, in council, purse, or sword, to exceed the wishes of a friend. A frugal and a niggardly exactness to the measure I despise. I would

either heap it up till it run o'er, and let profusion stream to waste, or utterly resist, deny the claim. Report will echo this, and say Count Jeldaz freely gives, or sternly, stubbornly, withholds—there is my character in full. Shall I resist, deny, and stubbornly withhold, when 'tis a brother asks? No, no. He wished the shadow might be his, I give the substance;" and the two swung Lucio to the extremity of the ledge, as Jeldaz spoke, "Look there! look there!" pointing into the Font. Both then relinquished their hold, and the Count beckoned Signior Goznia over to him, and leaned on his shoulder, while he, exultingly, but so calmly and complacently smiled. "Look there!" Lucio did look, with his eyes strained as if they would start from his head. Melaza lay in the Font! "I would we had a limner here, or I the skill of one, to note down that face's expression, and that speaking attitude. What a picture it would make for the decoration of my tapestried chamber! Come, Goznia; I leave you to your meditations and your sister, mio fradello." "Brute, fool, and fiend!" groaned Lucio, "whichever you select, or all altogether, if it please you better;" and he laughed aloud as he cast his eyes over his shoulder, and suddenly paused. There was in the fixed, unruffled countenance of Lucio that speaking of a concentrated power and resolved purpose which none can mistake, and Count Jeldaz was surprised into respect: he even cowered for a moment before the fiery glance which struck him. Yet Lucio touched not his weapon; he forgot that he was armed; but the eye of Jeldaz passed from the face to the hilt suspended at Lucio's girdle. "I am at present unweaponed, Sir; but wait —." At this instant a loud cry burst on their ears, and through the grounds were seen groups flying in the haste of a sudden alarm towards the chateau, mingling and echoing the cry of "Fire! Fire! at the Castella." Jeldaz and Goznia, directing their eyes thitherward, saw thick volumes of smoke rolling through the trees and shrubs. "This is the *dénouement* to our agreeable comedy," said Jeldaz, "but my moveables must not be charged for the foolery;" and they ran forward, heedless of the loud call of "Villain, monster, coward!" from Lucio. "Ay, ay, brother, I hear, but cannot attend to you now," he said. Lucio turned and stood awhile gazing in the Font. Count Jeldaz reached the chateau, where the crowd had gathered on that side of the great hall, over which was the chamber of the Lady Melaza. Here, among them, was the old Count Oschiaro, crying out that "his child, his daughter, would perish!" while the by-standers held him from desperately rushing into the burning pile to her rescue. On seeing Jeldaz—"Your bride! your bride!" he exclaimed, "she will perish in the flames, and none will go!" "Oh, Signior, no! she would quench the flames were she laid upon them," said Count Jeldaz, courteously, and bowing as he spoke: (*he never forgot he was a gentleman*;) "but I have valuables that aid combustion;" and he passed round to the portico, whither, also, the many followed him. He ran quickly up the steps, through the portal, into the Atria. And now, pressing through the crowd, speechless, with hair floating, and rapier

bared and held aloft, was seen one to whom all gave passage : and amazement at so strange a vision for a moment suspended all other thoughts. Nor till he had dashed through the portal on the heels of Jeldaz, did they seem sensible that it was Lucio. "O my son! my boy! my child!" shrieked the old Count, bursting with desperate strength from the arms of those who held him, and falling forward on the steps, "My son, come back!" For some seconds every voice was stilled, as if panting to hear other sounds than the roar of the flame, and the crackling of destruction which became more dismal and distinctly terrible by that pause. Then cries did pierce through the deep, rumbling hoarseness of the fire, and all, with one impulse, rolled and heaved towards the point from which the cries seemed to come, and looking upwards they saw, passing to and fro, and from window to window, amid the splashings of the flames, Count Jeldaz, feebly parrying off, and staggering as he retreated from, the furious lunges with which Signior Lucio pressed on him; and presently, the naked hands, red with gore, of Jeldaz, stretched forth, attempting to clutch the weapon, and defending his face and throat from the blows and thrusts which fell with horrible rapidity. He was now leaning against a casement frame, and the people below held out their arms calling on him to leap down, but his head dropped forward, and he rolled through the opening, a dead mass—hacked, pierced, mangled with a hundred wounds! Lucio sprang after him, and alighted safely in the arms of the people. Standing then erect, gazing for a minute on the body, he threw the red sword, with a sweep of his arm, beyond the limits of the crowd. For a while his father stood as if benumbed: then throwing his arms round his neck, he said, in broken accents, "Lucio! Lucio! what hast thou done?" "He was a murderer, father:" with unfaltering tone and steady eye, was Lucio's answer. Then, after a pause, "Melaza's!" and his voice wept, though his eyes were dry; and he laid his hands across his breast; then, as if suddenly, and startingly feeling with his fingers for something which he expected, but could not find, he tore open his vest, gasped, then shrieked "lost!" and instantly his voice seemed to sink down into his very heart's core, as the suffocated groan "gone! gone!" was uttered; and before any arm could be stretched forth in check, he broke through the mass, and in an instant was up the steps, again through the portal, again lost to their view. In the amazement consequent on this rash act, all stupified with terror and dismay, the crowd ran wildly about to different points of the building, mingling their exclamations of grief and agony. The falling masses of timber and walls foretold the speedy and entire demolition of the building, when a cry was heard, which at once lifted their hearts to a hope of preserving him. He was seen bursting through a burning door, which led to the stairs in the vestibule, where the destructive element had not yet committed such ravages as to preclude all chance of escape that way. He forced his passage through, and a loud cheer told the joy of the multitude. He turned the angle of the wall, on which the flame was creeping and flashing as if seeking some place of hold, and began to

descend. He was out of sight presently, and was thought to emerge in safety; and the eager friends rushed forwards up the steps to meet and welcome him, when a heavy, dense sound, mingled with harsh crashings, struck them aghast. The inner wall swayed and fell, pressing the fierce flame through every opening and crevice, into the faces of all within its scorching reach, and dashed them back by its violent bursting. Then the fire, for a moment, seemed to be crushed beneath the load of masonry, while the dried and pulverized cement and rubbish, which rose up in ponderous masses, obscured every object: and these subsiding, the flames again uprose. Lucio was lost for ever, and destruction was complete.

It was in that sorrowful calm, when each turned from the immediate present to inquiries of the past, that Signior Goznia's knowledge of the fate of Lady Melaza was communicated by Nicolo to the nearer friends of Lucio; but he protested that both Count Jeldaz and himself were innocent of her death. He stated that the Count had gone privately into her chamber in the night, and found her seated at an open case-ment, with her head bent down on the frame, and, as he supposed, asleep. She was quite dead; and he lifted the body through the window to Goznia, who waited below, and, with his assistance, carried it to the Font, and laid it there to "mock Signior Lucio with the sight, in the morning."

Then, as soon as the yet smouldering fire would permit the search, the bereaved Count Oschiaro, almost dumb with grief, directed the operation among the ruins, mournfully calling out at intervals, "*Ove se tu,—Lucio! Lucio!—Ove se tu!*" and no other words besides broke from his lips. The search was long in vain, till he himself, removing with his foot some fragments and ashes, which were strewn by the side of a door that gave entrance from the vestibule to the lower hall, fixed his sight on a human hand, parched and dust-covered, projecting from beneath a cemented mass of marble. He beckoned to those about him, and covering his eyes with one hand, pointed with the other. With great labour the mass was raised; there lay the crushed body. The Count stooped, and kissed the closed hand, convulsively sobbing, and opened it; it had grasped, in death, a tress of hair, bound by a twisted silken thread. *That mass of stone, under which Lucio lay, you may yet see, it is marked with a cross.* Count Oschiaro turned away, and during the few months he lingered, was never known to speak: but he signed and collected people about him, and leading them up the stream to the extremity of the garden, directed them to cut a trench, into which the waters might flow, and so leave their former course through the garden, and thus the Font was soon dried up. Then workmen were employed to erect the humble cabin in which we sat: into that chamber Count Oschiaro entered, and never went out again, till he passed to heaven.

Thus I have given the substance of the tale: would that I could give it with the old man's passionate eloquence: for only so could I, or can I, hope it would interest a reader as it did me, and my far less impressive companion. Ten times the narrator broke off the tale,

choked in his utterance, and with eyes streaming in tears. He was personally interested; it was the recalling of his boyhood, and the incidents of that early life of his: the glow and the tremour alternately flashed and shook over him, as long sleeping impressions were again awakened. His voice, attuned by every emotion, was harmoniously eloquent; and the lively and energetic manner in which, starting from his seat, he described in gestures the actions and events, made every thing he said and did a living picture, a reality, immediate and vivid. I had forgotten the ship, of the waiting boat I was oblivious. I remembered not that we were on forbidden ground, that detection was certainly imprisonment, perhaps death, as spies. The old man was the first to allude to the truth of these affairs. Where was Pietro Camiso? Not there: he had probably returned to the boat. We bade adieu to the kind, the good old man, and departed. His last words, as we descended the steps, were, "Tasso, Tasso," at the same time pressing the volume between his hands, and holding it to my view. We called and looked for Pietro in the grounds, and among the ruins, then bent our course towards the boat. I was so absorbed in thought, recalling and pondering over the scenes and events of the tale I had heard, that I should never have found my way. Luckily my companion was of less imaginative stuff, and he picked the way cleverly. I stepped with him in silence; and we reached the rocks which rimmed the creek in which the boat lay. But no Pietro Camiso was visible. "Then he has slipped his cable," said N——, and descended to the boat. I paused to look around, ere I followed him. "Ha! there he is;" but the moment I spoke, he made himself invisible, by stooping behind a rock, and as he did so, waved his hand out. "Hah, hah!" I caught a glimpse of muskets and uncivil caps, which, also, slipped or dropt out of ken, at Pietro's signal. No time was to be lost; and a few scrambling steps and leaps brought me to the boat: "Shove off! give way! they are here." And the men bent lustily to their oars. We had half a dozen muskets in the boat, with other more diminutive implements, and click, click, click, in examination of priming, &c. preparing them for instant use; while every eye of the sitters in the stern was turned in scrutiny of each ledge, projection, and cavern, of the rocks, as the boat fast receded from them; and now, opening the bay of Pola, it was evident that expectation was afoot; for there was a bustle all along the beach: broken and nodous lines of men and boys were seen scampering towards the point from which we were going. There was to be a gathering on that spot; but we saw none as yet upon the land. We were about three or four cables length out from the shore, when "Pop! whiz! pop! whiz—pop, pop, pop—whiz—whiz—pop!" played into our ears. "Ho, Pietro Camiso, this is a concerto composing." "Pops" again, and "whizzes" again, as short as the cry of a nest of young linnets taking their first lesson in music. It was in vain that muskets were levelled, not a man was visible: nothing could be seen but the pluffs of smoke which seemed to burst up through holes in the surface of the ground. This, too, was a device of Pietro Camiso's.

He was, as I before said, a Dalmatian, and had often witnessed the efficacy of the system which was practised by all the Slavonians, in firing from the rocks on our boats. Each man lies down upon his back and rests the muzzle of his piece on his toe; or any little notch or crevice in the rock, or ground, will serve him for an embrasure; slightly, thus ensconced, he elevates his head, throws the burning opal light of his eye along the barrel, and takes his choice of objects. "Ha! Pietro! you are a knave, a traitor, a double traitor!" "Pop, whiz!" and I felt a slight, very slight jerk at my jacket, at this instant. "Rogue, Pietro!" "Finger and thumb could not have done it better," said Nourse, pointing to my jacket, "but you'll want a tailor to bend on a new button, and cooper up the hole." I felt a fuzzy scent, as of cloth burning: it was as Nourse said; a shot had carried away a button, just across the breast, cut through the end of the button-hole, and left a brown, scorched line, like the tail of a comet, or a note of admiration written with the end of a hot poker. Nourse laughed at it, but I did not like it. (Poor fellow! he was killed three months after; struck down by my side at the instant I was speaking to him, yet such was the bustle of occupation that I knew nothing of his being hurt, till the action was over, and I saw him lying, so mangled! dead, on a table, in the gun-room.) "There's one, there's one!" said a black curly-headed Scot who pulled the bow oar, "There's one!" I looked towards him, to catch the direction of his eye: he was standing up from the boat's thwart, with his hand clutching the oar, the blade of which was dragging in the water. "There, there, there," and his head shook with a tremulous motion, from side to side, while his eyes upverted in their sockets, and then dropped down on the slide of the small brass gun, which was mounted forward: he was dead. The men lay on their oars, and a few utterly useless volleys were returned; while the body was lifted aft over the thwarts, and laid in the stern sheets. There was a small, scarcely perceptible, orifice and indent just below the occipital bone, but no blood flowed. The head was first laid on a boat-cloak, which it was necessary to remove in order to spread it over the body. I lifted up his head, for this purpose, having one hand at the back of the neck, and was in the act of placing the other beneath the chin, when the head fell forward, and the blood from the mouth gushed into my hand, and with it a hard substance which I retained. It was a bullet flattened, with a small shank, a little more than a quarter of an inch in length, attached to it. This was Slavonian manufacture. The bow-gun and musketry were turned to the point from which the smoke continued to rise, but it was all in vain. "We may as well pelt the rock of Gibraltar with gingerbread nuts," said N—— "so give way, men, for the ship; let us get on board, or we shall have to make a worse report." After some grumbling, and "another shot at them," the boat leaped along at the command of the oars, and we arrived on board the A——. The hopes which our reconnoitring had excited were completely frustrated; Pietro Camiso had possession of our designs, and Pietro Camiso was a Mammonite. One who frequently changed his parish, but never swerved from his religious creed.

## CHAPTER XI.

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DALLADA.

My mind was occupied too completely by other thoughts,—thoughts and anxieties painfully earnest,—to admit the melancholy of reflecting on the faded glory of Spain, and her diminution of importance among nations, as they are evinced by the almost deserted state of the harbour, the void and silent storehouses, and unused and weed-grown quays in the harbour of San Juan, in Puerto Rico, where almost the only signs of its once “flourishing commerce” were exhibited in a few small coasting craft, and several vessels bearing the every-where-seen starred and striped banner of the United States of America. All else that was visible, bore marks of old grandeur in decay,—of effort supplanted by feebleness,—and massive strength, which seemed to have little but its own strength to guard. Nature was as glorious and as beautiful as ever my imagination had figured her, while I was reading of the early visits of Columbus, and of his followers, his bad successors, on this island: but the romance of its life had fled; chivalric spirit had departed, though the remains of its villainy were not all a dream; and adventure was paralysed. Instead of the olden spirit of enterprise, the city seemed to be the home of inertness—one grey and great temple of lassitude. Except the few money-getting American merchants who sojourned there, the only lifeless creatures to be met with are the myriads of insects that swarm in every house, as I found, to my great discomfort, on my second visit; not remaining sufficiently long on my first, to acquire a knowledge of their numbers and strength. Immediately on my arrival, I learnt that Monsieur B. (of whom I was in search) was at Mayaguez, on the western side of the island: thither, then, I instantly resolved to go;—go I must. But how? The road by land was described to me as beset with dangers and difficulties; the communications by sea were incidental, and rarely occurred once in a fortnight,—then only by a chance coasting vessel. Such a chance, however, did occur; and, by a voyage not without adventure, I pursued my course, and arrived in the bay of Mayaguez; but my object in seeking Monsieur B. was utterly defeated. I had thrown all my worldly affairs into inextricable disorder,—I had plunged myself into “worldly ruin,” as it is called, in seeking that interview. At the period when the anxious toil of several years, through obstacles which it was deemed almost madness to encounter, had lifted me to that point of security and clearness of prospect which made attainment a matter of course, I was dashed back farther from the goal than ever I was during my life; but this was a trifle: I cared not a thought for all the defeat—all the damage, loss, and “ruin:” my agony was from other causes; and then, on that day, the wretchedness I felt from the disappointment

was indeed cruel. Reader,—that disappointment I now consider as one of the most blessed pieces of good fortune that ever enriched me.

My next anxiety was the means of returning to San Juan; and thence my eyes turned toward the United States, along a coast thirteen hundred miles in extent; at any point, I cared not where. In my feverish restlessness, I was indifferent to the dangers and difficulties, which, Monsieur B. assured me, must be encountered, if I travelled by land. To go alone was positive insanity, he said; for in addition to the small probability there existed of escaping the brigands or Maroons, and other furious bipeds in the passes, the ravines and woods of the mountains were thickly peopled with wolves—such they are called, though they are the wild dogs, descendants of the bloodhounds with which the early Spaniards hunted the native Indians, for the purpose of converting them to Christianity. “If I would remain with him for a fortnight, I should much gratify him by doing so; he would make my stay as agreeable as possible, under the circumstances; it would be much better for me; and by that time a company would be ready to travel with me.” His proffered hospitality and remonstrances failed to influence me. But while we were engaged on the subject, a visiter came in, and some allusion being made to “Captain Jose,” the visiter said he intended to sail to-morrow. Without informing me of his purpose, Monsieur B. apologised for leaving me a few minutes, and walked out with the stranger. He very soon returned, and announced to me, “that Captain Jose would be glad of my society on board the *Scintilla*, to San Juan.” Of course I eagerly accepted the conveyance, whatever it might be, before parleying as to “who is Captain Jose?” “Oh, a very famous fellow, Monsieur Pel;” Mayaguez was singing his praises, and showering sugar plumbs and smiles on him, on account of his having recently arrived there with a cargo of 180 negroes, without losing one on the voyage from Africa—his having been repeatedly chased by, and always eluding the English cruisers—and once giving them a drubbing. This was his third equally successful trip. “How! take a passage in a slaver,” exclaimed I. “Why not?” said B. “It is disgusting to think of,” I replied. “What! Pel, has not your four years residence in the West Indies cleared your eyes of their English film?” “Not quite, thank heaven, if film it be: my abhorrence of the traffic, and the principle of slavery, is as deep as ever, though I look with other eyes now on the actual physical condition of the slave, and turn with scorn from the reports of those poor and contemptible knaves who, to obtain a reputation for superior sanctity and humanity, circulate such gross falsehoods, and contort all things to the purpose of feeding the gullibility of the pitiable dupes at home. I know that a man who would boldly speak the truth among them, though his desire to see *all* his fellow-creatures as free as himself may be more ardent and firmly seated than that of the most laborious and enthusiastic among them; I know that such a man would be shuddered at as a savage creature, and shunned and stigmatized as a scoffing infidel. Still I abhor the traffic, and the principle from my very soul.” “I do not say you



are wrong," said B. "But they'll hang me if I am caught." "He'll never be caught;\* and if you should fall in with an English cruiser on your passage, you are safe; she has discharged her cargo, and goes to San Juan for stores, and to refit for another voyage." "But," said I, "what sort of a being is this Captain Jose?" "Do you expect to see a thing with horns and a cloven foot," replied B., laughing. "You may think his trade cruel and infamous; so, to your mode of looking at the question, it is; but he is not all devil: perhaps it is his misfortune to have been so trained and habituated, that he thinks it neither dishonourable, nor unchristian, to be employed in the traffic of human flesh: his success too has made him bold; but he has much in him which you will like." "Then I must forget the slave captain, Monsieur B., which will require a dip in Lethe." "Many do forget that, when in his society, though there are also many here to whom it is his fairest recommendation. I tell you, you will like him; and it is the safest and best means of effecting your return to San Juan, though I am selfish enough to wish to detain you here for a time." I thanked B. for his kindness and solicitude; and though I felt considerable repugnance to such a conveyance, accepted Captain Jose's offer. "But come, if you are disposed to see what display of beauty Mayaguez can make, let us go to the Toro; where, indeed, you will not witness a bull-fight, for a troop of equestrians occupy it at present, and elicit the wonder and applause of these secluded people." To the circus we repaired; where, with no other roof than the clear and cloudless sky, all whom age or sickness did not detain at home, were assembled to witness the feats of horsemanship, and tricks of the clown. Spanish gravity! there was none of it here: they were tumultuous in their plaudits, and their shouts and screams of laughter at Mr. Merryman's tricks and jokes made the welkin ring. Yet there was no symptom of rudeness or coarseness in their mirth—it was the outpouring of overcharged excitement in beings unaccustomed to such amusements, and therefore more susceptible of excitement from them. And indeed there was beauty: bareheaded, except in the covering of the veritable Spanish veil, which, wherever Spanish ladies are to be found, is the transplantation of the graceful and beautifying head-geer of the old mother country. To me horsemen and clown were no objects of attraction. My senses were otherwise employed; and in looking on the spectators, during one of the intervals, or acts, between the "amusements of the ring," I was drawn into earnest observance of a young man, habited much like one of the best sort of English seamen, in a blue jacket and white jean trousers, well cut; that sat on his justly-proportioned figure with a freedom, yet exactness of *fit*, which is so rare in English seamen, and unusual among Spanish mariners. The snow-white, richly-worked lace collar of his shirt, lay open from his throat, round which

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\* Caught, however, he was, in 1822; but not until after a most desperate resistance, in which more than half his crew were killed, and he stretched, without sign of life, on the deck.—P. V.

was a scarlet ribbon—yet there was no look of foppishness about him. He wore a black velvet cap, with a full and slightly-drooping crown, and it sat somewhat rakishly on the side of his head. Round the band was a triple row of chain-work of silver cord, which was carried in a single one to the crown, from which a massive silver tassel swung. He stood, or rather leaned, for one foot was on a seat before him, and his right wrist reposed on his knee: the position exhibited, altogether, that perfect freedom, ease, and dash, which, when attempted by an English sailor, looks so much like vulgar swagger. The man who has since most reminded me of him, is Wallack, in "the Brigand." There was a kind of dare-devil in it, without the least coarseness of such a character. He was in conversation with a group of one matronly lady and two exquisitely-lovely girls—theirs and many other dark eyes flashed on him. I had not perceived Monsieur B. quitting his seat by my side, till I saw him standing on the ground of the area, and touching the shoulder of this personage lightly with his cane. A few words were interchanged, and presently the whole group turned their regards on me, and he whom I have described, raised his hand to his cap, lifted it, and, as he bowed, down fell a cascade of jet locks about his neck and shoulders. He then came to me, and in a singularly bland tone and manner, as frank as they were bland, said "he understood from his friend B. that I was desirous of returning to San Juan. He should be but too happy if I would accept his services: the Scintilla would sail to-morrow, and was entirely at my disposal." This, then, was Captain Jose. Unhesitatingly I accepted his offer; his appearance and manner had so gained upon me. The propitiating side-view which I had taken was more than completed by the remarkable manly beauty of his features; clear and fresh as a skilfully-preserved olive was his complexion; his eyes indeed were rather too deeply set, though they were full, dark brown, and glistening; and there were about them, and on his brows, those significations of habitual melancholy, accustomed sadness of thinking, which seem at once to ask, receive, and return sympathy. How strange that such a countenance should be worn by a dealer in human flesh! After a few mere words, in which "he would endeavour to lessen the inconveniences of his cabin as much as possible," and proposed to send two of his men to Monsieur B.'s, at noon to-morrow, for my baggage, and call himself to embark with me, he stepped lightly away, and rejoined his friends. To-morrow came, and so said so done. I bade adieu to the friendly Monsieur B., and accompanied Captain Jose to the bay, with three or four men, who carried fowls, vegetables, &c., and a guitar-case; about which Jose was especially solicitous. I was surmising who was the musician on board; or was it for some bright-eyed damsel of his many admirers, for whom he was giving it a passage to San Juan? We stood on the clumsy dilapidated wharf, waiting for the boat from the Scintilla, when one of the sailors spoke to Jose, who looked up the road towards the town, and said something which sounded like pity, in allusion to "Dallada," and presently a feminine and most plaintive voice was heard repeating the word "Dallada, Dallada." The

speaker was a young negro-girl, about sixteen, of the most perfect and delicate symmetry and beautiful face I ever saw among the thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of Africa in the West Indies. Glossy she was as a bright coal ; and her eyes, which like two beads of fire flickered under her brow, were free from that unpleasing yellow which is almost universal in negro eyes. Except the handkerchief, Frenchly fashioned, on her head, she wore nothing but a spotted cotton shirt, which descended to a little below her knees, and was fastened round her waist by twisting its upper end into a kind of bandage. "Dallada," said Captain Jose, and the beautiful creature threw out a scream, and fell on her knees ; not in entreaty of pity, not in supplication, but with a look of delight, while she clapped her hands and laughed hysterically, as her eyes pierced into his, in a dilirium of joy ; some bubbling moans trickled from her throat, and died away as she bowed her head on her bosom, while her hands, clasped in each other, fell upon her knees. Rude, perhaps half savage, as we may be apt to consider some who formed the group of gazers on this scene, not a word was spoken ; all seemed to be touched with sympathy and pity ; and while she was thus bowed down in attitude so graceful, yet so replete with pathos, Captain Jose stooped towards her, and with one hand, took her by the wrist, gently disengaging her hands, and said "Dallada, Dallada," signaling at the same time to one of the men to hand him the guitar-case : it was opened for him ; he touched a string, and again said, as if awakening our attention, "Dallada, tink, tink," and the poor creature sprang to her feet, repeating the words, "Dallada, tink, tink," and then stood fixed as a statue, with her palms crossed upon her bosom, her eyes twinkling, her lips quivering, and her throat vibrating as it sent forth the inarticulate babbings of a spirit that seemed drowning in a flood of delicious joy ; fascinated she was, as he with excellent skill played an air, so sad, so soft, so very soft, that the whispering of a bird was loudness to it ; the instrument just breathed the notes, and no more. At its close, she burst into tears and sobs. By this time, two of her female friends, who had come in pursuit of her, joined the group, and without a murmur on her part, or the feeblest resistance, they led her away ; not coercively, nor by authority, but in gentle kindness of manner ; she seemed entranced into a forgetfulness of herself, and of all things ; and a little laugh again bubbled forth.

Questioning Captain Jose respecting her, I learned she was one of the negroes whom he brought away from Africa on his first voyage : his attention were originally drawn to her, he said, by seeing her sitting, or more properly, kneeling, with her hands clasped across her bosom, whenever he was amusing himself with his guitar. The effect on her was probably too powerful for her senses ; and she had been in that state of monomania ever since : on all other matters she was as free from mental aberration as any of those around her. She was treated less like a slave, than as an unfortunate being who commanded sympathy and was entitled to pity and kindness ; which was, no doubt, as much induced by her gentleness and beauty, as by her misfortune. I saw

Jose tip away a tear from his eye as he spoke of her.—The Captain of a slaver!—what an anomalous being was he! The boat was now ready to receive us. We were soon under weigh, and hauling up round the north point of the bay, stood on our course to Point Brequin, with what is called a soldier's wind. "Adios, Mayaguez :—adios, todos Amigos!" said Jose, in a melancholy tone, which mocked the effort at jocularly, as he looked towards the shore : then gave direction to spread an awning over the quarter-deck, and we, ere long, sat down to an excellent dinner, and a savoury one : except that I was not entirely reconciled to the everlasting garlic. Several kinds of good wiue, too, were freely dispensed, for he was well stored with, even, luxuries : and the meal finished, he took up his guitar, and for a good three hours continued to play and sing a variety of ballads—Spanish and Moorish romances, love ditties, madrigals, lays, pastorals, &c., interlarding them with pathetic or humorous scraps, as I gathered from their effects—for he alternately elicited death-like stillness, sighs, and laughter—uproarious laughter—at his will. I was half enchanted. His stock seemed to be inexhaustible ; for during the whole four days, and much of the nights, of our passage to San Juan, his voice and guitar were never at rest for half an hour together. Then he would fondle the instrument as if it were a thing of life, and speak to it as if he were exchanging prattle with a darling child, and hold it out at arm's length as if gloating on its beautiful form ; while he turned it round to every point of sight. While he was playing and singing, his glorious countenance beamed and wanned with every emotion or sentiment of the subject of his song, his eyes glistened and filled ; 'twas as if his whole life and breath were composed of sweet thoughts, sweet affections, and sweet sounds. It may have been the effect of association ; but never, before nor since, have I been so much delighted and enwrapt by music, as by Captain Jose's. We sat on deck, as we glided along the land. I, while listening to him, conjuring beautiful dreams of poetry's upper world, as I watched the declining light, and the sun-set tints gilding hill, and rock, and foliage, and ripple ; and the growing depth and denseness of the shadows : till all darkened into night. Still we sat ; he completely absorbed in his musical heaven. There was blowing a good-natured, moderate breeze, and all seemed in perfect security : with not a sign in the dark blue vault that could warn us into caution. But we were now nearing a point in the line of coast which I remembered to have been passed with great circumspection by the Catalina, two days previously ; the men were kept at their stations ready to let fly and clew down : a careful look out was had along the water. All this the Captain justified on account of the frequency of sudden gusts which blew down the gorge between two hills just there. Whoever is familiar with coasting along the lee-side of the West India Islands, is aware of this fact : when all around is nothing more than a gentle breeze, sufficient to keep the sails asleep, all at once, without a note of warning, on opening one of such gorges, sometimes a gust, as furious as if all the winds of heaven were gathered and pent up there, and now burst forth, will come on, howling

and roaring, with almost certain destruction, if great caution be not taken to receive it; and many dismal instances did the captain of the Catalina quote, of dismastings, capsizings and foundering, just at that spot. Now, on board the Scintilla, danger was unthought of; and we were gliding bonnily along, when I fancied I saw, in shore of us, a white line on the water, much like a line of chalk on a dark board: it grew, most suddenly, longer and stronger, and I thought I heard a low, deep growl. I rose from my seat, went to windward, and threw my glance, as I stooped, in that direction, and a drizzling shower brushed against me; yet there was not the least show of rain-cloud in the sky. Over head, and every where, till the land broke upon the canopy, all was quite clear; not a rack of cloud, or speck was stirring; yet the shower came on, increasing in rapidity and mass; and that white line was broader and rougher. Ha! I saw its meaning,—called to Jose to look; he did so,—leaped up,—thrust his guitar down the companion,—called “luff!”—sprang over to the fore-sheet, all simultaneously. It was too late; the groan sharpened at once into a hissing howl: in an instant all was black, as if a huge carpet had been dropped over us; and the deluge flew, whizzing, and screaming, and cutting across the deck, as if it were an army of scythes mowing the air. The squall struck her, and laid her on her beam-ends: I heard a short and fluttering shriek: some one, or more, I knew not, was thrown overboard. All this occurred in one-tenth part of the time I have taken to describe it. Luckily, I had laid hold of a main-shroud on going to look out to windward; and, as I swung in my grasp, parallel with the deck, which was now a perpendicular, I turned to look to leeward: all was foam. At that moment she righted: the head-sails had blown away; yet she shook and trembled as if at her peril, like a high-mettled steed in a fright; and I saw a black mass hanging to the leech of the foresail, (which was stretched out like a board,) over the furiously-boiling sea: a loud crack followed,—the sail was split into ribands, and the mass fell heavily into the boat on deck, and immediately leaped out. It was Jose; all unhurt! except a bruise as he fell into the boat. The squall had spent its fury: all was gentle and clear again, immediately; and a voice was heard calling for help. Looking in its direction, a white splashing in the water was discerned; the helm was put up, and in a few minutes the poor fellow, who had been jerked overboard by the sudden lurch, was safely on deck. For a time, the men,—ay, all of us, except Jose,—stood aghast, heedless of his call to unbend the split sails, and rouse out others from below, to replace them. Soon, however, they forgot their fears, and set to work with as much activity as English or American seamen would evince under similar circumstances. This crew, living in daily danger of capture, had completely conquered their Spanish indolence. In an hour all was snug, and Captain Jose was at his guitar again; though he called himself a lubber for not having been on the watch just there, and allowing the squall to play such pranks with him. *Lubber* was the first and only word of English he spoke on the passage.

On awaking next morning, without going on deck to prove the fact, the lazy rolling, on an even keel, and the idle *splatting* of the water under the counter and stern, gave intimation of a plaguy calm : and I lay in a vexed state of impatience till Jose's guitar invited me up from the cabin ; and, looking around, I saw nothing but one lifting, bright, hot, and spotless mirror : except on the haze-covered rocks and hills, which were too distant to refresh the eye. Oh, reader, if you have never experienced the delight of a settled, mute calm at sea, in a small craft, in the torrid zone, when you have also a great anxiety to reach your journey's end, you do not know what blisses there are in life. In vain do you shift your position of sitting, standing, lying, or reclining at full length, in the fevered hope of lolling or dreaming away your wretchedness : all is in vain ; every attempt and every change does but bring its own infliction, a new sense of misery. You breathe steam, and move in fire. The water, at other times, in the hottest climates, and under a meridian blaze of sun, yields a refreshing effect, as you look on the busy waves and galloping ripples : they seem to fan your spirit with a cooling comfort ; you regard the water itself as a friend, which gladdens you with its gambols. But now, its very face scalds you,—the fierce glistering of the sun's rays throws fire up to your face, dazzles your aching eyes, and scorches your soul. Did you ever take a peep into a furnace in full blast, or look at the slow-flowing liquid fire that rolls from its mouth ?—there it is. The sharks, that bask in the motionless stillness, are lying on watch, as if they had instinctive knowledge of your misery, and waited there for the moment when, at the pitch of desperation, you shall put an end to your sufferings, and say, "Take me, sharks, for your dinner." And they look up at you with their projecting, villainously-sly optics, as if they were spitefully laughing in their sleeves at you. If you poke a boat-hook, or blade of an oar at them, they will but slowly turn their round noses to smell at it, quite satisfied that your inertness will not allow you to salute them with a thwack. We were thus pestered, and festered, and blistered for two whole days,—I was, at least ; though Captain Jose was as musical as ever. Luckily, next night the breeze came to our relief—the song and guitar recovered their influence, but we had to beat against the wind, and to battle with the current, which, during the calm, had drifted us considerably to leeward of Point Brequin ; and it was not till the fourth day of our departure from Mayaguez that we anchored in San Juan. I must be moving still, and my first anxiety was for a passage to the United States—to me all its States and harbours were alike, and my inquiries were immediately successful. The "Colombia" was to sail for Wilmington, in North Carolina, "to-morrow." My bargain with Captain Singer was soon made. The vessel did not sail punctually on the morrow, and I lived through two whole nights in the city of San Juan—and two such horrible nights, from physical causes, I never lived. At length, however, "the schooner will be off in an hour," came to my relief ; and I hastened to Captain Jose to bid him farewell ; though I wished no success to his trade. While we were in conversation, a buzzing under his window, in the street, reached up to us. This being

somewhat unusual in his quarter, and in the heat of the day, drew us to the window. There was a group of about a dozen persons gathered in front of the house, among whom were several of the Scintilla's crew; they had collected round something, which at first was hidden from our view, though a handkerchief'd head was visible; but on hearing his voice, the party fell aside, and to our astonishment, and grief also, there stood Dallada! How she had conveyed herself hither was indeed a matter of wonder: but she had walked all the distance from Mayaguez, over the mountains, through the defiles and woods; heedless, or, probably, unconscious of the perils of such a journey, besides the toil. There, indeed, she was, under his window in San Juan. The instant she saw Jose she screamed, and stopped short in her scream, as if she felt she had done wrong by screaming; then, as before, clapped her hands, and laughed, and murmured "Dallada—Dallada, tink, tink, tink!" mimicking the holding and finger touch of a guitar. Jose beckoned and spoke to the by-standers to bring her in; but she shook her head—so sadly—and when one of them laid hold of her wrist, she quietly drew it away, and looked up, again repeating "Dallada; tink, tink." She seemed worn into exhaustion; scarcely capable of supporting her slender and tottering frame: yet was there in her eyes that same light of insane brightness, and glistening, which I before noticed, though it was now more feverish and intense. The guitar lay upon the table—I reached it, and put it into his hands. The first touch of the strings thrilled through her every limb: she shook with a convulsive motion, and drew her arms and elbows close, compressingly, against her sides, and clapped her little hands in ecstasy, and uttered a thin, faint laugh, which closed in a moaning plaint. The sound of that laugh and moan were as sense-touching, as heart-penetrating, as any thing I remember ever to have heard. Across the narrow street, opposite Jose's window, was a door which was reached by half-a-dozen steps. A low wall, about three feet high, projected at right angles from the door; each, at its street end, supported a thin column, on which the porch-roof rested. The moment Jose commenced playing one of those softly-swelling and slowly-measured airs, in which he had such power, she ran up the steps, as if to obtain a better view of him—rested against the wall, with her left arm twined round the pillar, on which she reclined her head. The air continued for several minutes. She was perfectly still, and seemed scarcely to breathe, but two or three labourings in the throat and chest were perceptible—her knees began to bend, the pillared arm slipped slowly and gradually from its clasp, her head stooped forward, while her disengaged right arm hung as lifeless by her side. Presently the left arm dropped from the column, and her whole body sank gently down, to her right side; she did not drop—she fell, like a cloud, without sound: and the head hung forward on the uppermost of the steps. Jose threw down the guitar—we understood it—but not till this moment—and both hastened into the street: where, by this time, one of the men had raised her, and carried her down the steps.—She was quite dead.

CHAPTER XII.

*Monthly Repository, November, 1834.*

SMUGGLER, PIRATE, AND ———

You are asleep as you gaze :—broadly awake, but deliciously dreaming ;—there is a wavy calmness in the bliss which is experienced in sailing, fair being the weather and favourable the wind, across the Bahama banks ; that is to say, when he who is inexperienced in those seas has overcome the constantly recurring apprehensions, that his floating mansion must inevitably strike on one of those numerous black masses which appear within a foot or two of the water's surface ; a dash, a crash, and the grinding of timbers against them is momentarily expected : but onward and onward the bark fearlessly goes, scathlessly, as if at her approach the frowning dangers, and the black barriers, each successively dissolved and vanished. But, indeed, it does require repeated assurances, ere the eye can be convinced that those seeming dangers are nothing more than innocent beds of sponge which are everywhere speckling, like little black clouds, or dark islets, the smooth, delicate, white and yellow sand, which he sees through the transparent waters, as distinctly as if there were no other medium between his eyes and the bottom of that sea, than a plate-glass ; and, only on trying with the lead and line will a stranger be convinced of the fact, that the seeming four or five feet at most of depth, is more than treble that number of fathoms : that the gold and silver, and amethyst, and emerald coated finny creatures which he may see sporting and darting, and flashing, and *still*, under his eyes, within the reach of his arm, are as safe from his clutch as if they were at the antipodes. But so it is. And, *when* assured, his heart and mind speedily become enwrought in dreams of beauty, and reveries of bliss—and he glides along, meanwhile, on his pathless journey, without notion of peril, or sense of toil :—then and there fashioning the distant solid earth, and the far off world, and all that live and move, and breathe therein, into those shapes of love and happiness and beauty which the inborn goodness of nature engenders and animates in the soul ; till he is startled from his convictions of what man may be, of what man should be, of WHAT MAN WILL BE, by some reality which proves to him what man has made himself, by the agency of knavery and hypocrisy.

Thus dreaming—thus enjoying—hoping and happy, was I one afternoon in January, 182—, when on board the schooner Margaret, bound to the Havannah, with a purpose in hand, in which were involved circumstances that had brought on me the most intense and enduring agony—for it was no less—which in my life of vicissitude I have ever experienced ; yet was my suffering suspended, my pain forgotten, while gliding along that beautiful water, and gazing on that glorious ocean—



bed. Suddenly my attention was aroused by some allusions to certain casks of flour, (of which the cargo principally consisted,) and a conversation between the captain and mate, as to the means that were to be employed in landing it. There was neither mystery nor secrecy in their manner; they spoke boldly and openly, as if confident of safety, and fearless of detection and its consequences; and without the remotest sense of wrong doing, or consciousness of moral turpitude; but I heard enough to convince me that I was on board of a smuggler! A fact of which I had not the slightest suspicion, when I embarked at Charleston; for all there seemed to be conducted in the way of custom and fair trading. Was it the wrong—the dishonesty of the act at which my alarm and repugnance rose? Did I mourn the unlucky chance which had directed me to a smuggler, because her way of life was unjust? I think not—no, indeed—though the impossibility of escape made me shiver, as I reflected thereon—not because her designs were criminal—a violation of the laws of nations. Ah, it was a cowardly dread of the danger and disgrace of being caught in the act, or suspected of connection with the adventure, that smote me: for on remonstrating with the captain on his deceiving me—unavailable as I knew remonstrance would be—my fears and scruples were only laughed at; and such arguments used as convinced me there was no danger in the affair; and not the least probability of my being implicated, should detection take place, which, he affirmed, was impossible. More than calmed by his assurances, and his bold front and unhesitating manner, I was encouraged to pry further into these matters, and ceased even to be surprised, when he freely laid open all his plans, and told me of the repeated, and always successful trips he had made to the Havannah, on similar business. And I found also that no extraordinary skill, tact, or contrivance was necessary in his trade: (he was afterwards described to me, by an acquaintance of his, as one who carried on and went through every thing by “main strength and *stupidness* ;”—such, precisely, were the phrases applied in the description of him,) that a bribe to the officials who are especially appointed to look after the revenues of his Catholic majesty there, effectually blinded the keenest eyes of all, from the great man at the head, down to the farthest ramification, or remotest link of custom-house authority. On this assurance I lost all fear, and talked and jested over the scheme as if it were a meritorious act they were engaged to perform: it became a mere exchange of commodities at a cheaper rate, and without the prolixities and encumbrances of formality: it was a mere breach of conventionalisms; the passing of bribes and toll into other hands than those which were privileged to exact them. I began to think that possibly they might, in time, bring them to their senses—be a lesson to those in the high places, to exact less toll, especially on bread, if they would bring the toll to lawful and worthy use. Well, thus thinking, we passed under El Moro, and came to anchor in the fair-way, a little south of El Punta, with the grey city, and the forest of masts on our starboard hand, the inner harbour, a broad and beautiful basin, ahead of us, the stupendous,

but not impregnable, Moro fortress, grimly scowling on our larboard side : thus it was, till the anchor taking hold, the schooner swung directly round, and changed sides with every thing. I had provided myself with a passport at Charleston—a very necessary thing to do, on account of the fee of two dollars which is then paid to the Spanish Consul—you may light your pipe with the paper next minute, if you please : so, at least, I found the case to be. As the sun was near setting when we anchored, I preferred remaining on board for the night ; partly because the proper offices for exhibiting my passport would be closed, but chiefly from a pretty strong conviction, that if certain acquaintances of mine saw me in the city at night, one of those nicely pointed, keen edged, long, cold pieces of steel, which are nestled under jackets in the Havannah, would be sheathed under my clavicle, and I should never be able to tell who did it. Restless and feverishly impatient as the circumstances which called me to Havannah had rendered me, I was constrained to remain on board : I *turned in* and fretted myself to sleep. How long I remained in this happy obliviousness I do not know ; but I was aroused by a most unusual bustle ; stamping of feet—clattering of lumber, and a hurried confusion of sounds, among which I gathered, “Heave that barrel on board !—clap on the hatches ! —By — it is too late !—They’ll be alongside in a minute !” The light was streaming down the hatchway or companion, into the cabin, and I conjectured it was morning. I ran instantly on deck ; what a sight burst upon me ! Night it *was*, but as bright as day. To my astonishment, I discovered that the vessel had quitted her former anchorage, and was now down, far in the middle of the great or inner harbour. The whole scene taken in its round—its sum of particulars and extent—its full wonder of beauty, was grand, swelling, and overpowering ; it operated like suddenly intoxicating delight ; the senses are too small to hold the huge draught ; it rushed as a sea into the soul. That “inner harbour” was one magnificent sweep of smooth water, green and glittering under the clear round moon ; not a dot, nor a speck, nor a streak, nor a line, nor a hair of cloud, turn whichever way the eye could, was discernible in the whole expanse of the blue vault :—not a star was seen : all was the moon’s unshared and undisputed heaven. And there the calm queen sat and looked across and around her glorious realm, and down upon the sleeping world ! The grey / walls, massive buildings, towers, turrets, and steeples—the hundreds of masts on the city’s side—all, as they *stood* wrapped in her cool beams, were hushed as the centre of the Pyramids. Away to the south, the hills rising up and breaking into fringy streaks and gulfy undulations, the concave line of the moon’s empire, stood in vapoury and purple grandeur of tranquillity—smiling solemnity ; and they sunk gradually towards the limits of the sheeny basin : and there stretched out almost a plain, with only gentle swells to make it more precious to the eye, on which sat the little town of Reglas with its church towers, and here and there a villa ; about which, uplifting their gracious heads, were cocoa palms, throwing their hearselike, but beautiful plumes into the

moon's cerulean : there, too, were other growths, massive and round, with broadly spreading limbs and *ponderous* foliage : there, a little bare and level space lay between the embrace of shrubs, and partially black in the umbrageousness of the bordering trees. So happy, so hushed—so inconceivably—so indescribably beautiful was this reality of man's art with nature's glory mingling ! Even the grim Moro, and the almost palpable blackness of the shadows which it threw upon the mute and unmoving waters at its foot, and the deep murmured anthem of the rolling billow that broke afar off-away, where the bulwark head looked out tranquilly over the ever-wakeful, ever-moving, and ever-moaning ocean—all—all looked the attributes of love—all appeared as if dropped, placed, planted there by the spirit of beauty—all wore an aspect spiritualized—the reflex of heaven !

Amid this universe of beauty, which lay, as if it were in a sighless and unbreathing sleep, and was hushed into marble-like quiet, there was yet a stirring and an eager life—the life of wrong and mischief ; man's mammon worship had sent death striding abroad.

The noise, rattle, and confusion which had so suddenly aroused and called me on deck, ceased as if every one concerned had been struck dumb and nerveless. Something I saw (a barrel of flour, I conjectured) obstructed the main hatchway, and prevented its being closed down : there was not time to restore it to its stowage, and a tarpaulin was thrown over it. A boat was alongside, in the bow of which lay a cask of flour ; and sitting on the gunnel of the stern was a man, looking neither like landsman nor seaman : on his face the moon shone fully ; the swaggering manner in which his cap sat on the side of his head had in it a dare-devil recklessness of expression which seemed to tell the man's character ;—his long black hair lay down on his shoulders—his naked throat shone in the moonlight ; he sat with his arms compressively folded across his breast, with a hand, as I saw, in each pocket of his closely buttoned jacket. He exchanged glances with the captain of the schooner ; his own seemed to signify, " Say nothing—leave it to me to manage them." Not a word was uttered, except a " hush !" from the captain, which I perceived was addressed to a little Spanish boy who lay on the deck, wailing piteously, and striving to check his cry as he clung in terror to the knee of the captain, who was leaning on the schooner's main beam, with his chin resting on his crossed arms, casting out a singularly watchful and wary look, in which, with much of calculation, there was a snatch of mirthfulness, as if he could only laugh at being detected in the act of smuggling, and knew how to make reprisals, or easily solve the difficulties. The crew stood in groups, more vexed at being interrupted than alarmed at being discovered in their occupation ; and all eyes were directed to one point, whither mine also turned, and showed me the cause of this alternation of uproar and stillness. What was going on on board the schooner could be seen from the shore as if it were broad daylight ; and so barefaced was the act, that the otherwise winking authorities were now compelled to vindicate their character for loyalty and vigilance. To this end, a stately

boat, rowed by about fourteen oars, was advancing towards the Margaret, and, taking the usually dignified formality of sweep round, stopped close alongside the boat in which was the tell-tale cask of flour and the boat's sole occupant, who sat motionless. In the stern-sheets of the Custom-house boat—for such was the quality of this unwelcome intruder—were two officers and several fire-arms. The chief stood up and stooped his head till he looked under and into the bent-down face of the man with the cap. "Ha! Fulgaz!" he exclaimed, and, without turning his eye, threw out his hand beckoningly, and called for his "carabine." "Are you going to shoot me?" said the other, quite undisturbed. "Si," was the reply; and with it the cocking "click" was heard, and the muzzle was at his breast. There was a flash, a spark of the barrel, as a pistol flew from the left pocket at the head of the officer, who fell back dead into the boat, his own carabine exploding at the same instant—yet was Fulgaz untouched! As quick as possible a pistol in the left hand was fired at the other officer. The desperado then tore open his jacket, and, with his Spanish knife flashing over his head, he leaped for the Custom-house boat, which, being thrown off by the bustle, left a space so wide that Fulgaz fell short with plunge and splash into the water; nevertheless, he was over the gunnel in a few seconds—and there he stood, with one foot on the body, the other on the seat, with his knife elevated and flourished in defiance of the whole crew, not one of whom would assail him, though all were armed and carabines were at hand. Awhile he stood, glaring on them, then burst into a shrill, loud laugh of derision, and, waving his dagger to a shore-boat, several of which, with others from the ship, were now converging, full of the alarmed and curious, to the scene of disturbance, he was speedily answered by one approaching sufficiently near, and he sprang in, took off his cap, and, as he stood up, continued waving it and his knife round his head, laughing and shouting jeers of triumph, till I lost sight of him among the crowded boats and shipping moored at the quays. Meantime, another boat, full of soldiers, had arrived alongside the Margaret, and formal possession of her was taken in the king's name. The anchor was weighed, and she was towed to the wharf, moored, and a guard set over her. The excitement and turmoil, and the activity of the curious, now subsided, and all sank into repose. I again turned in, not knowing what to make of it, what might be the fate of others, or my penalty for being caught on board a smuggler, and with such additions and multiplications of mischief.

But, troublesome as the affair proved to be to others, I was entangled in no difficulty by its consequences; for, when the authorities came to examine the vessel in the morning, they declined even opening my luggage, on my stating that I was an English Passenger. I was unhesitatingly permitted to go whither I would, and two men were ordered to follow my directions in removing and carrying my trunks. I landed accordingly, and there, drawn up in line, was a company of soldiers with bristling bayonets; and walking backwards and forwards in front of their line was Fulgaz!—a chapeau on his head, and a sword flapping

at his side, with the same reckless and laughing defiance of the soldiers which he had exhibited the previous night, and no one attempted to molest or interrupt him. I had now an opportunity of examining him more closely, as he frequently paused in his walk to look fixedly or be gazed at by others; but, with the exception of a few straggling seamen or others from the American vessels, he was scarcely noticed. Singular as the face was, and so apt to be impressed on the memory, there was in it nothing of the hardened and burley ruffianism which his recent conduct might lead one to suppose would grimly scowl upon it. I should call him handsome, but for his nose and eyes. His nose was remarkably hooked and very thin, as if it had been squeezed into an unnatural projection from his face. It was the upper mandible of an eagle or a parrot's bill, hammered on both sides into a leanness and sharp edge. His two eyes—for two they were, and could not be called a pair—were not only different in colour, but they each expressed a different meaning, and that too without squinting. One was lustreously hot and greenish, the other a dark piercing brown: they seemed to be both employed at one moment on different occupations; while the green one was taking your measure and scrutinizing for the best place in which to lodge the knife, the other was securing a retreat, calculating consequences, concocting an evasion of them, or balancing the weight of your purse. They spoke at once in the present and future tense; one was doing *now*, the other acting for *bye-and-bye*. Whoever saw them once could ever after scarcely fail to recognise their owner, Fulgaz. He did me the honour to quit his bravado position, and, not with my good will, I assure you, reader, took his station at my side, as I walked towards the city gates, within which a volante was awaiting me. He was not a man to be repulsed with impunity. I dared not offer a word of dislike to his company, knowing how very unceremonious he would be with his knife if I aroused or touched his temper. Yet I was by no means disposed to hold communion with him, nor did he speak at all, but looked in my face occasionally with a malicious glee, as if he were mightily pleased that I had witnessed his prowess. Thus accompanied, I arrived at the vehicle, when Fulgaz lifted his chapeau from his head, and with a bow, prolonged till it was burlesque of courtesy, he offered me his arm to assist me in ascending; then casting an earnest and meaning glance into my eyes, waved his hand, bowed again, saying, "Adieu, Senhor Englishman! you will not forget poor Fulgaz." The driver *cheeped* at his horse, and I passed in silence, glowing with astonishment and some alarm, not without a little foreboding of mischief from that strange and desperate man. But I escaped unmolested, though I learned, some weeks after leaving the Havannah, that a knife had actually been hired for my service at the charge of an ounce, that is, a doubloon. I can only suppose the operator did not find a clean opportunity for doing his job, but I have no reason to suspect Fulgaz was the person engaged.

I never spoke of Fulgaz, and had almost ceased to think of him, till I was most strangely and dismally reminded of him thirteen months

sequent to the circumstances which I have related above. A Colombian vessel of war arrived in the harbour of S—— with part of the crew of a piratical schooner which she had captured in the act of capturing an American vessel, the whole crew of which the pirates murdered: so said report; but it proved afterwards that they had met that fate by running their vessel on shore and escaping into the sea—an example which was followed by the pirates when surprised on a Colombian in a creek on the south side of the island of Cuba. Before they were pursued; many were killed in resisting, and eight were captured, one of whom was described as having fought with great fury, and only when he was struck down, and several men laid upon him, could the party take him. They were brought to court, and given up to the civil authority to await their trial. The opinion was so strong against them, that chance of escape there was none. The day came, and, attracted by curiosity, I went to the court-house, which I found quite full. The trial was proceeding, and it was before I, by dint of perseverance and watching openings, edged myself so far through the crowd as to obtain a glimpse of the prisoners. They had their heads bent down, lying on their open palms on the bars before them, evidently enduring great mental suffering. The backs of the prisoners were towards me yet. Two stood beside each other erect, as I saw them squeezing further forward, with their hands in their bosoms, scowl of defiance from their eyes, and grinning recklessness and scorn from closed teeth and curling lips on the court. There was one, an Indian, not twenty-two years of age, of very regular, indeed beautiful features, and blond, glossy hair, which hung down his cheeks in long spiral curls, the culture of which is a matter of solicitude to many sea-faring youths. His cheeks were clear and somewhat not at all bronzed or ingrained by climate or weather; and the eyebrows and lashes gave to his full blue eyes that soft, kindly, melancholy character which frequently accompanies them. Not a wrinkle or furrow on the face or forehead was to be perceived—not the physiognomical tinge of violence or hardness was discernible; it was rather the countenance of a healthy, but not at all happy girl. In danger he seemed to be utterly unconscious, or unimpressed by what he attended to the proceedings with intense and eager earnestness, following with his eyes each witness and each movement in the court; and listening to all as if he were entirely engrossed by the deepest of a novel and singular scene in which his character, welfare, or life, were otherways totally unconcerned. He it was who had resisted capture with such extraordinary ferocity. He had no name—he would give no name; none of his companions knew him by any, or they refused to speak; and when his contumaciousness was alluded to by the judge urged him to say what he was called, he replied gently and almost deferentially, "Call me Jack Smith or Bill Jones,—anything will do; you cannot get mine, I hope." This is all I ever knew of him. Who are they—where are they—whose hearts hung in leaden sadness, or have palpitated and throbbed in tor-

turing uncertainty on his account? Perhaps there are such! And though he is not immediately or necessarily connected with the purpose of my story, perhaps the reader will pardon this notice of him. It is not a little remarkable that the only other pirate I ever saw (in my knowledge, at least,) was an Englishman of about the age of the miserable youth here spoken of; he was also of fair complexion, with glossy hair and singularly quiet expression of countenance. I saw him going to suffer death at Barbadoes for one of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders on record. He preserved his composure, calm indifference, and quiet contentedness of manner, as he walked from the prison between two men—no other guard—down the careenage, a distance of about half a mile: escape seemed anything but difficult. Under the gallows was an empty flour-barrel, the head of which had been knocked out, and a single piece of the same heading laid across the mouth as a foot-board for him to stand upon: such was the scaffold! He eyed these preparations carefully, looking up at the beam and then at the barrel, which he perceived was not directly under the beam, and with his foot adjusted it properly! Yet was there in his look, action, manner, nothing that glimpsed forth a sign of the braggadocia. I could not remain an instant longer. Pardon this digression, reader, and return with me to the court-house at S—.

Among the prisoners there was one who seemed to be utterly careless of the others, or of his own position, and heedless of the proceedings. Occasionally he lifted up his head to look about him, unconcernedly, but was occupied chiefly in the amusement of chopping at the rail or bar of the inclosure with his finger, just as one hacks at a board with a knife, idly and vacantly, or as if for the pleasure of marking it with notches. Placed as I was, I could not obtain full sight of his face, nor, indeed, was I curious on the subject; the others, the Englishman especially, had so fixed my attention: but in one of those moments of his looking up, and on the spectators, he turned his face round to my direction, and fixing his glance on me, gave a familiar nod and smile of recognition: it shot through me like a bullet! I became hot, cold, clammy, dizzy, and sick: my breathing was snapped. I felt as I were strangling; and I saw and felt nothing more, till I awoke from a stupor, and found myself supported in the arms of a gentleman who was sitting on the steps of the court's entrance: my cravat was off, my waistcoat and shirt thrown open, and a glass of water was held to my lips. It was Fulgaz who had glanced and nodded at me!—it was Fulgaz—there arraigned as a pirate! but I did not—I could not return. All were convicted, and sentence of death was passed on them. My fainting was ascribed to the heat and pressure; and to no one did I ever breathe a syllable on the subject, till upwards of seven years had transpired,—four years from the date of the following event:—

It was on a magnificent day, with neither wind nor cloud, but intensely cold, Fahrenheit then ranging from ten to fifteen degrees under zero, in the sun. After skimming with rapturous velocity over the ice, across glassy rivers, and *balised* lakes, over snow which had

settled and compacted into the solidity of rocks, myself and a fellow-traveller were approaching the little town of \* \* \*. It stands on a perfectly level plain, which is barriered on every side by a rugged and picturesque circle of hills. As the town stands far from the plain's centre, some of the hills are immediate and distinct; the greater distance of the other side of the periphery gave even the white snow, with which the hills were covered entirely (saving where the thousands and tens of thousands of pinnacled firs dotted the expanse with green or black,) a dark and hazy colouring. Between those distant hills and the plain lies the noble river, perhaps it is the grandest in the whole world, over which we had flown a few hours before. On one side of the town runs the river of disputed names, tributary to the larger, and more valued for its commercial conveniences, than for its natural beauties; which, however, are far from being few, or undeserving a scene-lover's attention, though at the time to which I am referring, most of those beauties were enveloped in a positive, resolute, confirmed wintry garb. Huts, cottages, houses, the church, roads, streets, fields,—every where was a region of snow and ice.

“The ice was here, the ice was there—  
The ice was all around.”

On the day previous, a copious visitation of sleet had arrived to assist in decorating the scene: the trunks, stems, and branches of the trees were encased in glassy congelation, and from them millions of pendulous crystals jingling swung, and sparkled, and glittered, and delighted, and bewitched the eyes with their profusion of prismatic glories: hundreds, thousands of them were every moment ringing against each other, breaking, falling, dropping, and throwing through the bright air such delicious, gentle music—hosts of happy elfin things striking their cymbals in joyous holiday. But it was exquisitely cold; a fact of which my formidable wrapping would have left me in ignorance, had not a little disorder in my neck gear called one hand out of its snug beaver mitten to set it right. The action did not occupy many seconds, but it was sufficient to tell me, to the very marrow, how cold was the air. On all was winter, glorious winter! except the smoke which graciously curled and danced in circling and wavy wreaths from many a snow-coated chimney. And our appetites had by this time whetted themselves into a keenness most enviable; for the ideality of something reeking savorily below that smoke made appetite particularly capable. “I am quite prepared for anything they can give us to eat, if it be but the hoof of a horse,” said I to my friend. “I trust we shall find something more palatable and easier of mastication than a horse's hoof,” he replied. “You may eat a good dinner in imagination, the best your poetry can spread out, and when you come to the reality you shall find that to be quite as good.” My companion knew every rood of the icy ground on which we were travelling, therefore I put the affair of eating and drinking contrivance into his hands. “There is no better house in the whole country: choice and substantial are the viands it dispenses;



and you will smack your lips in ecstasy at various and excellent wines which will range before you, and solicit an invitation down your throat. They know how to live where we are going." These commendations elicited from me further inquiry, for I saw no evidences or marks of a substantial and well-equipped hotel. "There is the house—you see it propping the church, or the church props it; it is a reciprocity of propping." The house to which he directed my attention, was the dwelling of the brotherhood who officiated in the church, and administered to the spiritual wants of the surrounding inhabitants. My friend was a good Catholic: but as I was a heretic, and also a stranger to them, a twinge of propriety and decorum came over me: but "he was intimately acquainted with them, and I should be as readily and as cordially welcome as himself; he was confident they would be about their dinner then." In a few minutes more we were in the presence of four kindly looking men, none of whom wore the garb of any special order of priesthood. Their appearances and looks spoke ease, content, and intelligence. We were received with a truly earnest but quiet welcome: my companion was a man well known to them, and his rank and station obtained for me attention and deference, at which I felt rather embarrassed. They assisted in developing us of our wrappings; but to their dinner, on which they were busily engaged when we entered, they would not allow us to sit down,—“It was disjointed, broken, and unworthy of us,”—though I cast my longing eye on substantial enough for a dozen hungry fellows: but “we should take a small portion, a mouthful, to sustain us till a fresh and entire dinner was prepared.” Our assurances that what we saw “was excellent, &c.” were unaccepted: “a proper dinner we must have.” On this arrangement we collected civility and patience to rest. Nor was this patience put to any severity of trial, for in about half an hour abundance and variety, both delicate and solid, smoked under our fascinated olfactories. After a blessing, and pausing till we were fairly engaged on our agreeable exercise, our kind hosts apologized for leaving us to ourselves—“their duties require them elsewhere.” They left us with a single attendant, “who would readily execute our orders, and supply any thing which happened to be deficient.” He entered immediately on their quitting the room. Too much occupied to allow of space for converse, except an interjection now and then, we were silent, and I thought I heard a suppressed sigh, almost a groan: it was repeated, and at the same moment, a sound like the collision of hands struck my ear. I looked in the direction of the sound, and to my amazement our attendant was on his knees, opposite to me, and beyond my companion, whose back being towards the man, he of course did not see him: and as he was also in earnest application of his military decision on the materials before him, fortunately, his entire attention was engrossed. The back of the kneeling figure was towards the only light which came into the room, consequently his face was indistinct, in shadow; but his attitude was of eager, violent, nay agonized imploration; he writhed in his position, and it was to me he was appealing! I was almost petrified by it! till

an exclamation was rising to my lips, when he sprang noiselessly to his feet, pressed his finger on his lip, pointed to my companion, and then clenched his hand together again, to bid me, as I understood him, be wary and silent. Apprehension and bewildering doubts threw me into a cold perspiration: still I continued, instinctively, I suppose, or mechanically, to make such movements and sounds as would keep my companion's attention to himself; though, indeed, the effort to suppress my strong impulses was one of the most difficult I ever made. I looked a meaning that I understood him, and should be cautious, although in truth I was throbbingly agitated with a sense of some mysterious and dreadful danger. In the dimness of view in which the man's face was presented, I was struck with a dizzy wandering fancy that I had seen him before—but where? when? He certainly knew *me*: but how? He guessed my thoughts, and, taking hold of a bottle of wine, filled my friend's glass; then moving from the window, under the pretence of doing the same office for me, the light fell on his countenance, as he looked at me an instant; then he drew back, and bowed his head down on his joined hands, which he clenched so hard, as though he would crush his blood through his fingers. It was Fulgaz who stood there! and, thank God, I became instantly calm and collected, or I should have betrayed him: though, probably, to the inner breast of one of the brotherhood, his whole story was known—and there it was a sacred deposit. Painful as was compliance, I could not resist the intensely passionate but soundless appeals he made to me for the purpose, and assuming a carelessness of manner, lest my companion's curiosity should be excited, found an excuse for leaving the room a few minutes after Fulgaz had quitted it, intimating by signal, as he did so, that he would wait for me: and never will the impression of that few minutes' interview be erased from my memory. I have said how exquisitely, how intensely cold was the air: yet there he stood, bare-headed, his once darkly-brown face, in ashy, ghastly hue, and beaded streams of agonizing sweat chasing each other down his cheeks actually freezing as they flowed! He stood and looked! then poured forth a rapid torrent of short, unconnected sentences, but most eloquent, most distressing! Now rigid, stiff as ice he stood—now quivering like an aspen: then suddenly paused, and again, as if suffocating, he gurgled out, "I was too bad to die!" and fell, or rather dashed himself down: his forehead struck on a little elevated mass of snow, which was frozen into a body as hard as granite; and a streamy line of dark crimson flowed slowly along the purely white surface. I did not call for assistance, and was stooping to raise him, when the door opened, and my companion appeared. I had presence of mind sufficient to conceal my perturbation, and merely said, "the poor brother had fallen and hurt himself." "But it was not much—a little brandy to wash it, and a brown paper plaster, would make all right again," was his remark, on wiping the wound with his handkerchief. Our hosts pressed their hospitality on us for the night, but I seconded my companion's wish to proceed on our journey; and giving to Fulgaz a look of assurance of my perfect

silence, we bade adieu to the friendly priests; and, in a few minutes, were again gliding rapidly along the ice. I passed \*\*\* a few weeks after, without stopping, and have never since revisited it. Whether Fulgas be living or dead I know not, and have refrained from making inquiries of several of those who I know had been in the neighbourhood of \*\*\*; lest I should draw attention and curiosity thitherwards.

[These twelve chapters of the Autobiography of Pel. Verjuice are all that appeared under that title in the *Monthly Repository*; and they are, I believe, the only remains of the author's attempt to give to the world a written and connected account of the events of his life.—J. F.]

## THE XV. OF AUGUST, MDCCCXXXIII.\*

*Monthly Repository, September, 1833.*

"Lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart."

I CANNOT find words, or I would thunder forth the indignation which every man, who *thinks*, must feel—such as I feel, while I am sick and pale with the shame, which every Englishman ought to feel, at the reception and result of Mr. Buckingham's motion. And less able am I to embody in words, or to sum up in conception, the bitter scorn and

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\* The reader will perceive that the author of this article wrote under the influence of strong feelings, occasioned by the Ministerial opposition to, and the Parliamentary rejection of, Mr. Buckingham's motion on the subject of *impressment*. Some readers may, on that account, question the propriety of its insertion. I would remind them that it is desirable, even for those who are not in sympathy therewith, to have on record the emotions which particular proceedings of the Legislature excite in those to whom present circumstances, or past experience, or observation, may give peculiar interest in the subject. This is especially to be desired when the parties concerned are of the poorer classes, and when the oppression is local in its exercise, and thereby removed from the general observation of the community; and it might be added, when such a class have so qualified and eloquent an advocate as the victims of the press-gang possess in our correspondent. The strength of his expressions will not startle those who have ever witnessed any of the arbitrary and brutal proceedings which the House of Commons, on the instigation of the Government, has not merely refused to abolish, but even to *inquire* into the practicability of abolishing. I once resided in a village a few miles from the coast, where a gang was permanently stationed, and know that in such localities the voice of our correspondent will have many echoes, nor should they stop their ears to them whose lot it has been, alike in peace or war, to "sit at home at ease." In fact, the question of impressment is one branch of the broader question of whether there should be one law for the rich man and another for the poor, the one affording perfect security, and the other sanctioning brutal coercion. It is so regarded by the writer.—*Editor of the Monthly Repository.*

triumphant ridicule with which every foreigner will quote the uttered sentiments ; repeat, echo and re-echo the black truths, which were on that evening divulged, ay, and defended too, by the law-givers of Britain ; the guardians of vaunted freedom and trumpeted equality of laws, which bless this " Swan's nest in a great pool,"

" This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
 This fortress built by nature for herself ;  
 This happy breed of men ; this little world ;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth ; this realm of England ;  
 This land of such dear souls ; this dear, dear land—  
*Dear for her reputation through the world.*"

On Thursday Evening, August 15th, 1833, the seal was put to this death-bed voucher of JOHN OF GAUNT, and now the *dear reputation* of England will be attested by a hundred million of witnesses. A thousand tongues of eloquence, through as many years of toil, would not have proved so clearly, so satisfactorily, what Sir James Graham and his colleagues have proved in one short hour. Oh, the mighty influence of truth when it flows from an orthodox source ! They have proved that England *may* be the rich man's paradise ; but it *is* the humble man's prison, the poor man's hell. And let the unprincipled echoers of Sir James, and the wolf-hearted advocates of this "*legality*," again bid those " who do not like England to leave it." There is a deep diapason muttered in a thousand hearts the reply, "*No ; WE WILL MAKE IT GOOD FOR US ; we will make it worthy our stay in it, worthy our liking ; worthy our defence, to the last drop in our veins ; and we will not endure your let or hindrance in this. And, more than all for ye to fear, WE WILL NOT AGAIN BE DUPED BY YOU.*" We will advance weaponed by our own thoughts, panoplied by our own intelligence, artilliered by our own knowledge. We will on, marshalled by truth, generalled by justice to all ; and our impregnable bulwark shall be the voice of human nature. Muster all your sophistries, cajole all your sycophants, bribe all your serviles, titillate your several coteries of hereditary imbeciles, unite their and your petty, party manœuvrings into a corporate joint-stock of squint-eyed cunning, bluster till your cheeks crack, whine till each of you has worn away his trachea, and argue, bless the mark ! till millions of words have exhausted the arrangements of arithmetical progression, and each phrase, from necessity, be kibed on the heel by a tautological follower ; *You will never persuade us again. You cannot unsay the saying of the 15th of August, 1833.*" No ; they cannot : neither can they vanquish nor silence these hearts, for therein is concentrated the majesty of power which cannot be reached—which cannot be touched by a writ. They cannot stop the *march*. They may command a halt, but who will heed it now ? " right about face" to the hurricane ! The legislators have brewed a decoction that must be their own bitter drink. They have forged a weapon which must be used against themselves. Hence-

forth their voices will be heard as a senseless rumbling; their acts will be regarded as shadows battering against a hill of adamant. On the 15th August, 1833, they said "the laws of England justify the stealing of an Englishman—justify his being openly dragged from his hearth and home and dooming him to a life of slavery."

"And this is law they will maintain  
Until"—*the next election.*

"OH, FOR CENTENNIAL PARLIAMENTS!"—Ten thousand per annum'd bishops and five thousand tithed rectors—sleek pulpit gracers of all rates of pay, from the slim two hundred expectant stirrup-holder to the forty thousand pounder in the saddle,—have lipped forth, with serene smiles of benignant consolation, to velvet-cased pews and hard bare cross-aisled benches, the comforting fact that all were alike in the eye of God. This their theme has been for ages, but they became especially diligent thereon after the 14th July, 1789, when each, mildly and meekly, exhorted the occupiers of the bare pews and cross-aisled benches to be loyal and submissive to the just, impartial, and benevolent laws of England; where, blessed spot! the peasant, the humblest delver in the ditch, was as fully protected from all assaults, whose hearth and liberty were intrenched by justice and unassailed by fraud or oppression, made as sacred by his country's generous laws and matchless constitution, as the palace of the prince or the noblest duke's most honourable person; and, as the flowing period roundly closed, the preacher glanced his gentle eye, lighted as it was with the sweet humility of having made a favourite hit, to catch the approving and rewarding regard of the UPPER CLASSES. But he forgot to tell his humbler hearers that, by the laws of England, their brothers, sons, and husbands might be kidnapped, and sent away for ever—to be scourged, to endure a thousand hardships, to encounter a thousand perils, and to perish in the encounter. He told them of the horrible French conscription:—not a word did he speak of that which says—

"Lawfully, by this, *the state* may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by it cut off  
Nearest the *poor man's* heart."

No—not this was heard in his homily, it was too near the truth for him to speak; for him and his, the laws *were* beautiful—enough for him and his. Or, was there a mother grief-bowed for her son, a pale wife withering in sadness for a husband so torn from her, he spoke to her so kindly, so blandly, so charitably of resignation to the will of—the folks in the velvet-lined pews: for such is the version of the text now; this expounding of their phrase, *Heaven*, was promulgated on the 15th August, 1833.

Contractors for beef, butter, and biscuits; purveyors of candles and cheese for his Majesty's troops and navy; gaugers and commissioners, excisemen and inspectors, judges and Jack Ketches, &c. &c. &c. with

all their train of hopefuls, pickers-up of scraps and crumbs, the multitudinous ramifications by which need or cupidity taught honesty to succumb to imposition, and industrious plain dealing to shake hands with fraud; all—all have chorussed when the glow of magnanimous patriotism burst forth in the words, "Oh, the glorious laws of England—the free and happy land, where equal right prevails, and wheat is a hundred and twenty shillings per quarter; where justice ever holds the scales, and beef is eighteen-pence a pound; the home of genuine liberty, the hope of the enthralled, where tyranny fears to set his foot; where I can knock any man down with impunity if he have not four shillings to pay for a warrant; where slavery dies on breathing its free air, and free-born Englishmen starve in a cellar for want of food: the envy of nations—the admiration of the world!" So it is the admiration: the 15th of August starts up now, and with its giant voice, sends forth the words to the furthest corners of the earth, and in a thundering crescendo adds,—"'Tis true—'tis true! I have sworn to it—I have sealed it—I, the 15th of August, 1833."

Can the whole earth besides produce a parallel to this "law?" Mick or Nick, I defy either of *you* to match it. Is there one petty province on the face of the earth in which a similar law exists? England is alone in the glory. "Yes, there are many"—and the many will be triumphantly quoted in which, not only the liberty, but the life of the subject is permissive at the will of a single despot. Granted; but, Sir, the subject is not there cheated by tales of his freedom; the priests do not mock him with homilies on the blessedness of his happy liberation from the galling yoke of tyranny, under which it is the lot of other nations to groan; hypocrites and sycophants do not call him free-born Englishman, or Turk, or Arab, or Tartar, or savage; greedy devourers of his earnings and fatteners upon his toil do not tell him to rejoice in his quality of protection and claim to legal justice, then hand him over to the slave-driver, the bastinado or the bow-string, the cat-o'-nine-tails or the halter. You have vaunted and puffed and swaggered for ages on his equality of protection, and you have lectured and goaded the *incorrigible unwashed* with words, of the falsehood of which his every hour's existence knocked at his brain and heart with conviction:—the 15th of August, 1833, has settled the question.

But, was this legality unknown till now? Oh, no! I was aware of it; thousands knew it; but it was discontented, it was disloyalty, it was "jacobinism," sedition, to whisper it. Now, as loyalty means something like faith in the law, (much more nearly than faith in a "creed" means religion,) it is a symptom of loyalty to proclaim the law; it is the duty of every loyal subject to make the law seen as much as in him lies. Felt it has long been; as many a maddened father, famished child, and broken-hearted mother could testify. But it was not to be whispered till the 15th of August, 1833—"bless the five wits" of each of the honourable gentlemen! We may now proclaim the "legality" in every market-place throughout the united kingdom, from every church-steeple

in the empire. Ay, hoist a flag there as regularly on the 15th of August as on his Majesty's birth-day ; black be it, with the inscribed law in enormity of red letter.

On the fifteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, the brand of infamy was struck on Britannia's forehead. Let the day stand in the colour of shame on the nation's calendar to eternity. The 15th of August, the anniversary of the birth of England's "implacable foe," Napoleon. Perhaps this was done as a votive offering to his manes, or in propitiation of his spirit's wrath. Reader, we will, if you please, admit this palliation. Perhaps, had this kindly thought struck me sooner, I should have spared myself the task of writing the above, and the Editor would have given you something good for your perusal, for I importuned him, with much earnestness, to spare me a corner in the *Repository* for this, before I wrote a word of it.

P. V.

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*Note.*—In the course of the debate, one Honourable Gentleman said impressed men made the best man-of-war's men. This in the aggregate is a fact ; but the *causes* of it are not such as will dove-tail very well with any theory which Captain Elliott would be likely to adopt. I have already encroached beyond endurance in the columns of this number of the *Repository* ; therefore must defer these causes till next month, or I may blend them in some of my chapters. But there is one point which demands instant attention. It was urged by several members, that a fleet could not be immediately manned by volunteers, on an emergency ; impressment was, therefore, though a cruel, a necessary evil.—A hundred sail of the line could not be manned in a few months ; and it required more than a few months to build them. Mend the system, and a *large fleet* might be manned easily, without resorting to your old diabolism. Does not Captain Elliott—does not Admiral Codrington know, that a British man-of-war was called, what it was dreaded, and too often felt to be, a "hell afloat ?" not so called from an absence of religion, or a profusion of cursing ; not from a spirit of recklessness in the seamen, or a redundancy of huge-mouthed oaths ; nor for any blight on the moral senses. Both these officers well know what *were* the ingredients and constituents of these so much dreaded "hells." The condition of seamen in ships of war is vastly improved—their sufferings and hardships are much ameliorated in every way. In 1811 an Admiralty order directed a quarterly return of all punishments to be transmitted to the board. This operated wondrously in some ships ; in the brave and humane man, under whose command it was my good fortune to serve, it effected no change : but, oh, it caused the lip gnawing of many other commanders. An extension of the spirit which emanated in that order, would make impressment unnecessary. The extension which that spirit has obtained elsewhere, will make impressment dangerous ; captains and officers, who have not caught the spirit, will each sit hourly on a barrel of gunpowder. But let me show a single in-



stance, in which this dread of "hell afloat" was conquered by the knowledge that the commander was just and humane.

When the A—— was stript, to be put out of commission, in 1812, several of the best seamen in the ship applied for their discharge: they were not only willing, but joyously anxious to sacrifice the whole of their earnings through five years of toil and peril (so long was the A—— abroad) for the purpose of escaping from a man of war; and the sum which was necessary to effect this valued freedom, would have engrossed their last shilling; but on this they had not a moment's hesitation: it was a choice of ills, at one of which they could laugh, but the other wore so horrible an aspect, that, at all hazards, it was to be avoided, if possible. An Admiralty communication first made their intention known to Captain M. He really respected the characters of the men—they were among the steadiest, best tried, and well known of the crew; and he expressed his desire that I would learn from them if there were any cause which made them dislike to be under his command. I did so; singly and all, they replied, "Oh, no, sir, that's not it." These men had been my shipmates more than five years. I need not say that I respected—indeed, I had an affection for them. "But," said they, "the ship is going to be paid off, and we shall be drafted—God knows where." I replied, "Captain M. will have the D——; have you any objection to her?" "Not at all; if we could be sure of going with him, we don't want to leave the service." I took upon me to say, they might be sure of it; and hastened to Captain M. at his lodgings, to make my report; on hearing it he said, "That's well, indeed—very well—return on board, and tell them, they *shall* go with me!" I ventured to suggest, how much more it would gratify them, were *he* to tell them so. "Right, very right; I'll be on board directly!" He did tell them so; and I wish every captain in the navy would acquire the right to feel as he then felt. They did go with him; and again—when their old ship, the A——, left her ribs and trucks in Gaspar Straits.

P. V.

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## JOHN BULL, ESQUIRE, OF WHEEDLE HALL.\*

*Monthly Repository, October, 1833.*

MR. JOHN BULL is very self-complimentary on his character for straight-forwardness. Are you a stranger to him, reader? If you have lived only with *him*, and heard only *his* account of himself, you are, indeed. If, however, you have looked much among other people,

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\* Originally, and perhaps better, "Humbug Hall."

you may have been tempted into a little thinking; (though this does not always follow—I have known many of his family who returned as *unprejudiced* as they set out on the journey;) you may have compared him with others. However the case stands, I caution you, if you have any trade with this straightforward gentleman, do not venture at him straightforwardly; if you do, you will pitch upon his horns; or, take my word for it, (if you have not tried the experiment,) he will slip aside—and “rattle” and “crack” your scone cries out against the wall, to which he delegates the office of receiving and welcoming you. “He likes a man to be straightforward; he hates all circumvention and all circumlocution: he is mathematician enough to know that the shortest road between two points is in a straight line.” This is part of that system of morality, the words of which he has been *told*—the matter taught is different. You must tell him you know he does, and is, &c., or you can never prevail with him. Tickle him, dose him, stuff him with flummery, oil him, grease him, give him his pap with a ladle, daub him with honey and treacle; but, oh! carefully eschew all mustard and cayenne in your administered mixtures. How he will bellow, and roar, and butt, if you offer them to him! Though these are ingredients he cannot abide himself, he is bounteous in his dispensation of them,—really so; and is thrown into ecstasies when he sees them bite, excoriate, and exacerbate his friends and neighbours. Do not forget this; you can try it on emergency; it will be your point of refuge when all things else fail; a *dernier ressort*, in which you will be certain to meet safety, and Mr. John Bull’s most liberal patronage. But other matter for him: though your gorge may rise, yet persevere: you cannot satiate, you cannot cloy him. Go on, I say, and you will be the victor, he your dupe. As sure as you are born you will be impaled if you attack him in any other way; or if once, after you begin to dose him, you grow ashamed or sick of the work and draw off, expect to die in a ditch; for all his first impressions are the offsprings, the shootings, the twitchings of his habitual suspicion. I was about to call it his natural suspicion, but it is not that. It is true he imbibes it so early that you may trace it as far back as his first draught of mother’s milk; it is irresistible: mechanical to him as a spoon to his soup. All first advances, he eyes with a knowing, suspecting, detecting glance. A clever fellow is Mr. John Bull! “He is not going to be taken in!” not he! Never mind that, but on—on—on, I say, and he will soon close both his eyes, as a cat does when you tickle him under the ear; then it is that Mr. John Bull thinks his vision most perfect, most clear, and you may plunge your hands each into a pocket of his breeches; then be sure you call him generous Briton or Englishman, for “he detests flattery,” he *says*, (which is a bit of the system,) or woe betide you for “an ungrateful vagabond,” &c.

O glorious and renowned Mr. John Bull! Look! yonder stands his castle, entrenched by a ditch of caution, fifty feet wide and sixty deep, triply circumvallated by suspicion, bastioned by mistrust, barriered by stamp-receipts, portcullised by a certificate, drawbridged by a docu-

ment. Casements barred and closed—loop-holes spiked—crenelles, every inch of them, cheveux-de-frized. There is the gate—there is the draw-bridge—up—and a road here directly leading to them. Blow the horn—ring the bell—knock, knock, knock at the outer barrier. All in vain! He is not to be seen. Ha! there he is! peeping through a loop-hole: again—higher up—shaking his sapient noddle at the crenelles. “This house is *mine*.” Hear you his absolute *mine*? It is exploded with a *pluff*, as if a barrel of soap-suds had blown out the bung. “Every brick in these walls, which you are staring at, is *mine*.” (Mrs. and the young ones use the plural, but Master scorns all cases except the possessive singular.) “Gate, doors, windows, chimneys, here are mine. The mud in that ditch is mine; every bubble that spirts up on it belongs to me: they are my bubbles, Sir. That is my road which you are on.” The sky over head is his, but he does not say so: he fears you would laugh at him: (another bit of the system :) nettles, weeds, and cobwebs are all his. The vermin in the garret, the mice in the pantry, and the rats in the barn, are *not* his; he absolves them from all allegiance; else they belong to his neighbour, who sends them here to sponge on his good-nature and plenty. “How do you do, Sir?” “Bow! wow! wow!” “You are quite well, I hope, Mr. John Bull.” He hears you not; he is gone to unchain and unmuzzle the mastiff. You cannot find entrance that way; but do not despair; look round; reconnoitre the fortress. Ha! there you see a vulnerable crown-work; that is BASTION GULLIBLE: fire away! again! again! there, you batter in breach; he welcomes the assault; he capitulates; down down drawbridge! up portcullis! “Knaves, make haste; do not keep a gentleman waiting at *my* gates.” He greets you heartily; “Welcome, Sir; welcome to Wheedle Castle.” (I have translated the name of the place with a view to your better understanding it; it *goes* by a different appellation.) Take me as your invisible Mentor, be you Telemachus, reader, through the mansion and grounds which he obligingly shows to you. From wine-bins in the cellar to lumber in the attics, from porch at entrance to the dunghill behind the stables, the hospitable, courteous, free-hearted fellow escorts you, communicative, descriptive, and explanatory in all. Up to the turret-leads with him you go. There is a glorious prospect! every way, far and near, all around,—rich, verdant, various, beautiful! “My land extends about half a mile over the hill; you see the hill yonder?” “Yes, I see it: with a carpet of eye-gladdening verdure, surrounded on three sides by a crisp and clumpy copse halfway down it, and at its foot a liquid ribbon sparkling, fluttering, and waving: beautiful! Nature! here, indeed, thou art lovely. I bow to her in worship, Sir.” “Mad as a March hare,” stares Mr. John Bull; but he is silent, and becomes semi-sulky. Hark ye, Telemachus, you will be swamped to a certainty; that is *not* the kind of talk you are to hold to Mr. John Bull; you must admire and envy the *owner* of the beauty, for all his sense of it is in *possession*; it is *his*. So let it be thus: “Ah, Sir, you have a noble estate, a magnificent one, in high cultivation; does you honour, Sir; honour to your

taste, and skill, and agricultural knowledge." "I am glad you like it." Mended, Telemachus; but not exactly the thing yet. Remember, it is the *ownership* which makes the cockles of his heart "to leap." "And there, just turning the eastward of that plantation, is a most charming and inviting spot; fertility embraced by seclusion; there, the willow, and ash, and shrubs, bending to gaze at their own beauty in the mirror that flashes below them. I am sure you are often tempted to sit there, with a book or a"—"That, Sir, is not mine." Blank again! Get back into the house. He has something else to show you: no hope of you here.

"You have not seen my pictures—and my sculptures: here they are, Sir." A *coup d'œil* from the collection at once enchains your faculties before you examine more closely and in detail. "Admirable effect, excellent judgment in the arrangement, Sir." "Yes; I paid a man five guineas a-day while he was doing it, and all his expenses." "What! doing all his expenses? Oh, I understand." That was a slip, Telemachus; he half suspected you. "Money well expended, Mr. John Bull. That is a Correggio. Beautiful! divine emanation of genius!" "Fine picture, is it not, Sir?" "Indeed it is, Mr. John Bull. Exquisite Correggio! And that statue, too. Canova has waved the marble over with lights and shadows of spiritual beings, and breathing existence. Correggio and Canova, side by side, brothers in immortality." "The fellow is cracked!" again *stares* Mr. John Bull. Fiah! you simpleton, Telemachus: what cares he for Correggio or Canova? You should say, "They have cost you a great sum:" he loves to be elicited on these matters: or, "You are a fortunate man to possess these treasures." "Why, yes," says he, "I love to patronize" (that is the phrase) "the arts, as every gentleman ought whose fortune will enable him to afford to do so." Ha, right, right now, Telemachus; you may elaborate safely; you have struck the right chord; his drowsy soul awakened at the sound. It is *he* who must be the object of your admiration: *he*, the possessor; *he*, the owner of those pictures and sculptures. Correggio and Canova be d—d! What were they but two onion-munching, saffron, bilious-faced Italians! he can buy them both. Now proceed onwards through that door; within the recess is another—baized, brass-nailed, gilt-leathered, and noiseless; no creaking, no jar; it turns in deferential silence on its hinges. It is the portal to the sacred precincts of the library. Enter. How calm is every thing here! how mildly subdued the light! Imagination, wisdom, knowledge, thought, inspiration, beautiful intelligence in repose; and all is in pin-breadth order; nothing displaced, nothing disturbed; the position of that portfolio—the inkstand—central and rectangular, measured to their place with the accuracy of compass and rule. Your eyes rest upon the marshalled volumes—an army of spirits—and how splendid their backs and bindings! plethoric in *tooling* and *gilding*, (as the binders call it;) gay as the gingerbread in a booth at Greenwich fair: do but examine the richness of the carving of those shelves, the pilaster divisions, &c. They are all *his*, all Mr.

John Bull's, who is standing beside you.—“I am the proprietor of all at which you are gazing with so much admiration,” is in his thought. Approach nearer; bring your optics within reading distance of the *lettering* of the tomes; run up and down and laterally—all favourite, fashionable, well-known, well-bepuffed, and all “standard” works. Some, too, you may see, on which enthusiasm may exhaust its essence in laudation, and yet wish for power to speak the sum of half that is due and deserved. Is Shelley there? No. Is—or—or—or? No—no—no; not one whom the system excludes. Shakspeare? Ay, ay; he would not be English were Shakspeare not in his library. A thought flashes; you would refer to Shakspeare for it. Look, there is the volume. You advance your hand; it is upon it; not quite. “Hah!” from Mr. John Bull, checks you; he sees your hand is ungloved: such is his reverence for Shakspeare, you think, perhaps; but he is touched with remorse a little, and permits you to draw it from the ranks, first casting a glance at your fingers in question of their need of ablution. You open the tome; the leaves adhere to each other; as fresh and as free from touch is every page as at the hour the book was taken from under the binder's press. What should you say? What but, “Mr. John Bull, you have the most elegant copy of the divine bard I ever saw.” Telemachus, your fortune is made; he will give a hundred, ay, a thousand dinners on the strength of your so saying: no man in the world like *him*; so hold to that, if you can; but no, you burst out again with some absurd stuff, some silly enthusiasm on “the greatest man that ever lived to bless men with fellowship; the unapproachable, yet free; the vast, the magnificent spirit,” (Mr. John Bull, if perchance he has picked up antiquarianism enough, thinks of the butcher's shop at Stratford-on-Avon, and turns aside to smile,) and “nature's most playful, simple, sinless child.” A bell: dinner waits. Your host respectfully bows, begs you will precede him; your last observations have battered him into the most dignified politeness; he is now the very pink of courtesy, for you are such an ass. Pass through the hall toward the dining-room; he begs your pardon for an instant while he retires; can you guess for what purpose? No, not you. Innocent creature! you have no curiosity that way. Guess: you cannot. Hear it from me: he goes to countermand the order which, in your hearing, he gave an hour ago to the butler to bring up “some of the old 1805:” it is his *supernaculum*. Your last burst has undone you. You are not a guest to his liking, so an humbler vintage will do for you, and he to-day will do a violence on his own palate, a most heroic self-sacrifice. See what affliction you have brought upon yourself! what loss you sustain by neglecting my counsel. However, mend your play, and you may recover the lost trick.

His table reeks abundance: I hate enumeration of these things. I care little for their presence. I do not run from them, but I will not seek them—scarcely credible, you say, because you do not know me sufficiently. The best dinner that ever displayed the skill of the

cuisinier, would not allure me to a walk across the street for it, if the cravings of hunger could be appeased by a readier access to food; even a roasted potatoe I prefer to many dinners, because I am, at these, expected to partake of entremets and sauces which I somewhat nauseate; yet do not imagine I am so much of a philosopher as to hate "good living;" but it must *come to me*. Hold! I am talking while you are eating. "Now, sir, do you know you are eating a piece of one of those very oxen that were passing when the mob pelted his Majesty's carriage at Brentford!" Oh noble beef—oh worshipful bullock! you drop your tools in astonishment, check your mastication's speed, let your jaws civilly distend, stare with both your eyes on the wondrous roast, draw a huge breath to inflate your lungs sufficiently, then explode with "Ha! indeed!" or you are a ruined man; 'tis done, a glass of wine in honour of the bullock's memory; now eat away again. "A slice of that ham with your turkey, I can recommend it; you have read Johnny Gilpin?" "I have, Mr. Bull." "Well that ham is from a pig bred from the one his horse ran over at Edmonton"—"Hah?" "Yes, sir, my grandfather bought the whole farrow, sow and all; and they and their children have been in our family ever since." Oh, sacred pork! oh John-Bull-honoured pig! "Well, Mr. John Bull, you have laid me under eternal obligations—this is kindness, sir." "Sir, I am glad you like it." "Nothing, Mr. John Bull, can exhibit *your*," (I have emphasized the *your*, be you very gentle in doing it)—"nothing can exhibit your taste and judgment more decidedly; I am sure I am fortunate, rendered happy by this day. Pray, sir, if I dared tax your liberality to such a degree, may I—you could not, could you, sir?" "What?" he responds—"anything that is in my power,"—you see he melts, "I shall be happy to oblige such a gentleman as you always, sir." "Why, sir, you are very kind; may I venture to ask, can you permit me to carry from your hospitable mansion some token, some memento of the owner's liberality and taste? It may be I am asking too much, but pardon the desires which yourself have created. Can you spare me a few of the bristles from that pig, if they are not all gone, and a paring from the horn or hoof of that ox?" "Certainly, I shall have very great pleasure, but we'll have our dessert and wine first: you may rely on me; and, Wilkins," (aloud,) "where is the old 1805, that I ordered you to bring up? come, let us have it." "Yes, sir, yes," says Wilkins, and exit. There—well done, well done: keep it up thus, and the best in the house, garden, or cellar is at your command; the first peach, strawberry, or pine from the hot-house that season, is gathered for your welcome; he entreats, he presses all on you, becomes joyous, free, hearty, communicative, the bristles and hoof-paring have vanquished his *dignity*. Then comes the lively interchange of thought. He withholds nothing; now will he show you his secret, most mysterious and sacred treasures. There is one in that or-molu and rose-wood cabinet which he, speechless, unlocks; from it he draws a small case, it is something exquisitely precious—open—so: within it, bandaged and rebandaged, folded and refolded is the *precious*—he lays it under your

dilated eyes. "Now, sir, what do you think of that?" Why, you think it is a bit of dried mud, or particles of sand and earth mingled. After a pause of minute inspection, "I cannot guess, Mr. Bull."—"Well, sir, I will tell you: that is a bit of the identical spot of ground on which Dennis Collins planted his wooden leg, when he threw a stone at his Majesty, at Ascot races!" "No—o—o—I" you exclaim, "can it be possible?" "True, sir, the very same, sir. I gave this constable that captured him three guineas for it; and here is a certificate of the truth, sworn to, on oath, sir, in the presence of two of my brother magistrates!" "Oh, for one single grain of that sacred sand! Mr. John Bull, you, indeed, *are* a man—if—how I envy you the possession of that precious treasure!"—"You shall have a grain, two grains, sir, to put you in mind of Wheedle-hall occasionally." Here you become the most social of friends, the happiest convivialists that ever hob-and-nobbed together. So you go on smiling at each other, delighted with each other's agreeable companionship, and he blesses you by putting into your hands the object of your desires—the last and holiest pledge of his respect for you, viz.: six bristles of that pig, an inch of hoof-paring of that ox, and two grains of that sand: and you bid "good night." He is alone—look at him, as he now sticks his thumbs into his breeches pockets, now uniting them in repose behind: look at him, I say, as he stumps up and down the room; he moves as no other man on earth moves; his head, neck, shoulders, arms, chest, trunk, are labourers to his legs; the upper part of him is employed in carrying the lower from place to place: they are not at all reciprocants. Well, there he is, repeating to himself, "What a ——— generous, gentlemanly, hospitable, and wealthy man that fellow must think me!"

Exceptions do not make rules.

P. V.

## SOCIAL EVILS AND THEIR REMEDY.\*

*Monthly Repository, November, 1833.*

"SOCIAL EVILS!" another labourer in the vineyard! then will I hail him as a brother; welcome to my heart is any one, who, in these times, joins the adventurous band of inquirers, and sets about the task that shall smooth the way to social improvement—the redemption from social evils. What will be the remedy which this new recruit proposes?—*nous verrons*. To point to the evils is, at least, a symptom

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\* The Mechanic; No. I. of Social Evils and their Remedy. A Series of Narratives addressed to all Classes of Society, on the great Subjects of Political and Christian Economy, by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, A.M.

of the free and philanthropic spirit, that now walks abroad smilingly, and fearlessly, and hopefully. His proposed remedy may not be an efficient one, no matter; we will take the good he provides us and be thankful. Something is done in showing how and where the evils exist; for the present form of the social system is as a smooth green turf, encrusting bogs and pitfalls, traps and fetters, into which the way-farer plunges, flounders, and is caught in inextricable difficulties; mankind are, therefore, greatly obliged to him, who will shave off the velvety turf, and discover the dangers as they stand and lie, and *lie* as they stand, if one may aspire to a pun on so grave a subject; discover them, that the traps and dangers may be avoided, or, at least, known to be traps and dangers. Other engineers, if himself have not the requisite skill, will lay out in right direction, and beat into substantial firmness, a new and secure path; welcome, then, as a brother, be the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M., albeit he is "a country parson of the Church of England;" for if he be "the man," he is an honour to his cloth.

And with these sentiments I sought the newly published volume, as vivid in anticipated enjoyment, as a well-whipped, hard-tasked, "emulation" stirred schoolboy is, when he looks for the morning of breaking up; or as little Miss longs for her new doll, or little Master for the mince-pie or promised sugar-plum for being "good." I worked a sum in multiplication of how many rods were in so many furlongs of road; how many yards and feet were in the rods, and got a total in inches; and how many minutes and seconds must I be kept in suspense between my first longing's dawn, and my having the book, *de facto*, in my hands; at length the inches were passed over, the minutes were counted through, and here it is.

Well, what a pretty purple cover! and the frontispiece, how elegantly ornamented! what a speaking device! do look at it. The title has, for supporters, two bishops' croziers, entwined by flowers; at the foot of the word "mechanic" is a vignette; a black circle surrounding a cross, on the top of which cross is a little goose, *asquat*. Ha! now the meaning of the croziers is explained, very pretty indeed, very clever, they are the gooseherd's hooks, which he throws round the necks of the flock when he wishes to pluck and roast them. Oh, Rev. Chas. B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England, "do all your protestations come to this?" or is it in derision you have thus embellished your title page? "Fie on't! oh, fie!" Is it thus you profanely jest with the sacred emblems, which to venerate, a parson of the Church of England is in duty bound?

"It is not a goose," says a little chubby-cheeked rogue, who is looking over my elbow, "it is a dove." "A dove, is it?" Well, so it is! I took it for a goose asleep, and, look, there is a motto on, in the black circle, but so deeply black is the circle, the words cannot be seen without close prying, although there is a glory radiating from the dove and cross. Spectacles, assist me! "There is no other peace"—and that peace is buried in such a dismal halo! cannot we reach it without



wading through so much murkiness and misery? No, certainly not; if we use the croziers for walking staffs. Dark, black, desolate and dreary, right under the abused ensign of the cross and dove, there has been enough of each! We know that under that ensign tens of thousands, and millions and millions of dark murders and monstrous barbarities have been committed, and has peace been attained? Has peace been sought? No; domination, power and tyranny. I shall see by your book what you aim at; but, Sir, this title-page looks ominous. That "peace" is there, fairly, fittingly, and appropriately enclosed in the black ring, and foul are the streams and malignant is the venom which has gushed and gurgled under the screening shadow of that banner! and Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M., country parson of the Church of England, you are right in placing the bishops' croziers as supporters; you ought to know how right, or you have read to little purpose. Let me read further: I shall see, anon, what is your understanding of the emblems.

First, there is a preface, with the intention and whole design of the work honestly avowed, and the reader need trouble himself no further, as I have done, for his remedy is, like the decease, fully stated in his preface, all the rest is supererogatory; but it was necessary that there should be a story, plot, and characters, to give it a relish. Something, however, in the preface is worthy of note, which it shall receive when "the end" gladdens or grieves the sight of the reader.

"Reuben Forster is my name, and England is my nation,  
Birmingham is my native place, and

My father was a Christian of an old-fashioned school," thus sings the hero, or thus drones the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England for him. Reader, are you aware what kind of Christian this was? Not you. Hear it from me. He was one who made it necessary for every housekeeper, in Birmingham, to chalk on his doors and window-shutters "Church and King," in order to secure his dwelling from plunder and destruction, and his person from the abuse and persecution with which the aforesaid Christians would else have assailed him, and all that were his. Lament with Reuben Forster and the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. country parson of the Church of England, that in Birmingham these Christians are shorn of their strength, and in their weakness lack the will to return to those Christian deeds which elevated their tribe—Reuben Forster's father one of them; one, too, who may have signalized himself in those celebrated and right old-fashioned Christian riots, in his native town, when Dr. Priestley's house was burned, and he himself industriously sought, to cast him on the funeral pyre of his library and philosophic apparatus, and when each man who had distinguished himself by his intellectual wealth and upright philanthropy was hunted as a prey as he fled from the dwelling, which these old-fashioned Christians had wrapped in flames. Grieve, lament in sackcloth and ashes, that to those happy times and "Church and King!" we have so little prospect of returning.

Such old-fashioned Christianity, sighs the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England, is dwindled into scarcity ; so small is the number of its professors, that they, oh, pain to think ! blush to avow themselves ! the reverend gentleman, having " a higher mission," does not blush. Blame be to the shameless licentiousness of the press : blame be to Mechanics' Institutes and " lectures : " blame be to Miss Martineau ; and especial blame to the " heartless Socinians " of Birmingham, for this mischievous undoing of Church and Kingism, there, was mainly their "*sensual, earthly and devilish*" work. But, proceed we now to Reuben Forster's history. Reuben begins the world as a clock and watch-maker ; his father dies ; for his father's memory he entertains a grateful distress ; but in the midst of his grief he receives a salutary lesson of resignation, from a cat in his kitchen ; where (Reuben *loquitur*) " the fire had gone out, and my aunt's favourite cat sat upright in her usual place, the middle of the hearthstone, looking as dull as myself ; " not quite, Reuben ; *i. e.* not quite so dull as your reverend friend has made you ; " her tail was drawn close under her, and she sat staring at the empty grate. However, on throwing myself into one of the arm-chairs, she sprang into my lap ! *A thing I had never known her do before, for she was an old cat of very orderly habits !!!* I might have taken a lesson from the poor animal who seemed so ready to make the best of a desolate change, and to seek comfort where it was to be found." This lesson, though Reuben Forster did not, I trust ye gloomy and grumbling mechanics will, take. Reuben Forster was master and had the key of the cat's-meat. So be you resigned and patient to the Reuben Forsters who hold the keys of your meat ; purr to them, and perhaps they will give you a bit.

About a year and a month after his father's death he takes to him a wife ; not within a year and three weeks, that would have been highly improper, irreligious. His wife " was worth her weight in gold," one of her points of worth was she had little schooling, " I mean as to scholarship," says Reuben, " for she was a slow reader, even in the Bible, and she wrote a clumsy hand enough." Ye mechanics, be warned how ye select wives that have book-learning, and can read without spelling the long words and skipping the hard ones, for if they are so learned and do not write a text as if a hedgestake were the pen, they will never darn your hose, nor scour your pots and pans, nor are they likely to have the audacity to choose instructors to your offspring.

Shortly subsequent to the birth of his first child, he made acquaintance with persons who instilled into his mind the devilish doctrine, that, mechanic as he was, he ought to have a voice in the affairs of his country, and to raise up his arm against oppression. This is the pivot on which the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. country parson of the Church of England, turns his plot, dialogue, and catastrophe. To suffer himself to be influenced by such opinions was very silly, and very wicked in a mechanic, for, mark the consequence, as certain as that you will reap gorse bushes if you plant cabbages. Two of his new friends were

suspected strongly of turning stage-players afterwards! nay, it appears in a note which the reverend author has appended to the page, they actually really did so disgrace Reuben Forster, for "they were seen performing together in the Wood Demon, at Bartholomew Fair!!!" Another swindled him out of fifty pounds, in the hope of recovering which Reuben Forster goes to London, and there plunges deeper into the infamy of Political Unions and Reform Meetings, and what any common foresight would have shewn him, was as certain as that the moon is made of green cheese, becomes horribly infused with infidelity and bold sceptical effrontery. However, his heart is touched by remorse, as he sits ensconced in a profane bookseller's shop, and listens to the words of "a pious and aged gentleman, whose appearance was remarkably pleasing;" he was the pink of parsons. What impression he made on Collinson, the bookseller's mind, we are left to guess; not so with Reuben Forster, he became admiringly disturbed, but his pride and vanity were full-blown, he thought himself a great speaker at the clubs, a *lecturer* as the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. country parson of the Church of England, calls it, "and he was not come to himself;" but an incident at the "Rotunda" completed his restoration; his pocket was picked there of his watch and money. Poor Reuben Forster! There, let this be a warning to you all, mechanics! Note you the evil consequences of attending reform meetings; diligently eschew the dangerous counsels and hints of all men who shall attempt to pour the poison of political rights in your ears. Reuben Forster was a brand thus snatched from the burning; may you be so lessoned, and may you follow his example! On London he resolves to turn his back; high time, now his watch was stolen and his money too. In great discomfiture and with blistered feet he arrives at his house, in Birmingham, goes into the kitchen, where the pots and saucepans shine him a welcome; here, fatigued, he falls asleep, with his eyes fixed on a large inlaid clock. "One," says he, "I was very proud of. My father and I had taken a great deal of pains about it, (Church and King again,) and the case, for a good bit of mahogany, and the brass-work, and other work about it, though I say it that should not say it, (modesty,) could not be matched in town or country." Here he has a dream, such a dream! Read it, mechanic, and check your presumption; you will never attempt to mend the works of a clock again, or the penetration of the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. and country parson of the Church of England, is a nullity; or, mayhap, he deems yours to be no better. "This clock had been a gentleman of most regular habits, never missing or gaining a minute, a model of good order and punctuality to all the ill-going clocks and watches that would not submit to his regulations." A very right-worthy Tory and justly venerated Church-and-King clock, to be sure! Well, this dream completes the good work which the aged, pleasant, and mild-spoken gentleman in the bookseller's shop had begun. The reformer is reformed; the proselyte is converted; or as the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M. country parson of the Church of England, would say, the infidel unbeliever is regenerated. Then comes a beautiful, startling, and

powerfully dramatic *dénouement*. Reuben Forster takes his wife to a farm-house, in Shropshire. (I venture to insinuate to the reverend author, that there is more Christian feeling inculcated in his description of the country landscape in this page of his book, than in all his other hundred and twenty-two pages put together.) He attends the village church on the first Sunday of his visit, his back is towards the preacher, but he hears the voice, and it perplexes him! he turns, and lo! and behold! he looks again; "it is he!" The preacher was the same, the very man; the same aged and gentle pastor whom he had seen and heard in the profane bookseller's shop! "How mysterious are the ways!" Who does not see the "finger" in this? What a romantic incident! one exclaims, heaving out a chestful of astonishment with the words. If this do not recommend the perusal of the book to every mechanic in England, and instantly calm his discontents, compel him to abandon all "lectures" and Political Unions, and abjure them for ever, advice, opinions, criticism and puff, may shut up shop in bankruptcy and despair! Reuben Forster makes a vow to God, that "he would not only give up the service of ungodliness for ever, but would live a life wholly devoted to him and his holy word! Nothing to clock and watch making and mending, Reuben?"

This is the sum of Reuben Forster's story. This is the spirit, the genuine, unadulterated spirit, of the advice and warning to the mechanic of England in 1833. Such is the counterblast to Miss Martineau's "sensual, earthly, and devilish" writings.

I put it to the author's conscience whether it is fair thus to invade the rights and honour of the twopenny tract compilers, I leave it to the taste and judgment of the reader, whether there be any difference of ethical and philosophical value between the Rev. Charles B. Tayler's volume, and any one tract which has been published by the society for the last ten years or longer. The "getting up" is better, the paper is good, and the typography beautiful—points certainly in its favour.

What are the social evils which the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A. M. and country parson of the Church of England, has the merit of discovering? These, viz. that scepticism, infidelity, and atheism, are the inevitable consequences of a mechanic's troubling his head about politics; and that pocket-picking and swindling are the habits of associated reformers, in addition to their infidelity. I do not state him unfairly—he has not *directly said* these things, but he most certainly does leave no other inference to be drawn; a little more daring to his task was necessary, and we should have had it in plain English. The marrow of the mischief is, unlawful knaves have trenched on the plunder of legalized and authorized swindlers and pickpockets, and the mechanic is seeking means of disfranchising these swindlers and pickpockets. The Rev. Charles B. Tayler may say there is no word of politics or political partyism in his book. No, the design is smuggled into port with a view to evading the duties, but there is the design. But to the infidelity, swindling, &c. The evidence is more than conclusive, it is as clear as that two and two minus one are three; no man's pocket ever was picked in London, ex-

cept at the Rotunda or at some meeting of political unionists, therefore these societies and meetings are the causes of pocket-picking. Nor was any swindling extant while people were orderly and well regulated in their belief and payment of taxes and tithes : and swindling is utterly unknown and unfelt by every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, except by such as attend reform meetings, or have doubts as to the divine origin of Bishop's revenues. That dram-drinking and profane stage-playing were quite unknown till mechanics took it into their heads to look at the clockwork of government, and to think it possible that the machinery was sadly out of order, and needed a little of their skill. It was the irreligion of the people that accumulated the national debt. It was irreligion that ground the people down with taxes. It was irreligion that deluged Europe with blood. Lay the saddle on the right horse, Mr. Tayler, and say the imposers of these taxes, the accumulators of this debt, the delugers were ever foremost in their professions, it was all done for religion's sake.

And what is the remedy for these social evils ? submit—be patient—inquire not—say your prayers alone. Scrutinize not into the appropriation of the taxes and tithes ; mechanic, touch not the machinery of the clock : beseech the clergyman to take your spiritual comfort to his care, and he will generously look to your national existence and freedom.

There is much and valuable advice and abundance of divine precepts sprinkled in every page. But the reverend gentlemen would better and more usefully have addressed these where they are more required, viz. among the people in the high places, thus would he best prove the purity and disinterestedness of his zeal. When the poor man and the mechanic sees in the "upper classes" a practice of those precepts which the author recommends to the poor and hungry man, he will be no more a poor and hungry man, nor a repining, nor an irreligious one. He will drink patiently of the cup which providence dispenses to him, or be more easily persuaded to do so. Let those people in the high places, the bishops and wealthy rectors, set the example, imitate the self-denial—the abjuration of worldliness and wealth of that heavenly-minded master whose conduct and doctrines they claim to themselves the merit of defending and teaching ; let them "take no care for scrip or satchel," and walk forth unburthened by worldly possessions and uncontaminated with a desire to attain riches and authority, and their glad tidings will be heard with devout ears : then will there be a hope that the Rev. Charles B. Tayler's remedy will take effect—not till then.

How much would it gladden our hearts, and what a lesson would it be to sceptics, were the archbishops and bishops and all bewigged and belawned deans and prebendaries to sell their equipages, melt down their plate, and all rectors gather in their lost tithes, and pour all into the lap of Christianity ; then going forth in purity of heart proving their belief "not only in their lips but in their lives also." Then should we see, perhaps, his piousness of Eldon, his holiness of Cumberland, his majesty of Wellington, his wisdom of Londonderry, and her gentleness of

Londonderry, her sweetness of Jersey, and a long train of amiables and gentles, and "condescending," sitting at their gates dispensing food to the hungry and washing the weary traveller's feet. Only to think of the array of China basins and embroidered towels, that would be in requisition! And what a pretty paragraph it would make for the newspapers to let the world be told, that on such a day "the right honourable and most noble the Marchioness of Londonderry washed the feet of thirty-seven foot-sore Irish haymakers!" and the record would be cut over the gate at Halderness-house, for charity in England is especially partial to being trumpeted on the high ways. Let me not be misunderstood as ridiculing scripture. I do ridicule the professors of the Christian religion, who, in their high places, are great sticklers for the church. With these examples to second him, the Rev. Charles B. Tayler may advise the mechanic with some hope of success. Verily, then will the mechanic be regenerated. The *spirit* of Christianity is more generally diffused through people of the mechanics' class, than it will be found to be in the upper classes. Remedies such as the rev. gentleman proposes have been advocated for centuries and centuries; and why are they of no effect? because the precept which is set forth, and talked, and babbled, is scoffed by the practice of the rulers and teachers themselves. In sweating under toil for his scanty portion of life's necessities, think you that the mechanic can be without a revulsion of feeling, when, as pure and holy precepts are spoken to him, or rise up in his memory, he reflects on the daily and hourly habitual mockery by practice and example which his spiritual guides and authorized advisers exhibit even at the instant of their exhortation, and while they ostentatiously profess those laws and instructions as the rules and graces of their own lives? Then rattles in his ears the bishop's carriage, and the clanking hoofs of his richly caparisoned and well-fed steeds; and think you not he says to himself, "There is one who preaches to me of his master, the lowly Jesus—whose instructions and warnings against pomp and riches do so edify *him*—he shuns wealth as the root of all evil, and covets not the fatted ox in the stall. He has sold all his goods to follow the Lord." Not he—he has sold the Lord to look after worldly wealth and worldly *dignities*. Blame not that man, or mechanic, if he sometimes think the priests of religion, whatever their tongues may have spoken, have said to him in their hearts "Be quiet, goose, lie still, and be plucked." On them the onus of his irreligion rests. Let your men and women in the high places show that they are Christians indeed, and the mechanic will amend his life, (his heart is better than the Rev. Charles B. Tayler thinks it is.) Of this "Christianity indeed," there is little hope in that quarter, none from this writer's "social evils and their remedies;" and if only such advisers spring up, that little hope will be thrown into greater distance. Let him cure the scoffing in the high born and wealthy, who scoff their religion and their God when they are "condescending" to the poor, and, as they call them, low born: then the impurity of the mechanic will be washed away with very little trouble. But, no, this will not be

done : therefore let the mechanic take every means of improving and bettering himself, by an accumulation of knowledge, which leads him to a sense of his *rights*, and teaches him a judicious mode of securing those rights, and rightly using them when he has obtained them. Then may he be led silently and securely into doing of "God's will on earth as it is done in heaven." Such is the current course of those rights which the mechanic of England seeks. Though, perhaps, not immediately perceived by him, the object of his seeking them is such. The petition will be as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal" as long as authority, force, or craft withhold them from him : and the author of the work under notice exhibits any thing but an inclination to let the man of "low station" know that he has rights, or feel his ability to demand and employ them. But the mechanic is, even now, so far acquainted with those rights, that fifty Rev. Charles B. Taylers and country parsons of the Church of England will find it somewhat difficult to reason him out of them. And there are many mechanics quite as capable of putting the deranged clock in order, as nine-tenths of the bunglers who, by privilege, are suffered to fiddle with the works, and call themselves hereditary movers and makers of the machinery, superintendents of all clock-wheels and dial-fingers, by divine authority.

The Rev. Mr. Tayler thinks he has been writing down to the level of the understandings of his readers. He and many of his superiors would find it difficult to write up to the intelligence of the great body of the mechanics ; this error in estimating the capabilities of the "lower order," he has exhibited most conspicuously, but the "gentry" will pronounce this little work to be "very wise and very proper for the poor to read." It is better fitted to their own mental calibre, nevertheless. It is owing to these blind calculations of theirs, that the "respectable" find themselves so frequently knocked into the mire, when they get into collision with the "unwashed." That Mr Tayler would assist in throwing the artisans of the country back to the ignorance from which they have emerged, and far outstripped their "betters," is neither a false, nor a forced, nor a tortuous inference : no, nor is it an irreligious or an unchristian one ; and that he would keep them back, when so thrown, it is not uncharitable to conclude : giving to the mechanic a sense of his political injuries and means of redress, sharpening his perceptions for the detection of political and priestly chicane, is, according to this writer, subversive of religion. If religion can be subverted by such a process, I pray devoutly it may be subverted. "O" God's name let it go.\* The purported wish of this book is, that the mechanic may again raise the shout of "Church and King" as lustily and as stupidly as ever ; though I really believe, (since reading his "Montague, or, Is this religion ?") I should wrong him if I said

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\* He only dreads the scrutiny of the parish beadies, whose balance is false, whose weights are clipped. The *housemonger* who knows the foundations of his tenements are rickety, and their timbers rotten, votes the inspecting surveyor to be "a horrid bore !"

he wished to raise the cry to the old deeds of ruffianism, but the ruffianism would certainly grow out of it, to give the otherwise insipid cry a pungency in the mouth. This little book is a sort of feeler, perhaps, an introduction—a step to a “Russian Catechism in the English Tongue.”

Throughout the Rev. Charles Tayler's one hundred and twenty pages there occur indications of the estimate he makes of the poverty of information and intellectual culture of the mechanic's mind. He is surprised at one of them using the word *metaphysics*—“a fact!” says he, in a note—“a wheelwright once asked me what I thought of Voltaire's *Candide*?” no doubt Mr. Tayler was astonished. And what a source of mirth will that “metaphysical mechanic” be to the select circles!

He has also spoken some wholesome truths—truths which many an unsophisticated reader will acknowledge, at page 25 and 26. “Look at our parson now—I cannot say he is much of a shepherd but many a bad shepherd makes a rare shearer.” Mr. Tayler puts this into the mouth of a coarse, burley, fat farmer—in order to make it appear like a falsehood, or a bit of grumbling spite; but how true it is of many, most of these reverend shepherds, there are thousands ready to avouch. I remember hearing a very pretty, gentle-toned lady quoting the severest scandals which were in circulation against herself, in order to convince her circle of hearers of their falsehood—to show the extravagant pitch to which malicious scandal stretched its inventions; yet the worst of her quotations were short of the truth. I knew her well, but her auditors acquitted her on the very ground that they were too bad to be believed. Her success was most triumphant; she was from that moment spotless—till, they found her out.

We are ever and anon told that the advocates of national and social improvement, of the great measures of glorious and universal reform, are fiercely anxious to excite the hatred of the “lower orders” against the “upper classes.” Few works which have issued from the press of late years, are so well calculated to excite the *contempt* of the poor and labouring towards the wealthy and enjoying, as is this of the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, A.M., country parson of the church of England. But the contempt will not leave their other senses to inertness. They will actively employ their expanded and expanding faculties to prevent the advent of that to which his book is a prolusion, an *avant courier*,—the English version of the Russian Catechism. In the time of the good old Church and King—the fire and faggot and pillory era, this book would have helped us bonnily along the current: to day it is good, inasmuch as it puts us on our guard. It will be read, or purchased, by many, for there are many who will wish it success, but the readers will be any but those for whom it is ostensibly written; not one in a thousand of them will get beyond the preface. This is to be regretted, for the poor man and the mechanic would have his perceptions brightened by a perusal of it: and he might find much to amuse him: which would be so much added to his little sum of enjoyment, which little this writer would willingly abridge, I fear; but bless his simplicity, (or his



profundity, which is it?) he unwittingly counteracts his own design. It is a punch's pathos, and sets the spectators in a merry grin. I beg his acceptance of my thanks for the mirth he has afforded me.

In his preface he informs us his mission to write arose from "the fearful and unnatural absence of any kind of religious principle, indeed of any high moral principle, what ever, in Miss Martineau's *Illustrations of Political Economy*," from her "Socinianism," and her declaration, in a prize essay, that, "the practice of righteousness is not essentially connected with any religious belief."\* Whether Miss Martineau here means any *particular religious* belief, or not, is of no consequence. But if he insist on it, that the necessity of what he calls religious belief is an indispensable article in the creed of Christianity, I will tell him *that article must be expunged from the creed*, whatsoever may be its source, before Christianity of conduct and feeling can pervade this or any other nation. That, and two or three other dogmas must be entirely obliterated; they induce the continuation of a system of education and moral training which make the loveliest injunctions of the great teacher, impracticable and impossible. But, again, can he see no religious, truly religious not dogmatically religious, tendency in Miss Martineau's writings? In pages 67 and 68 of *Sowers not Reapers*, there is more of the veritable spirit of Christianity, than in the whole of the rev. gentleman's pages put together. The tendency of all she has written is Christain justice and an extension of God's blessings to the poor. He, perhaps, may say Chatham, a quarry man—a delver of mill-stones, is a fictitious character. "Such a reasoner, such an intellectual being cannot be found among that class of people." Again I tell Mr. Tayler he is utterly ignorant of the minds of those to whom his book is professedly addressed. Miss Martineau has done them simple justice in her estimate of them. When the Rev. Charles B. Tayler has learned how to estimate them, he may hope to write to the mechanics more persuasively.

P. V.

## THE ESCAPE.

*Monthly Repository, November, 1833.*

"What holiness is in that placid face."

ON an evening in December, some years ago, I was walking on the banks of the Ohio, when the river was full of floating ice; a boat, con-

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\* It grieves him "to see this essay constantly advertised on the covers of her *Illustrations of Political Economy*." Yet he follows the example in advertising his own works on the cover of this Tale.

taining several negroes, attracted my attention, as the men were struggling the boat through the masses which were borne along rapidly on the strong current. If there were danger in the process, the men seemed insensible of it, for they screamed with laughter. They were in their holiday clothes, and coming across from the Virginian side, as I learned on their landing, for a merry-making, it being Christmas eve. There was a stirring excitement in the transit under such circumstances, which increased my desire to effect a passage to the opposite bank, where the visible number of houses promised a better chance of lodging for the night, than I saw in remaining on the Ohio side, where the dwellings were more thinly and widely scattered. The sun had now set. Four or five of the negroes disembarked, and other two were about to push off for a second cargo of their comrades, when I asked them if they would give me a passage across? "Yes, massa," was the ready reply. Forthwith I stepped into the boat, and united my labours in the toil, which I found to be much greater than the merriment I had witnessed led me to expect. I, at that time, carried my *plunder*, as the Kentuckians have it, in an oil-skin case and a leather portfolio, suspended over my shoulder. In taking these off for the purpose of carrying them more conveniently into the boat, I laid a stick down and forgot it. When we had been battling with, and twisting and sinuosing among the ice for fifteen minutes or more, without having made much progress, for the blocks of ice rather increased in size and number, I suddenly recollected my stick—I was very unwilling to lose it, for it had been my only companion through a pedestrian journey of more than two thousand miles; and, besides, it had another value, it was given to me by an English settler at Albion, in the Illinois. When I mentioned my loss, the boatmen very readily offered to put back, troublesome as was the task of doing so. On re-landing—from what cause I need not say—I am sure it was not a presentiment of danger and disaster, for I saw nothing to awaken such a feeling, I changed my mind, and decided on remaining on that side of the river, to seek a home for the night; I gave the men half-a-dollar, thanked, and bade them good night; then I remained looking at the men and boat. While one was employed at the oars, the other laboured in thrusting the obstructions aside with a boat-hook; when, in the act of lifting a mass from the boat's bow, he brought the gunnel low in the water, and at that moment a block of ice struck her—rolled into the boat—she lurched, and instantly filled: the men threw up a loud and scattering shriek, and boat and all were gone, overwhelmed beneath the ice!

"And you instantly fell on your knees, and returned thanks for your escape," were the words which I heard from a female in a circle in which I once related this incident. I was not looking in the direction of the speaker at the moment, but I answered in that intenseness of voice which indicates much more than is spoken; it was that subduedness, that suppressed tone, which is used by one who compels himself to laugh at the recollection of a strong and painful excitement, which excitement arises again as memory recalls the circumstances.—My words

were—"Oh, no, indeed!—I was intent on other thoughts then;" and as I spoke my eyes turned, and I saw the lady, who with the sweetest calmness, and most beautiful composure of countenance, sat looking at me; the palm of one of her delicate hands turned out towards me—fingers open and pointing upwards; the gesticulative expression of "keep off" and indignant deprecation combined: the wrist of that hand rested on one of those little knick-knackery, bijouterie tables, which we see in drawing-rooms. The hand excepted, the keenest scrutiny would have failed to discover any sign of thought or feeling in the face, form, or figure. It was exquisitely beautiful substantial nothing on which I gazed; she was as vivacious as the arm of that fauteuil which held her; had she suspected I was so skilled in the meaning of gestures, that hand would have reposed as quietly as her face and eyes did. Next day I was informed how much my conduct, &c. &c. &c. (for there was a long story of it) had shocked "Mrs. Snodgrass." The influence extended to the friends at whose house this occurred: they were unusually reserved on my next visit, and soon after were "not at home" when I called. This affair set me thinking.

How well do I hear, now, the gentle, smooth, liquid evenness of tone in which the lady syllabled those words! I would defy the most sensitive ear to discover whether they carried any intention of reproach, hope, sympathy, feeling, meaning of any kind beyond the positive signification which would be given to them if they had been read from a dictionary: if they had been arranged in a perpendicular line, and conned over like a sum in addition, they would have expressed her meaning quite as forcibly. I have frequently listened to the same kind of evenness since, more frequently from men than from women; in which it is the more horrible I shall not say—nor will I ever use a gentler term than *horrible* in speaking of it. It is the process by which

They show to circling eyes they're too genteel  
To laugh, or smile—to weep, or sigh, or feel:  
Convey, in placid tones, their bitterest spite;  
To prove, while stabbing hearts, they are polite,  
And coat decocting venom o'er with ice—  
For such is dignity.

*Not Pope.*

I have a hundred times since, related this anecdote—(not the lady's conduct)—I have used it as a touchstone, a key by which I unlocked the temper, and obtained access to the morale of the individual to whom I applied it. Many have spoken or ejaculated the words of the lady—others tearfully exclaimed, "poor creatures!" Two I can remember, who remarked, "what you must have suffered at seeing this painful disaster, yourself, probably, in some measure the cause, though the innocent cause!" Indeed, I did suffer. That shriek ran through the evening twilight for months afterwards, and I saw the piled blocks of ice toppling into the boat as I lay dreaming on my bed—I felt, over and over again, the almost burning eagerness with which I ran in search of another boat and assistants—(this portion of the story I relate now for the

first time)—how, while others were reluctant in the supposed impossibility of rescuing the poor fellows, I was armed in tripple strength, and utter insensibility to peril—obstacles diminished or vanished at the will ; effort seemed unnecessary ; I made none : energy and power came without a compulsory bracing of the nerves ; I remember my dumb indifference to remonstrances and the charge of “ foolishness,” as I leaped out of the boat, when an island of ice blocked up our progress, and made use of it as a fulcrum, my legs the lever, for propelling her ; sinking, as the fulcrum did, beneath my weight and pressure, till I was up to my waist at times ; yet I felt as secure as if I were treading a rock that had stood from the foundation of the earth, and I could calculate the distance I was able to spring to and from the boat to the certainty of an inch ; I was sure I was safe ; and I saw a head above the water, and arms splashing and uplifted, trying to grasp a mass which was floating by—and I redoubled my efforts : three persons besides myself were in the boat, and on seeing this they became as confident and eager as I was. The object was scarcely fifty yards distant, but between us and it lay, collected and aggerated, a thousand smaller and larger masses, concentering as they floated along, and presenting a seemingly impenetrable barrier. But skill is the ductile child of resolution. Under other circumstances,—circumstances not demanding the gathered-up energies, nor calling upon resolution with so earnest a voice,—the boat might have been craunched into fragments as the ice whirled in the sawing eddies, which the united efforts of feet, oars, and poles occasioned in forcing the boat through the obstructions ; the crashing and jingling of the broken ice, then its harsh grating against the sides and bottom of the boat, rolled and wheeled over the water ; the whole river seemed alive with hisses, as if ten thousand millions of voices were subdued into breathing whispers ; and, far above all, rose and rung through the evening sky the shriek of the poor fellow who was clinging in death's anticipated agonies to the ice. We set up a shout of encouragement. The shriek was our only direction now ; for darkness and the intervening masses hid him from the view. He was found when no longer capable of uttering a cry, yet still he clung ; his fingers were actually fastened into the ice. With what eager joy, to each of us, he was taken into the boat ! Life seemed to be utterly extinct. We stripped him, and with my coat, which, as I had thrown it off, was fortunately dry, we rubbed the benumbed body, and, oh, warmth—breathing, returned ! Each man willingly took off his outer garments, to wrap round the poor fellow ; and thus we safely carried him to the shore. There were many persons by this time gathered on the river's bank, with pine-knot torches burning, and one voice among them repeated the inquiring wail, “ Is it David ? Is it David ? Do tell me if it is David ! ” She pressed forward to satisfy her agony of anxiety :—*it was not David*—David had perished ! Reader, do you think I soon forgot that negro woman's wail, or that rising shriek which stopped short in her throat, as if it were *snapped* off by death, with which she dropped among the feet of those who were carrying the rescued man ?

The first part of this incident I have frequently told, as I before said, as a touchstone to try the characters, the dispositions, the modes of thinking of my hearers ; and I obtained the different results, drew forth the *self-illustrating* remarks, to which I have referred. One to whom I related it, and with it my *sensations and thoughts* on the occasion, said, "Oh, that was the right thing." I was thus taught that there might be a distinction between a person of religious reputation and one of Christian feelings ; that they might be wide as the poles asunder.

Generous and honest reader, which or what inference will you draw from this ? Perhaps, though, you will say, my nice recollection of these things, or, rather, my ability to note them so closely, so minutely, is an evidence that I was not much moved by the circumstances. My friend,—let me so call you,—I have gathered them together since, by rethinking them over. Do not fall into the error of believing that that which is stirring us most, which produces the wildest riot, or most bustling variation in our thoughts, is least likely to be *remembered*. Even in its smallest or remotest particulars, it may sharply and deeply cut its records on the brain. I have dissected myself a thousand times. I have analyzed my sensations, and lived my life over and over again ; and there has been in me this faculty of watchfulness, or, rather, this power of minute retrospection under all circumstances. When every thought scalded my veins and dashed the hot waves of agony on my heart, they have left their clear and distinct impressions on my memory ; and though I could not knead my thoughts into a subjugation of my sufferings,—could not press the feverishness of the rocking heart into a calmness of beating,—no, nor steer my conduct, manner, and actions on the currents of a composing rationality under such influences, nothing was omitted to be entered on that book. There is not a highly exciting circumstance in my existence, of which I have not a perfect remembrance ; of every thought which passed through my mind, and every sensation of pain or pleasure, self-approbation or reproach, of gladness or regret, which accompanied it, as accurately as at the moment of its occurrence. All over again, I think, feel, and live. There are thousands of men who do so, but perhaps no one has hitherto ventured to speak freely or illustratively on this subject. I can remember each current and bubble ; I can trace the fount and course of thoughts thirty years old, and lay bare the recipient, or the awakened feeling, answering to those thoughts ; how one feeling broached the channel for another, and that ran till it discharged into a third. These things are the result of habit, solitude, intense companionship with myself. I am a history of sensations ; then marvel not that I am an egotist, but indulge me in the humour of an avowed one. I have yet to discover,—but I think I never shall make the discovery,—that such egotism is either criminal, silly, or weak.

Perhaps the reader, on a little reflection, will perceive why I have recorded this anecdote ; one inference he will be sure to draw from it. There is, however, another corollary, viz. verbal lessons and verbal practice are by too many considered illustrations, evidence of moral good-

ness, and efficient guards against the growth of ill-will, selfishness, and indifference to others. A silent example, an unconsidered action, even though affection prompts that action, is very often productive of an enduring mischief that will counteract all the purposed utility, or momentary influence of verbal precept. The teacher, perhaps, is innocent of the mischief; innocent, certainly, in so far as the intention is considered. The evil grows out of the teacher's ignorance, or, more gently to speak, want of reflection. I have seen parents of the most affectionate and benevolent dispositions, in their very solicitude for their children's comforts, even in their anxiety for their moral well-being, sow the seeds of future crime. We all know what sort of thing "a good child" usually is; how the child is made "good" we know.

P. V.

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CLASSIFICATION OF READERS OF SHAKSPEARE,  
WITH REMARKS ON  
MACREADY'S KING JOHN AND CORIOLANUS.

*Monthly Repository, January and February, 1834.*

THE readers of Shakspeare are of four classes, and these may be subdivided. The first reads, enamoured of the beauty and profusion of poetical imagery, the richness of expression, and appropriateness of language; he gleans from his author a plenteous store of maxims, apophthegms on men's conduct and actions, and points of distinction in human character and human intelligence; or, seeing beyond these, Shakspeare's plays contain for him a system of moral philosophy, irradiated by the glories of poetry. Thence he garners up in his mind a theoretical knowledge of his fellow-man, and applies to this inexhaustible storehouse for his parallels and comparisons; the more frequent are his references and examinations, the more closely he, even thus, studies the great master of the mind and heart of man, so the more does he feel assured of the wondrous perception, the almost omniscient piercing of Shakspeare's soul-enkindled eye. To such an one the exhibition of a drama of Shakspeare's is single in its attraction. To hear a living voice shape forth those words, and in its tones and undulations mould those sentences, giving form and sound to those exquisite and airy images, to those truths of philosophy, to those maxims of human conduct, and to those admirable moral lessons of life, is enough of dramatic realization to him; enough though the delivery be not the embodied conceptions of the speaker: such an auditor has not himself, perhaps, the faculty to embody them, or the discrimination to see which speaker does or which does not. With a closed eye he may sit, listen, and be

delighted; and that delight alone will amply compensate the cost of cash and time with which he purchased it.

Of the second class is he whose reading may be called reflective. He has not the power of creating, of embodying, of living in thoughts and emotions which he sees as he reads. He holds, marshalled under his eye, the shapes, and figures, and movements of the beings and events which are delineated in the words. His attraction to the theatre will be the spectacular realization of his reflected images. This is the most fastidious of all auditors, if he happen to have historical or local knowledge of facts and custom to help his criticism. His disappointment or gratification will be in proportion to the degree of pictorial realization; an anachronism of dress, decoration, or embellishment, will swallow up aught and all else of beauty and truth; and he promptly condemns the players in a lump. Strictness of costume, the illusive adjuncts, and the precision of physical action, make the sum of his enjoyment. The pantomime of Shakspeare is the all in all with him. If this be good, his shillings are well disposed of, and his time usefully and improvingly employed.

There are, indeed, two species of this class; the one just described, all of picture and pantomime discretion; the other, who, with similar tastes, combines a susceptibility to poetical beauty, philosophical maxim, and Shakspeare's verbal aptness; he is of the first class, united to the first division of the second class. He, with the pantomime and spectacular action, receives the added pleasure of hearing his favourite language *declaimed* whether with truth of perception and feeling matters not: the actor must be sure to make him hear it. This auditor may congratulate himself on a trifling extraction from his purse, and three hours so charmingly occupied. The language may be now more deeply cut on the tablets of his memory.

From any of the forementioned will be elicited some sympathy with the story or the events of the play. The varying condition of the persons whose fortunes, dilemmas, passions, and feelings form the groundwork of the fable, will, more or less, as spectators may be morally and intellectually constituted, kindle an interest with the passing action, superadded to the pleasures of listening to the poetry and the precepts, which, to him of the first class, is the principal attraction, or to the spectacular enjoyment of the second class; though much more exalted will be his pleasure, more ready and expansive his sympathies, who, of the second class, combines the moral qualities of the first, viz. the disposition to poetic beauty and expressive language. No auditor is altogether destitute of these sympathies. But there is a third class of readers to whom the tale, the links of events, and the catastrophe or the *dénouement*, the "What is it about? what will come of this?" are the only objects of reading, or going to see after such reading; for them the seeing will still possess the freshness of novelty. Perhaps this playgoer has less of the philosophically dramatic spirit in him when he enters the theatre than any of the former classes; but he is likely

to quit it with more of the germs of true thought than they are. An unanticipated mingling of his senses in the excitements of sorrow and circumstances of suffering which pass under his gaze, will enfold him in the enduring bonds of sympathy, and lay to his heart a lesson on which he will ponder long and fruitfully. Often, without perceiving how the spirit to do so has grown in him, he will be led to trace effect up to cause, and from cause to go on to consequence; thus imbibing a store of knowledge, which, while it induces a habit of thinking, and quickens his perceptions, will be lastingly beneficial in soothing many corrosions of thought towards his fellows. Probably he will not like the Merchant of Venice, because Shylock is so remorselessly cruel; or Othello, for that Iago is so deceitful a villain; and Richard the Third may be no favourite with him, because there is in that play such an exhibition of reckless and ferocious tyranny. The error, however, to which such an one is most liable, is in taking his first impressions of the acting of a character as the standard by which he ought to estimate all future representations of the same; especially when play-house applause or public report, not less frequently ill-adjudged than fairly awarded, has stamped the actor with a "tower mark" of current excellence. He will condemn another who shall give a picture unlike the first he saw, or finding in it a resemblance to his favourite, the aforesaid first, will wisely detect a mere imitation; and either of the conclusions may be erroneous. Nevertheless, he has *seen* the play; and among the barren-thoughted, the merely curious of this class, are many to whom such seeing is a qualification for criticism: as those who take a trip to Brighton will return to London and talk of the "vast ocean" with as much profundity of wisdom as if they had fathomed its lowest bed, or traversed its furthest remotenesses. Still each and all will enjoy an instructive delight for the price they pay for admission to a theatre when one of Shakspeare's dramas is performed.

There is a fourth class distinct from all the former, although, like the second, one of this class marshals under his mind's eye the scenes, actions, movements of the beings whose thoughts, purposes, and sensations his body's eye peruses on the figured page; equally with the first he is susceptible of poetic beauties and expressive forms of speech, and the philosophic or literary spirit which awakes his desire, and kindles his admiration as he hears them from living lips. Yet must *he* hear them with truth's and passion's soul-convincing tones; to him a barren declamation *is* barren—it is unendurable; and to him no orderly-marshalled emphases, no liquidity of undulation, no accurately-balanced cadence, and crescendo floatings, and measured mellowness of modulation, will compensate for the absence of nature's true eloquence: which absence his ear and heart detect immediately; and "sweetness of tone," when the feeling does not give such a tone, is to him as harsh as saw-grinding, or the wheezing of a dry pump-valve. With the readiest and the warmest of the third class, also, his sympathies arise with the tale, and flow with the exhibited feelings before him; but he will hear with indifference many things which receive their and the



whole theatre's loudest acclamations, and be enraptured with others which pass unnoticed by the multitude. Each passion and emotion touches a responding chord in his own frame, and his reason pays approving homage to the judgment of his senses. But, beyond all these, *he holds at will* a metempsychosis, which being, perhaps, unappreciable by, inconceivable to, the other classes, will be doubted, unrecognised by them; or with some will be stoutly denied, if it attract their attention further than a laugh of ridicule. Yet I incline to the belief, that though it is unexercised by, and unknown to many, no one is entirely destitute of this faculty. All are at liberty to express liking or disliking for an actor; but let no one who has not repeatedly and freely exercised this faculty, suppose he is a judge of an actor's powers. In him, of this fourth class, the currents of thought course through the veins; the impressions which his mind receives will, if he choose they should, cast over his exterior the variations, the colourings, the lights and shadows of a possessed and embodied sense, a reality. Exciting, at volition, the impulses of his imagination, the aspirations, feelings, passions, and characteristics of another, take life and action in his own frame, spread through the intricate mazes, the stems, branches, and fibres of his physical organization, and he holds a second existence within his own—his first; and he can throw it off, or take it on, *at will*. He is endowed, let me say in parenthesis, with the moral, intellectual, and physical organization, that make the fountain source from which alone an actor's efficiencies of beauty, power, and excellence can emanate; the centre from which all his art radiates, and round which his glory revolves. Yet there have been hundreds of the profession who were ignorant of this truth, who knew not of its existence, nor dreamed that it was indispensable in their art; and some who have stood aloft in the public gaze, and been worshipped as wonders, who never displayed an atom of such organization; never exercised it themselves, and could not comprehend how it existed in others: but they passed with the world as great actors; professors they were, if you please, reader. I have said this distinguishing faculty is by the fourth class called into operation *at will*. So in the actor's moments of highest excitement, in the reeling and convulsions of suffering, when mind and frame both seem wrenched and torn by conflicting and distracting throes of agony; it is then that the intellectual senses are more rapid and acute in their action; it is then that he has the most perfect control over his powers; I mean this of the true actor; for every function of mind is gathered in and concentrated to the office for which he would employ them; and, in opposition to the general belief, I venture to assert that this true actor is at such moments more vigorously sensible, more minutely perceptible of the points of skill which his imagination and impulses have tasked to the execution of the scene, than at other times and moments in which there is little appearance of excitement; that is to say, when his "madness" rages highest he is most rational, (for such things are "madness" to dull-brained fools.) This may seem paradoxical; but it may be explained in a knowledge of that volition of double existence of which I

have spoken. To proceed—of this fourth class of readers of Shakspeare's dramas; to one of these the completest results of the labours of other-ways combined skill, the display of all that ever was waved furth from the hand of a Stanfield, a Grieve, or a Roberts, or from their united mastery of art; with all the gorgeousness of procession, the richness and right of costume, ay, though the wand of an enchanter should throw over the whole theatre a blaze of beauty and splendour which would shame the creations of fancy and imagination, all would be as nothing, all from him would vanish before that more attractive vision, one single truth of developement of human character and human passion, one just portraiture of intellect working at the heart and through the frame of man; to that one thing alone will every faculty of eye, ear, and thought be fascinated and enchained. He can value not less than the former classes all that draws their best attention; but his greater aptitude to man's illustration of man supersedes all other claims on him; and green baize for scenery, with no other wardrobe than such as leaves the frame to free action and expression, would have more charms for him, while the devices of mind and heart were visibly at work together in the actor, than all which decoration or embellishment can substitute in a baldness of verbosity, for a negation of passion, an obscuration of the poetry of thought, an unphilosophical mentality, or indiscriminated tinges and depths of character. Let him have character, embodied conceptions and emotions expressed with nature's truth, or passion harmoniously rising and beating with events, and (all his nicety of appreciation of other adjuncts notwithstanding) he will submerge and forgive the pettier offences of inappropriate costume or anachronisms, and time and place oppositions and blunderings, even though they should so far violate proprieties as to make Nilus and the Pyramids march over to the walls of Corioli, or permit St. Peter's church to elevate its head above ruined triumphal arches sixteen centuries before a stone of it was digged from the quarries, or the herald of king George the Fourth to blow his trumpet for king John under the walls of Angiers. To diminish the number of this class *throughout England*, is the great aim of Mr Bunn's theatrical economy; to sicken the few germs of taste and feeling for the true dramatic art in the other classes, is his glorious policy. But Mr Bunn is not the first worker; he did not originate this crime against genius, and elevated thought, and improving delight, though his ardour and industry, now he has taken up the trade, are much greater than any of his predecessors evinced. Messieurs the public, it was in your power to check it when it commenced; the fault is yours that it speeds so rapidly. I will tell you why by and by. Still there remains enough to meet the strongest desires of this class. No actor whom I have yet seen is so endowed to meet them as is Macready. Whosoever of them saw him in *King John* on Monday evening, December 9, will believe my assertion.

On a future occasion I shall cast my eye over Hamlet, as he lived in, and came from Macready. If people would anatomize character and feeling, and so learn to trace their links and affinities, before they decide on the quality of the whole, and with such schooling go forth to watch an actor's

process, especially in this character, there would be hundreds, thousands, (nay, *very few dissentients in the million,*) who, in spite of predilections, old likings, or ecstasies of admiration, would soon confess their acquiescence in what I have declared as a well-considered conviction, that there have been men of "renown" in Hamlet who did not exhibit so much understanding of the true man, so much of his mind, or conception of his intellectual and physical organization, and power of thinking, so much of the true poetic spirit of dramatic life through the whole five acts, gathered in one mass, as Macready evinces in rocking his head, with such a volume of meaning, thought, feeling, and expectation in his look, as he paces to and fro when the king, queen, and courtiers are assembling to witness the play; or in a single passage in the short scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern after the play. Their old favourites were good somethings; agreeable, interesting, delightful, may be, after a fashion—Hamlets they were not. But my present office is with King John.

From first to last—and I have surveyed the whole again and again, before I would permit the impressions which I took to be set down; or suffered the impulses which then threw me onwards, to guide me in this, ere I had examined them and balanced them in the scale of calmer reason, to ascertain their origin and their value;—from first to last there was not one glimmering of a conventional acquiescence, no vague adoption of a prescribed form; no tame yielding to the conceptions of predecessors in the part, however honoured they may have been by public applause, or the judgment of critics—there was not a twinkle of a reflection from memory: all was entirely conception—his conception—the flame of intellectual light which his own eye had thrown upon—into, the character; and the exhibition of that strong grasp, which imagination, creating a secondary existence, had taken upon his frame. When the curtain drew up and showed him sitting in state to receive the French embassy, to say "he looked the character" is poorly prating in conventional parlance. It was himself—John—in breathing corporeality. Of this completeness of personal transmutation, the spectators must have been sensible; and before he had spoken six lines, it was felt that the mind also of King John was working in that frame: moving under that selfish irritability which the poet has made a prominent feature in the character. I was so near that I could trace the quiver of the lip, and turn of the eye-lids, and I saw that thought had created the emotion which stirred them. The face flushed and paled in the coming, present, and passing sense; and when the actor sprang from his attitude of assumed dignity, at the stronger dictates of his passion, to retort the defiance of Chatillon, it was at once perceived that he did not intend to curb himself by established usages—that he would play the character as he felt it should be played. Sir reader, that *was* dignity, if you please: and many, even of the percipient and impressive, who have not heard Macready speak that language of threat and defiance, are yet to learn how much of beautiful energy it possesses.

Reader, you have seen a marble figure in armour, lying extended on

a tomb, the *effigies* of one who has lain beneath that stone some six hundred years? Or, you have seen a pictured representation of this John, as he stood in mailed preparation, cased *cap-a-pie* in steel meshes—jet from crown to heel, save the little bands of silver which edged his cope and belted his corslet, and the coronet that circled the ~~coif~~ of black iron net? and perhaps your fancy has helped you to a spark which vivified this picture, and kindled through it motion, life, and sense. Even with the perfection of form, mould, and habit, which your moral vision would cast into that picture, and look upon it in its fulness and exactness of life—even so might your bodily sense have looked on King John at eight o'clock on Monday evening, Dec. 9, 1833. Ay, and you would have *seen him think*, and heard him speak his thoughts: and not on scientific principles of elocution were his thoughts spoken, but on principles which warn the science, and *may* teach it to know its deficiencies.

Were I to select a scene in which the superior mental powers were put forth unaccompanied by any of those physical projections, broad masses and flaring lights of execution, which can be seen and felt by the least minded auditor—appreciated—in a way—by the most uncognisant of the philosophy of thought; I should choose the regal interview with the sophistical knave-priest, Pandulf. How the actor himself may estimate his quality in that scene, I cannot inquire; he ought to be satisfied I may tell him, and that “satisfy” to him, is, I suspect, the most difficult attainment of his studies. How the audience received it, I do know, and I think they did not understand it, and while it was in course of action, were, probably, contrasting it with their recollection of somebody else in the part; and so very different was it, that if they felt its power, they feared to compromise their reputation for taste and judgment by applauding it. Or, was it that they took in a deep satisfaction while watching so correct an illustration of characteristic thoughts and sentiments, and silently admired and acquiesced in the nice discrimination which presented the language in a truth and force which it had never before received? Whenever I have been witness to this acted drama, and the John was in other heads (or hands) than Macready's, those two speeches, one of reply to Pandulf, “What earthly name to interrogatories, &c.” and that addressed to Philip, whose “Brother of England, you blaspheme in this,” is a breeze that fan's John's coal into flame, two regular peels of plaudit have followed their delivery. Now, reader, why was this? because, think you, the passages were given powerfully and passionately—in so characteristic and so masterly a style? Do not deceive yourself. These two speeches have hitherto been used as appeals to a favourite Bullism—a swagger of independence and patriotism. And all the family have clapped their hands in laudation of John's boldness and energy, and their own: if they had looked beneath the surface they *might* have seen that of this patriotism, &c. there is not a breath in King John's composition, but that would have spoiled the ear-tickling, which would be a pity.

Mr. Macready threw into his manner and expression, the irritation

of an aggrieved selfishness—his ire was birthed in a sense of encroachment on *his* privilege to tithe and toll—Shakspeare understood kings as well as he did Pandulfs, and knaves in humbler garb. There is no patriotism in this affair, and King John, at that time, felt himself strong enough to swagger and defy; he spoke in the confidence of strength, not of honesty: there was no great risk just then, and he spoke his feelings; those feelings were the engendering of his own individual interests. Macready had the honesty and courage to relinquish a clap-trap in favour of truth; and, as times go, reader, that, let me tell you, is a bold thing to do.

“The king is moved, and answers not to this.”

These words are nothing as they stand alone on the page, and that alone is the prescribed fashion of speaking them in the playhouses. The “point” would be of such refined texture that the audience would not take it; the effort, the labour to make it a point would be lost—unrewarded by a “round;” let the passage, therefore, go for nothing, or as a mere stepping-stone in the dialogue, a rung in the ladder which would be overlooked by the spectators, however firmly the foot fixed upon it, or paused in trial of its strength, while the ascendant looked around, ere he advanced higher. Mr. Macready did so fix his foot and pause upon it; you saw that he was feeling its strength, while the eye glanced at the direction of the ladder and at surrounding objects. Without metaphor to speak, he threw into that line a complication of intelligence, each particle of which was palpable. The *crushed* tone of the voice was responsive of the apprehension that Philip would bend under Pandulf’s priestly thunder, and so break the recently formed alliance: the consequence to himself, and the rage, mingling with the already anticipated threats of revenge, were working at the same moment in his thoughts, and in the same moment were expressed; the inquisitive and reproachful glance of the eye, affirmed the colour of the voice to be nature’s true tint, and though the spectator had been ignorant of the coming events, and of the author’s text, he, from that moment, saw that if Philip did break with him at that interview, John would burst out with something similar in effect to “France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour!”—the *keeping* was admirable.

In proposing to Hubert the murder of Prince Arthur, the power of the actor was acknowledged by the audience. Among the masterly touches which he threw into the scene, was one which stood out prominently splendid; to my thinking never before approached; certainly never surpassed. The word “death” escaped from him, and he started back appalled by the sense of having overleaped all safety, burst beyond the limit from which he could retreat, and plunged himself into escapeless peril and ruin by breathing that word; while his eye, gazing in terror on the witness to the sound, still endeavoured to pierce its light into Hubert’s soul, in agony of suspense to know how he received it; then urging his voice by a desperate resolve, in a deep, guttural, half-strangled hiss, he forced forth the words, “A grave!” and on Hubert’s

acquiescence, the rebound from this o'erstrained and torturing tension of the nerves, was as perfect a touch of intellectual acting as Macready himself ever saw, or himself ever made others feel. Yet I must be permitted to qualify my admiration of the scene till this point,—I do so warily, because I am not sure that I saw it aright,—the face during much of the scene's progress was, to my direction, *en profile*, and, as I caught it, the featural expression was that of fearful apprehension and terror occasioned by a *physical* object, as he looked towards Hubert:—the pupils were in protrusion and distension. Till the word "death!" this is not John's sense, and *there* it is mingled with a shrinking from himself. His gaze is more internal and watchful. The object of his dread are thoughts, wishes, which he desires to speak, but dare not. His glance to Hubert is inquisitorial of the operation of his words, mingled with apprehension and doubt of the result, and significant both of apprehension and design as it glides round towards young Arthur. Let not these remarks be condemned as unimportant, as trifles in critical distinction. If the disposition to notice such distinctions, and the perception to ascertain and value them, were more widely diffused and generally prevalent among visitors to the theatre, I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Macready would be the most popular actor which the nineteenth century has brought before the public scrutiny.

Events develope John's character more fully, and Mr. Macready keeps the accordance most beautifully; the spectator, the more closely he watches him, will the more readily yield, "this is likely, this is just, this is natural." Would that space allowed me to attempt a vindication of my own impressions as I marked the paltering feebleness of spirit, vacillation, consciousness, and writhing perturbation of King John in the fourth act. He, in the fitfulness of self-accusation and wrenching remorse, fruitlessly attempting to relieve himself by throwing the charges and the vast load of guilty terror on Hubert; and that reeling joy, that very suffering of delight which shook through brain, heart, and every fibre of his frame, when, as he eagerly gasped, "Doth Arthur live?" &c. I cannot trace him on this paper, though every look and tone is as fresh in my memory as all were when the drop fell at the end of the act. There are of the play-goers who see nothing particularly great in Mr. Macready but his intenseness, his deep-boiling and clamorous outbursting in the terrible, the masses of passion. Oh! that scene would have satisfied the utmost craving of such, and they might quote it daily as a triumph of their judgment.

And let those who estimate Macready in Shakspeare's characters by contrasting his illustrations with those of others whom they revere as the great masters, and only because they were told so, who bow to a custom, and laud as custom bids; who honour a prescribed form because it is the fashion to honour it, and never dive with their own intellectual daring into the depths of Shakspeare's wells and fountains of character and passion, but may sometimes skim along the logical surface, and deem that a mere logical inference is a safe and full conclusion for all that lies within, and rolls, and boils, and streams through

the channels of emotion, and the transfigurings of imagination. Let such an one bring all his prejudices, all his stubbornness of these baseless conclusions to aid him in resisting the death scene of John, as it is given by Mr. Macready, and they shall be swept away into nothingness. Let him compare it and contrast it if he will,—if he can,—his eye, his heart, his senses will confess the triumph of that scene over all others which he has looked upon, whatever he may compel his tongue to say. There was no studied gradation, no lashing up to the required state of excitement; every tortured tone and fibre was at the pitch, each was perfect in its time and place. The atmosphere grew sultry with the passionate fire: the conflict of pain, the commingling throes of suffering, all blending, but distinctly traceable, were so wondrously true to nature, that astonishment at, and admiration of skill and genius were lost in sympathy and commiseration with the sufferer. The very touch of the disordered garments was added misery to the fire which consumed the entrails. That scene baffles description. The voice is yet piercing and ringing in my ears; the face, now blazing, now ashy pale, the eyes glittering with the internal heat, then set, fixed, as carbuncles, then as lead, deep in their sockets, the hard tension of the arms, as the hands gripped in life's last agony to the cushions of the couch, the stony death of the position in which the *body* sat for some seconds ere it fell back across the couch; life or thought had no direction in that body's so falling; it was a corpse's momentum,—a weight let go. All are distinctly before me now.

But if a critic demand an instance to justify all or any part of this, and require a quoted passage in which excellence and sublimity were combined, I will refer to one only: it may be cut as a trophy on Macready's monumental tomb. It is the reply to Prince Henry's

“Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears!”

in the words, “*The salt in them is hot!*” That hot salt seemed to drop on his fevered and parched vitals as he uttered the words; he shrieked them out in the agony which the touch occasioned. The faculty of imagination, now infinitely more vivid, and more rapid in its course, and bodily torture, rendering every sense a thousand times more exquisitely acute than in a state of corporeal ease, had, with the speed of light, darted and received the salt-hot tears, and the excruciating torture of their touch, threw forth that shriek of great agony. Then followed,

“Within me is a hell!”

Terrific was this; it was given in that deep groan which, as it upheaved from the bosom, mingled in the fainter scream from the throat; the extreme of physical pain neutralizing the power of speaking the situation and character of the suffering. Here I may notice a distinction which nature would have exhibited had this “internal hell” been referred to a mental instead of a physical one. This occurs in the drama frequently; not so frequently, perhaps, in the drama's repre-

sensitives. No scream, no shriek, no elevation, no acuteness of voice, would appear in the utterance; all would be deep, dense, dark, hoarse, muttering; a horror of blackness in the sound. Mr. Macready knows this, I am sure, and correctly and grandly showed his discrimination; or, to speak more closely home, he had made the true feeling his own; ~~that~~ *that* compelled him to be right; it possessed every faculty of life and every organ of expression. I will not notice the offences of the play, as it was acted, though, "by St. Patrick, there was much offence." On a future day I shall have pleasure in discharging a duty in speaking of ~~some~~ *some* whys and wherefores connected with the theatres and theatrical government. Now I must, in mercy to the reader, conclude; but first beg leave to hint, that Bennet, as Hubert, would have pleased me vastly but for a few touches of conventionalism, against which I entertain a cordial hate when it is resorted to merely because it is conventionalism; and clever little Miss Poole, too, she would have looked much more beautiful if she had rubbed the rouge from her face before she came at Hubert's call: those red cheeks ruined her portion of the scene—almost, not quite. Was that Faulconbridge? And, Brindal, go on; when your discretion has told your impulse it is correct, let the impulse have play: that touch in the fifth act was of the right kind.

It is useful to see this play, in many respects besides the pleasure of observing the course of its events, the skill of the performers, and hearing the noble language of poetry and passion. Valuable information is given; we obtain an insight into character and motives, and learn to be upon our guard against the intrigues of government, and the blinding contrivances and subterfuges of knaves in power, who, for the gratification of their own individual selfishness, their lust of domination, and their greedy appetite for accumulation to themselves alone, would cast devastation over the bosom of fertility, and sacrifice thousands and tens of thousands of better men in a fit of spleen, perhaps occasioned by some defects in the tricks of courtesy; such, at least, has been the pretence; and they will talk of "*wounded honour!*" the kingdom's wound! the nation's wound! Here we have two legal ruffians, who, in attainment of an object for which the nation of neither cared a straw, band hosts of men together, and set them to cut each other's throats, for *their* pleasure, with less remorse than if they were so many stock-fish or salt-herrings. Both Philip and John give ample proof that their squabble, the one in *generous* vindication of Arthur's rights, and the other in "honourable" defence of "his own," had little interference with the question of justice or honesty. *Honour* is quite another thing; there was plenty of *honour*. Arthur and his cause are cast to the dogs when the generous and chivalric Philip finds he can make up the matter with greater advantage to himself. And John blusters for "his own," while each breath of his being tells him that claim to "his own" is a lie. Of this cajolery we have had plenty in our time; and it is a source of lamentation in some places, that we shall not easily take much more of it, that the "merrie England" of



Toryism is gone. And, look ye, reader, the principal instigator of most of these murders, robberies, and rogueries, is that essence-bottle of sophistical villainy, Pandulf, in whose immediate closeness of trick, and remoteness and comprehensiveness of cunning, breathes and lives one, only one, wish,—it makes his heart,—**PRIESTLY DOMINATION**; to obtain and secure which he would make the cradles of sleeping babes dens of hissing adders, and change all the crystal waters of the universe into stagnant ponds and seas of putrid blood; and the monster talks of faith and religion too!\* Oh, Shakspeare! thou hast given us a record which heaven keep to us in warning, and give us sense to read, or we shall have “merrie England” again.

P. V.

## MACREADY'S CORIOLANUS.

If the reader go to see this drama acted, it is very likely that he will carry with him his recollections of the great Kemble in the chief character. I would ask such an auditor to sit patiently, if he go to see Macready, till the third act, for till then the reflections of his memory will flit across his thoughts and incline him to comparisons which may not induce him to yield the palm of superiority, nor, perhaps, the meed of equality, to Macready. I am here supposing the auditor neither to have studied the character deeply, nor read it intently, independent of the opinions which he has imbibed from others. The man who has so read and so studied, *before* the end of the second act, will think as I did on seeing Macready on Monday evening, Dec. 16; though, with myself, till then the visions of Kemble repeatedly intruded; and I had, for many years, thought that with his retirement Coriolanus was banished from the stage and hopeless of return. Such is not my thought now, as I know that he is not only restored, but lives with more truth and vigour than ever in Macready.

There were many glorious and superior touches in the earlier scenes that would shake the faith of any thinking auditor; for instance, when the expostulation of Menenius touches him to unbending from his angry scorn of the citizens, in solicitation of their votes, his reply

“What must I say?”

I pray, sir—Plague upon't! I cannot bring

My tongue to such a pace—Look, sir, my wounds,” &c.

Here we have what no auditor could remember in the great model, I am sure—the four distinct states of feeling clearly put forth, not only in gesture, eye, and lip, but what is a more certain, safer, and truer

\* “The reverence deep and holy, which on lawn and ermine saw  
God's own stamp; and in their wearers loved religion, feared the law.”  
Vide *Blackwood*, of December.

exposition of them and the man's character, the voice showed, in its variety, that it had been struck into a natural adaptation of its tones by the several present thoughts and emotions ; these tones had all nature's appropriateness.

First was the question put to a *friend* in such a way as tinged it with a meaning that it was a friend's wish yielded to, rather than a knowledge desired ; then as if conning the dose of words in his lesson, " I pray, sir," and dashing them out of his mouth impatiently, as if too nauseous for endurance in " Plague upon it," &c. taking the lesson up again, and relieving his palate of their odiousness by qualifying it with the angry scorn of his true nature, an abhorrence of baseness, fancied or real.

And does any auditor forget his " Kindly ?" There was a visible moral pain in uttering the word—a revolting, and a constrained keeping within, the feelings which his heart prompted him to lay bare. In " A match, sir," and what followed, the hand was put forth in the impulse of a thought—" I have done ; enough with you ;" not as if it were the adjunct in concluding a bargain, and it was so well fitted to that thought that no eye could have perceived in it a design to induce that contact of the citizen's palm, and its consequences. Equally beautiful was the hurrying, impatient monotone in which he ran over the words of his disagreeable lesson, as if sickening at them while he spoke—" Your voices, for your voices I have fought," &c. ; and many other passages which ask for comment but must be denied it.

From the commencement of the third act, the master-spirit—the close thought with which he had examined and studied—the depth and completeness of the plunge which he had made into the mind, heart, passion, and being of Coriolanus, could no longer be questioned. Whatever thinking auditor doubted till then, hesitated not in accepting this Coriolanus as the true one, although it was so very different from the established model. I should lengthen this note far beyond the limits which can be granted to my observations, were I to show all the points of beauty and masses of difference in the first scene ; but one or two passages may be noticed, not for their *difference*, but for their power and beauty. The angry astonishment at the charges enumerated by *Brutus*, tinged with contempt of that Tribune and his motives in making the charges, in

" Why this was known before,"

the reply to " Not to them all,"

" Have you informed them since ?"

was given in a suppressed but acute tone, and a dart of the eye, which both went directly to the crouching accuser's heart ; and that headlong hurrying of words, in fear that his friends should stop him before he could give them all breath ; the quiet intenseness of resolute purpose in the voice, as if the sentiment should not be, could not be questioned, in

" Whoever gave that counsel to give forth the corn," &c.

and the deep, internal boiling of rage in,

"Hence! rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones  
Out of thy garments!"—

are all instances which may be freely quoted in proof of Macready's glorious intellect and imagination.

"No! I'll die here,"—

with the motion of the sword—the instantly struck picture of attitude, came on the spectator like a lightning flash. Let any one compare and contrast the records of his memory with that.

But it was in the scene with Volumnia in this act, that Coriolanus shone preeminently in all the variety of moral form, mental action, and physical expression, with which genius tasking skill, and skill responding to genius, can hope to illustrate the character. The scene as it was acted by Macready renders the succeeding conduct and passion, and ultimate events of the play, the most perfect dramatic harmony I ever witnessed. He was the living body of Shakspeare's imaginative creation. The least controllable of his violent dispositions, the most irrepressible of his passions; a resolution binding up scorn, indignation, hate, and abhorrence, and held together by as much reason and justice as his excitability will permit him to collect, shake, falter, yield, not on conviction of truth or necessity, but to the filial reverence, it cannot be called affection, with which he regards his mother. She it is who has taught him the lessons of conduct which he is now practising, yet strong as is his bitterness to her, he uses no word of accusation or reproach when she now counsels that which is so opposite to what which she has hitherto taught him. Surprise, grief, and regret that his conduct is not approved by her, is so clearly blended and so discriminatingly tempers the commingling turbulence of passion, that to one who has made the anatomy of human feelings any part of his study, this is a living picture which cannot but appear as extraordinary in the talent it combines, as to see and hear it is most delightful and instructive. The look of pain and doubt with which he listens, as if wishing *she* would not give such counsel, yet showing that he hears it, for that it is his duty to hear her, he looks "I shall not be convinced, though I obey." Then came,

"Well I must do it.

Away my disposition, and possess me  
Some barlot's spirit," &c.

Till

"My knees bend like his that hath received an alms."

Its delivery was most eloquent, let me say consummately beautiful, compelling his voice into a calm, while each syllable was distinctly pronounced: the thoughts gradually swelling with disgust at the picture which they drew, the face increasing in its flush of shame, at the prospect of so degrading his habit and his nature. Nothing more perfect,

more quietly beautiful, of its kind, was ever heard, till the appealing indignation, which it was no longer possible to hold back, burst out,—how ? not in a loudness of voice ; but in a dense, hard, iron tone, which told the full mastery with which the passion had grappled him in these words,

“ I will not do it,” &c.

This was succeeded, again, by that painful reluctance with which he expresses his yielding to his mother's reproachful remonstrances :

“ Mother, I'm going to the market-place ;  
Chide me no more.”

The scene was throughout a combination of clear judgment and discrimination, with tact and genius in execution. An anxious admirer of this tragedian could not wish it were better in any place or passage. A censoriously-disposed critic, perhaps, would find nothing on which he could vent his reproof, though this is, by far, an easier office than pointing out beauties.

In the last scene of this act he was equally just, but more broadly conspicuous. How fully those words “ I'm content,” told the difficulty he felt in submitting to an utterance of them ! And that outbursting of hitherto smouldered, crushed-within fire, on the words, “ How ! traitor !” and like a cataract, with all the mighty gush of its bound-up strength, the lava of indignation, scorn, and rage poured forth

“ The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people,” &c.

Mother, honours, friends, Rome, all creatures, and all things, were *whelmed* and forgotten in the destructive sweep of that massive burst ! —It was truly sublime !

And that one word, “ you !”—which was darted as if it were an arrow of fire at the unfortunate Tribune who “ prated of service,” will be remembered for years by those who heard it on the evening of Dec. 16, 1833. Then followed that gathering up into one compressed sense, a concentration to a focus, and lodged deep down in the heart's centre, all the parts and varieties of his disgust and indignation, and he in a full, round, resolutely full, grand, and scathing, yet most dignified voice, measured out (as if not an atom of the entire weight of every syllable and letter should be lost) that speech which concluded the act—

“ Ye common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate,” &c.

Kemble here exhibited stately scorn, indignation, and high anger, and delivered the whole passage in a *very elevated voice*. He accompanied the “ I banish you !” with a stately sweep of lifted arm. Macready banished them without the arm's sweep ; there was a deeper, grander, a more durable and intense thought in his manner.

In their reception of the fifth act, the audience felt that Macready could not be resisted. They fully acknowledged from him all those

magnificent strokes for which his predecessor was so much celebrated. In the whole scene Macready *was immensely the superior*. In the complication of the existing interests, events, feelings, distracting passions, and the catastrophe, is an unusual variety of high, and all-contending emotions. They advance, recede, meet, oppose, and cross each other with a rapidity, depth, and force which demand the loftiest powers of intellect, perception, and judgment, and *susceptibility to impression*, which can be associated in man. It is in this changing, fluctuating variety, and the wondrous fitting of his existence to them, that the actor under notice stood so pre-eminent. Let the spectator close his eyes, and give but his ears in attention, he will feel that it is nature breathing each alteration in the tone of voice; or, art is so finely taught, so closely, so exquisitely instructed by nature, that he will be sure it is nature herself that speaks. I should fill a volume, instead of making a short note, were I to enter into an analysis of these emotions, and show whence they originated, when and how they commenced, and where they were checked, changed, and obliterated, or to describe the actor's manner and expression in them. However, one instance of the rich, though delicate, the clear, though so nicely discriminated, tinges of the feelings on the voice, I must not omit to mention. It occurred in those several modes of salutation, of his wife, mother, and child. The mournful tenderness of affection, after kissing the cheek of Virgilia, while he clasped her neck, and murmured, but *so* distinctly,

"Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since,"

must have dropped into the heart of every one who heard the words. Then kneeling to his mother, in a deeper tone of reverence, touched by sorrow,

"Sink, my knee, i' the earth;  
Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons."

And the beauty of the grief-ful joy, in speaking to his child, each was so admirably marked by a difference of feeling, yet each bore affection's tinge of affinity. The unbreathing silence of the audience acknowledged the actor's power. "*This is beauty*; beauty which we cannot applaud with our hands: the throbs of the heart, the filling eye, and the quivering lip, are all we can give to its praise."

Space will not allow me to dwell on the agitating conflict of emotions which shook and writhed the actor's frame, and place him, in such powers, far above any one I have ever looked upon, and I have looked on many. I have been enchained and bowed down in almost an agony of delight by some; but what a rending of the spirit was pictured with those words,

"Pity me, generous Volscians! ye are men," &c.

Silence was the actor's triumph! And with all the recollections of Kemble in

"Measureless liar!" &c.

and the sudden and violent transition to

"Cut me to pieces," &c.

and as suddenly in the bursting forth of the volcanic fire,

"If you have writ your annals true," &c.

I do conceive it impossible for any man who permits himself to think, his feelings to sway, or his justice to plead, to hesitate in saying, no Coriolanus that has yet been seen made so sublime an exit.

There is one point on which I feel as assured as it is possible for reasoning from causes and a knowledge of men's character to enable me to be. This it is: many of those who have now so religious a veneration for Kemble's talents that they will admit no light which may cast a shadow on their worship, no reason that may shake their faith, would not, *if Macready had preceded him*, tolerate Kemble through one act. After the satisfaction of feasting their eyes on his noble figure, and his stateliness of demeanour, and physical splendour of movement, (which I will venture to tell them, and the world too, were oftentimes made paramount to truth, nature, and passion,) they would very speedily discover something wanting which would induce them to exclaim, "Ha! Macready for me!" as they now exclaim, "Ha! Kemble for me!" Kemble was great, but Macready is greater; he has more of truth in him, and it comes out of him. And I beg it may not be supposed that I have made these remarks in a desire to detract one jot from the true merits of a great actor, who no longer exists. My sole aim is to induce people to think, if they can be brought to think a little on these matters; it is very probable they will soon think deeply of them voluntarily. The most useful knowledge is of the mind of man. No where will practical illustrations of man's character, motives, and conduct be obtained so vividly and impressibly as from a fine piece of acting. Such acting as is Macready's, and that of a few others. All are aware of the pleasure, but few have calculated the beneficial results of such exhibitions.

P. V.

## A PEEP INTO SHERWOOD FOREST.

*Monthly Repository, June, 1834.*

At the little, out of the way, undisturbed village of Edwinstow you can see no indication, nor, without previously acquired knowledge,

would you guess that you are within five minutes walk of the most perfect specimen of antique forest, the most sequestered and distinctly characterised elf and fairy realm on earth. It is the last vestige of Sherwood's right to renown. It stands alone, as it has stood for the last thousand years; as it stood centuries before graceless King John and his graceless nobles and courtiers hunted the deer under its umbrageous boughs; before Norman William grasped the Saxon homesteads, and desolated the hearths of a hundred yeoman to gorge one of his bull-headed fellow-ruffians. By itself it stands, and is like no other spot on which my eyes have ever looked, or my feet have ever trod. It is BIRKLAND, a beautiful land of beautiful birches, with, near it, adjoining it, a noble neighbour, *Billhagh*, or *Bellehagh*, all of oaks which have seen ten generations come and pass away. Among the birches, too, stand many of these tall, huge, bulky, and venerable giants. But come, reader, let us walk to this Birkland, up the short street, through the village, throwing, as we go, a passing glance at the church's old tower and queer spire, and wondering inquisitively at the odd fancy which placed the eight niches at the tower's top and the spire's foot; wherein formerly stood as many grey-coated, grey-nosed, and grey-skinned goodly stone saints; which an opposing sect of image worshippers, deeming the elevation of these impious or idolatrous, dismounted and demolished. A few paces more, and Edwinstow is behind you: here the road branches off in a Y fashion; that to the left inclining more to a right angle with the street: the right hand road leads to Thoresby Park—the left is the road to nowhere, or anywhere; for as your eye runs along it you perceive it grows turfy and green, being little trodden, except by sheep and harvest wains. Take either of these roads, but proceed directly onwards. Just at the junction of the forks, the apex of the angle, is a company of tall graceful trees, firs and other gentlefolks, towering aloft, and very beautiful: look well at them, take impressions of them strongly—they are the portal spirits to something more grand, august, sublime: perhaps they are octogenarians—or a century old, yet they will appear like striplings, infants, by the contrast to which you are approaching. Walk down upon that smooth sinking sweep of undulation: how gracefully it bends! like the mighty magnificent curve in a vast and green Atlantic billow, which by some omnipotence, some invisible hand, has been suspended in its rolling, and fixed thus as we see it.

“ Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ! ”

said the great voice, and it was so. A stone-covered well is all that breaks the verdant, rootless, tuftless, weedless surface: an upholsterer would not have nailed his green baize or drugget more evenly on your parlour carpet, nor glued his billiard-table cloth more *wrinklelessly*—so lies this verdant carpet, this fixed curve of the sea, till the uprising, crowning crest of the billow, ruffled with gorse, with its millions of yellow blossoms,—the ocean spray changed into bright and burning gold, which mingles its glory with the bending blue of heaven. That

is the barrier ridge which completely conceals the universe beyond : and is it not a gorgeous barrier ? It is so resplendent in its beauty that your heart throbs in loving worship of it. Here pause at its foot, and drink in the joy which it pours forth abundantly ; and having done so, look upward to the ridge, and without pausing in your step as you wind to the summit, do but mark how those hoary-headed giants march up, forward upon, into your vision—and from the ridge bound down that gently inclining slope. In twenty steps the world is quite shut out : you are in a strange, solemn, and old universe. You have passed from time to eternity—No—you have leaped out of the present, back a thousand years. Your dull lump of earth—your hundred and forty pounds avoirdupois, more or less, of clay, is at once exhaled, or has dropped off, away from your existence : you are become unweighable essence, ethereality. You are all air—a bird—a spirit—you feel that you could leap like a cricket, with less than a cricket's ponderosity : ankle-deep you are enclosed in elastic moss, from which you rebound with the lightness of cork, or a ball of caoutchouc. Do not yet look around you, nor above you : close your eyes, and you breathe bliss—you float—sail—fly : you are in heaven. Not yet—the chirping of the jackdaws tell you this still is earth—for it is not yet said whether jackdaws go to heaven. Still this is heaven ; and you love it all the better on finding that it teems with the creatures of earth—living, breathing, voiced creatures—and their speech-chirping here is delicious harmony—glorious concord. Bound a few steps more—you must bound, leap—you are full charged with electric fluid, and cannot walk. Stop : lift up your head, and gaze and gasp in the overpowering inspiration—which penetrates limbs—heart—and soul ! and holds you mute awhile.

A magnificent temple—the ruined Palmyra of the forest, roofed by the wide arch of heaven ! beautifully grand—awful, solemn, and deeply, intensely affecting : while it bows you down in adoration, it fills your spirit with love. There is nothing dark, nothing fearful, nothing sad in your soul while you gaze—you *do* love it—it wraps you in a sublimity of affection—you feel it is all your friend—your parent, your guardian—it blesses you, while you worship it : and you bless it for the blessing it bestows. You feel that it was not the pride of man—nor the mockery of a false religion which reared this wondrous temple—that neither fraud nor oppression mingled in the design—nor has human vanity ever desecrated the holy place with monuments to its honour. Grey and hoary with antiquity, the massive columns, though scathed and rent and bruised by a thousand storms, yet uplift themselves in stately dignity ; or like reverend sages, more reverend from the scathe of elements, stretching out their arms in counsel, or upwards in appeal to the Father of Creation : and they look so nobly calm, so gently majestic. Enchained for a time is every faculty, corporeal and intelligent, till wondering love grows bold, familiar ; but in that boldness is no rudeness : it is reverential still : like the confiding assurance of candid and unsophisticated youth in the supervision of an ancient man, whose face age has not crimped with frowns—whose voice peevishness has not



cracked into treble pipes by scolding—whose moral beauty and benignity have grown under Time's touch—whose authority is benevolence. In the familiarity is no insolence, no presumption, nor servile courting of old Wisdom's condescension. It is the open spirit of a child to a parent, whose philosophy in training that child, has been, and is, so unlike so many of the world's wise ones; the philosophy which has deemed the task, the rod, the scourge, the unswerving imperative mood, and all lessons of fear, and duty, and obedience, and all coercive discipline, do but alienate the child's love, and turn the fountains of affection to lasting streams of bitterness, which transform beauty into deformity—change light to darkness—substitute hypocrisy of form for mind's earnestness, and dry, heart-gnawing convention and compulsion for the gushings and bubblings of devoted tenderness. It is in the assurance of reciprocated affection that youth grows bold in ancient wisdom's presence, and that such child is familiar with such parent. So, on the subsiding of the floods of emotion, mingling awe, and love, and reverence, you stand amidst this age-worn magnificence, and look upon those antique oaks with a deep serene of joy. Your eye courses the whole; then approach and examine in detail parts and particulars: and how many images arise from the survey! Fancy suggests an alternation and succession of comparisons, and each comparison gives instant birth to its appropriate feeling. You ring the changes on your sensations: yet all are pleasant ones.

Listen—you cannot avoid thinking that these venerable sages are going to speak: would they would! What lessons they might teach—what important secrets divulge: they who have looked on the world for ten centuries, what think they of the “social system?” Of what politics are they? Tory? Whig? Radical? What? Radical to a certainty; genuine, staunch, honest, radicals, for they would have all mankind happy, at no declension, no party's suffering. What tales might they tell of fear and strife, of hypocrisy and war, of song and sport, of mirth and laughter. Mirth and laughter?—ay, there have been jovial doings in this hall of ages. Were not Robin Hood and his merry men all occasional denizens here? To be sure they were; this was the favourite retreat, and here it was they took their metempsychoses from jovial men to jolly oak trees. There is little John: yonder tall fellow, with his one bare arm thrown out as if he had just swung his good quarter-staff in sport only, and pitched it to his neighbour Will Scarlet, whose hand is held forth to catch it. No metempsychosis of the staff is to be seen—it is gone the way of all staffs; unless it has transmigrated to one of those brown ferns which are lying asleep on couches of moss. Friar Tuck is centupled. His spirit became prolific as it passed from its clay tenement into oaken frame-work, and multiplied itself. Look at his girths enormous, and the huge wens starting from every side of his bulky carcases. They are relics of the hogsheads of Nottingham ale that he poured down his tun-dish into his gulfy reservoir—laughing in the thorough base between every draught; and every carbuncle, bursting into a mouth to let the laugh abroad, retains its thick lips in

expansion of merry grin. He has literally split his sides. Hark ye, jovial and venerated foresters, news for you—news at which you may start into flesh and blood again: there is as good ale in Nottingham now as ever was brewed when you drew long bow at the king's deer, or massed fat bishop of his ungodly gold. So come back: no, not you. There are now no deer to shoot, and the bishops are all *too poor*. Flesh and blood could not bear it. And of what race are those grotesque, fantastic, semi-monstrous forms which stand commingled among so much of the dignified, venerable, and jovial? Some are huge serpents, which have twisted their vertebræ into dislocation. Some are hard-smalled, long-tailed, fierce dragons, that have writhed in fury and agony, till their necks, legs, and tails have become fixed, and lignified from torture. And if yonder be not a griffin's head, griffin never was. Heraldic painter or carver, after a night's riding by a nightmare, could not cut or paint a truer one. Look at his acute nose, open jaws, and pointed tongue, and the pricked-up, fox-like ears, with an eye as distinct and full as ever was eye; though, if you examine closer, it is but a hole right through the topmost fragment of a tree, which has been so carved and cut by tempests working in aid of Time. How fiery would that eye be if the moon peeped through it! Were it night now, my old nurse's gossip of hob-goblins and fiery fiends would be busy with me; and nothing but a griffin's head would my superstitious imagination allow it to be. The region is full of fantasy.

But turn your eye to the left, westward; what see you there? Is it a sun burst upon a line, a sheet, a field of silver? or the snowy haze of a dewy exhalation floating beneath a denser and darker canopy of clouds? Neither. What thus fixes your gaze in admiration are the thousands of white and glistening stems of graceful birch-trees—silent spirits of beauty—sylphs in meditation—dryad damsels assembled there to dream. Look at them, and wonder at their glory. Are you not impelled, attracted by a hidden and indefinable sympathy towards them? How you wish and long to mingle your being and every sense with that quiet, harmonious, and delicious solitude, which waft to you a wooing invitation. Then away! spring over the elastic carpets of richly tinted mosses—dash through the yielding heather barriers—pause and stoop to look on the bright red stems that bend to your pressure, entwine round your limbs, and flash their beauty up into your eyes. You are stepping on, through and over the annually renovated growths of twenty centuries or more; and the prostrate brown ferns which crackle beneath your feet, will, in a few weeks, send up from their earth hidden roots, thousands of tall, curling, green younglings, to mingle with the purple blossoms of the heather—then may you riot and roll in a sea of perfume—leap, spring, bound along now in a delight which feels not the clog of animality. You inhale the exhilarating gas in such copiousness, that veins and arteries are no longer the channels of blood—they are all air-cells and electric conductors: the bird above your head floats not more buoyantly than you bound and sail on this precious bosomed earth. Wind your way down to that broad line of clearing,

that avenue of enchantment ; it seems to have been intended for a carriage road, but, luckily, the projector, rather amending his taste, or growing sick of the novelty, no longer charmed with his first vague, unfastening impressions of beauty, has abandoned it again to the old possessors, turf, and fern, and heather. Here walk awhile, slowly it must be, for you are fascinated into hesitation, and pause at every step. There they are, grouped in magical beauty, silent loveliness ! amid each group, in serious pride of contemplation of the gracious forms and spirits around him, stands a reverend oak, smiling serenely, serenely and benignantly smiling, while he contemplates—the sultan of the harem !—but they are not his slaves—they are free as himself. Yes, there they are, fair young nymphs ; their slender forms enveloped in white silk and silver ; their smooth limbs just perceivably waving ; and their abundant, glorious, pendulous tresses swinging in the light wind ; swaying gently to and fro, their rich heads and drooping locks are moving to the sweet music, that immortal harmony, which cannot be heard in our “muddy vestiture of decay.” The sky above bends down upon the scene to look and listen, and clips the whole in an embrace of joy. Your soul is heaving and swelling in the fulness of happiness, of enchantment, as you gaze here. Your heart floods with a rushing tide of eloquence ; but speech is too poor to bear it along, and voiceless and tongueless it rolls within, bathing and imbuing every faculty of thought and feeling with the omnipotence of love. If you can cast your reflections back upon the world you have left, far, far behind you, search the stores of memory, and examine each fibre of sense which memory agitates. Is there any bad passion there ? is there any corrosion, any harshness, stirs there one breath of ill-will to any human being ? Is not all your soul steeped in benevolence ? is there one tinge of reflection which is not of love to all God’s creatures ? No, no, all are good, all are beautiful ; you are what you would have all things, a totality of peace : you are a Christian, then ; you are adoring Heaven ! Keep the instructions which these contemplations give you in your heart ; store them there, and let them guide your practice when you mingle with the world.

Twenty times have you been drawn towards the many embowered paths which intersect the body of the forest ; each arched over and diminishing to a point of light, or completely closed in by the meeting branches ; and you feel in anticipation the serene hush of the retreats to which they invite you ; the repose from the tremour, the overcharged and overbubbling fountains of joyous and rapturous excitement. You long to enter, and throw yourself at length on the couchy moss or fern, and quell the passionate sense into a tranquillity of satisfaction and retrospective thought. You have witnessed a beautiful drama, well got up and well performed, perhaps ? one that has called up a succession of intense interests and enchaining sympathies ? and you have gone home quietly, and through half the night coursed over each thought, emotion, and incident with calmer relish, thus fixing each more accurately and firmly on your mind’s tablet ? Just such a gratifying change and succession of pleasures are yours in gazing on these birches from

the avenue, and then enwrapping yourself and thoughts in one of these bowery maulies. So dash in at once, and *think* the pictures over. Come, let us see what sort of a pic-nic we can make out here. This is a delectable spot for enjoying it; or take your selection from the hundreds of pretty canopied recesses and verdant alcoves for a *salle-d-manger*. Or look there—there is a spot enclosed within a barrier of impenetrable gorse, if you like enclosures and barriers, which I do not; here you may sit or lie extended, screened in by a glorious curtain of green and gold. Look, here is the entrance, somewhat intricate and winding, with just room for one at a time to pass in; and space when you are there for a dozen or more, with swinging elbow room, as you assemble round the board? no, round the smooth turf, which is covered with a snow white sheet of damask. Stay, who are, or are *to be*, of the party, and what the viands? These, sir, or madam, are matters to be well looked to; a little bungling will do great mischief, and utter freedom from arrangement will be the nicest order in the world, if you have set out wisely. I have seen so many of these things spoiled by nicety and decorum, and so many unsuccessful from an absence of nicety and decorum, that my philanthropy prompts a little advice to sylvan revelers.

First, for the number of the party: if more than two, do not stint at eight, ten, or a dozen, at least. A dozen will do, if you are sure they are of the right sort; and this right sort does not include all who will answer readily "yes" to your question of "who will go?" Be cautious that the desire to increase your number does not coax you into an admission of doubtful ones, or the pleasure of all must be sacrificed to that one's inanity, dumbness, and deadness of soul. For my own single part, or whim, I should select children freely, as fellows in the affair, because if they felt an inclination to go mad with enjoyment, why mad they would show themselves, and shout out of all "proper behaving," and kick up their heels most unconventionally; all our pleasures are doubled by the sympathy with others; so let us have no "propriety and decorum" (those decoctions of stupidity and cunning) here. We will have those who can feel the beauties of the place, and who, so feeling, will look, speak, and do, all they can of all they feel—though it be to burst into tears of rapturous hysteria—to scream with delight, or to remain mute. A majority of the gentler sex is desirable. If equally paired you may be compelled to tug and haul in couples like greyhounds. For the choice:—this is the nice point—the *experimentum crucis*. The right sort may be found from all ages, from six to sixty: (the fearful of rheumatics will not do:) but we have an instinctive aptness to the impression that personal prettiness, or, if you insist on it, beauty, is the store-house of all the lovelier qualities of mind and heart; and they are so when rightly schooled: but in the schooling lives and grows the mischief. Generally, too generally—and this as much from the contemptible foolery of the men, as from the narrowing, conventional absurdity of their female instructors, young ladies are taught into a mechanism of manner—"springes to catch woodcocks"—to conceal, sup-

press, crush all the natural and beautiful gushings of the purest and most beautiful emotions, and to affect those externals which are as much like the graces and beauties of truth and delicacy as a toad-stool is like a violet or a primrose—a smile from one of which toad-stools would curdle a whole sea of syllabub : one of such, in this our projected party, would look Birkland into a huge birch rod. Eschew all who were ever seen out of a dressing-room with hair *en papillotte* : and all who would set forward on this jaunt with hair and head tortured into the graces of a chizzled wig : there is no more poetry in such heads than in a dish of tripe : come, all who do come, with tresses that will freely unloose themselves from their braids ; so that locks and ringlets may swing in companionship and sympathy with the tens of thousands of tassels on the heads and brows of these Lady Birches. How glorious looks a young creature as she springs, light as an antelope, over the moss and through the heather, and darts in and out among the intertwining sprays, in all the joyance of a heart that makes buoyant and elastic every limb and sinew ; with tresses sportively floating, waving, and fluttering in the wind : now shadowing the light of her eyes, now parting aside to let forth the full and brilliant flash of the happy spirit within : making nature proud at beholding her child. Let every one be in woodland trim—that is, fit for a scramble through the branches and the gorse : all sylvan delight is alloyed, destroyed, if there be any demand on your attention or care lest your dress should be disarranged or damaged. Against long tails, flounces and frills, netting, gimping, and furbelows, the forest has declared ceaseless and persevering warfare : so let your outward man or woman, boy or girl, be such as it will not affect your delicacy to see rendered somewhat more picturesque at the close than it was at the commencement of the revel ; though, indeed, there is little likelihood of fractures if you have been wise in your equipment—dress so that you can be altogether in a thorough *don't carishness* for scratches. A beaver hat is a villain in the woods : a shawl or veil no less so. Sandals, too, are an abomination ; their strings make so many unloving alliances with underwood and roots : so neat-fitting, stringless shoes, or ancle boots, with lace ends carefully, snugly tucked in, if you please ladies.

Well, the selection is made, the party is assembled, all of eyes that can see beauty, and hearts that can rejoice in it, of spirits so uncorrupted that they will yield full scope to the expression of enjoyment, and each, in his or her own reeling, give and receive enjoyment, and, what is an indispensable characteristic, will not pretend to enjoy where enjoyment is not. So march ye now in the best of order,—no order at all,—into this calm realm of forest grandeur and glory. I'll tell you what such a party will do : first, assemble in a compact knot, (without designing, planning such assemblage, and it would be a tedious wordy process to show you the why of this,) as if to catch and communicate inspiration from all to all ; it is to that you so assemble, but you do not know what attracts you :—to hear the short ejaculations of surprise, and subdued exclamations, murmurings, breathings of pure

rapture,—deep and holy is that rapture, and in what delicious variety of expression it shows itself! What next? Then you draw of by twos and threes for a while, till a more vivacious, exhilarating, dancing delight courses rapidly through the nerves; and then, in as many directions as there are animated beings to take them, bound forward over moss, through glade and heather, in every exuberance of bliss. Nay, I should not be surprised if some ran up to the trees, and kissed them; nor should I regard such an *extravagance* as aught but the gushing that throbbed with the love of nature, which superior intelligence and perception of beauty, moral or physical, animate or inanimate, *does* awake, and does fan its pure sparks into an unsullied, forth-issuing flame. Your eye looks yonder on a fawnlike creature, for agility, bounding along, now hidden, now glimpsingly seen through the dangling branches, or peering over some fern-brake or gorse-bush; there sits another on a grassy seat, lost in abstraction of meditation; as full of sweet poesy is her soul, as is the air with balmy freshness: there is one stooping to examine with curious admiration the miniature forest which her fancy has found in a moss tuft, and wondering if those little scarlet-headed fungus-sprouts are not torches by which the beetles light up their supper halls: there is another, pencilling on her brain the elegant and picturesque trunks, slender arms, whiplike branches, and delicate foliage of a group of trees, and catching impressions of the moving lights and shadows which play about them, telling herself that she can make a good sketch from memory when she reaches home, or that she will come again, and have it from the life;—another day's enjoyment laid up in the storehouse of her anticipation. Away, in distance, mellowed into the sweetness of a sweet sound's echo, now heard, now lost, a warbling voice is streaming out the spirit's cascade of joy; all is so happy, that the very trees have a living sympathy with it, and participate in breathing being. But now call in the stragglers, call in the frolicsome, unchain the enchanted, halloo to the warbler, break the fixed muteness of the contemplative, and all gather in, with one look, one set of thoughts; here is our hall, our tent, our refectory; and here the viands. What? First for seats and table. The smooth green turf within the enclosure of gorse, of which I aforesaid spoke, for the latter; and for seats, in ten minutes as many hands have collected moss sufficient to furnish the hall with more inviting sofas and easy chairs than ever were conjured up by the luxurious ingenuity of a Hope or a Beckford. Come, suspend your hats and bonnets to the swinging branches; the strings will flutter as so many festival streamers; throw shawls and kerchiefs on and among the gorses, yellow flowers, and heather: there's an eye-gladdening commingling of colours! Sit or recline at your pleasure,—room for either or all. Ours is the genuine co-operative system,—each assists the other; we have neither masters nor servants, but all are each, a regular levelling of ranks and ages; we do not exclude the little ones till the big ones are accommodated, nor bid the juniors wait “till their elders are served;” no, nothing of that have we among us. We have utterly abjured the fag system,

now and for ever ; we deny the right of the strong to oppress the weak, and *we ever will deny it* : we will walk and sit, eat, drink, talk, and breathe in perfect equality of kindness. Our table is covered with damask, pure, clean, snow white ; remember, it must, it shall be so. Knives and forks spotless and speckless ; remember this too : we will have no make-shifts of what we do bring in the way of viand furniture : if a plate or dish be cracked or chipped in the carriage, away with it ! over the barrier it goes : our drinking glasses are crystal, clearer than any mirror, or green, like the overhanging foliage, and sharply conical, tapering to their stems in the finest point. I have sound argument in advocacy of such shape ; viz. it conveys the liquid in a smooth, un bubbling, unbroken streamlet, down upon the delicately-fashioned grove which your tongue makes to receive, and so wafs it home ; whereas your globular or flat-based chaps send it into your mouth with a splash and a gullup, gullup. And for wines, we will have nothing but your gentle creatures ; hock, moselle, sauterne, and that family ; no blustering port, nor bitter or burning sherry ; and eschew malt as you would one of the toad-stools ; champagne is a mischief,\* it unscrews the pegs of the soul's fiddle, or cracks the strings, produces first a crash or a rant, and leaves nothing but discord and drowsiness : our selection keeps all in tune. Port, sherry, malt, spirits, aoint ye ! we must not have such here ; they will engender Englishism as you look on the trees,—a cutting or tearing them up, or a wish that they were our " property," or a calculation of how much money they would make. For viands, *do* be nice in these ; avoid sandwiches, all fat, butter, grease ; no mustard ; bread as white as a hound's tooth, and short and crisp as skill can make it. We will have a salad,—aye, an English one,—a rustic,—no oil, no mixture of yellow batter with it ; the right countrified vinegar and sugar rectifier. Now eat, drink, laugh, and be merry ; and having cleared the wreck, give thanks by listening to the twang and tink of that guitar, and the song which it accompanies ; or if there be one in the ring who can read as if what he (or she) read were an emanation of his own thoughts, who can read as he would speak, tinging what he reads with the colours, the varieties of modulation and tone to which the sentiments, scene, and incidents, and character of the subject, would freely give birth, hear him or her. Such an one is too good a judge to select a pastoral or woodland description ; he knows that all such things must be tame and insipid here, with the senses you take from the surrounding realities. Read those matters when away from their realities, to rekindle the enjoyment, to recreate the scene, and give a deeper impression to your memory. A tale or drama of incidents, developing character and emotions, is better now ; and mark how much more acutely and accurately you will estimate motives, appreciate actions, and sympathize with feelings ; how your indignation will rise at fraud and oppression, how you will scorn or smile in contempt at cunning paltriness, how you will sympathize with

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\* Negatur.—EDITOR of the *Repository*.

beauty of heart, how readily acknowledge a simple deed of affection, and how you will glow with a new, and perhaps hitherto unknown delight, at the triumph of good feeling and honesty struggling through difficulty; you will weigh the deeds of warriors in the scale with intellectual courage and moral daring, and the mind's independence, and hence find the warrior's renown as a feather against them; you will see *Across* as a whirlwind, which raged out the desolation of millions for the gratification of their own avarice or their own exaltation; your soul's voice shall be tuned in rich harmony, and join the quire whose song is, "the world and all its human creatures shall be happy; life is not a vale of tears, it shall stream a river of joy." Oh, it is good to walk where nature unfolds her beauty amid her silentness, and you carry good back into the bustling world from these occasional visits to her flowery and woodland domains. And now you are called homeward, but ere you leave Birkland collect again to gaze, to drink in the closing draught of pleasure which the hospitable friend gives freely; and ere your foot is turned to leave it, you have each and all uttered a wish to revisit the scene, and have formed a scheme for accomplishing the wish; then, "Bless you, Birkland; good bye for the present, and remain for ever in your beauty!"

What says your genuine practical man, as he calls himself, to all this? He professes to advocate utility, yet affects, and, indeed, does despise the utilitarian: the far reach of whose views this practical man can no more compass in his thoughts, than he can grasp, between his fingers, the winds of heaven. This practical man feeds and fattens on the produce of larger minds, yet pities, or scorns the fructifying spirit which supplies him with his health—his food—which opens to him the sources and the mines from which he gathers his harvests, and accumulates his worldly substance.—What will he say? Why, that all this is fantastic enthusiasm, visions—untenable Utopia.—He wants "something useful." Is not this useful? "No; what will it sell for? what can be made of it? what will it fetch in the market?" Possession—buying and selling enclose all his heart of utility; and he despises the utilitarian whose calculations are as to the sum of happiness which may be so diffused that *all* may share.—I had a rencontre with one of these practicals travelling from N. to W. He was too "polite" to laugh in my face, but no doubt I have been a good stock butt of merriment to him. He was all "for utility: could not find anything but barrenness on Sherwood forest, and would be glad to see the plough producing something by being passed over the gorse-heather and moss: he should like to see it all inclosed—somebody's property." Hah! "Yielding a crop of wheat, grass, or oats." Crop! inclosures for him and exclusion too. The hundreds of poor cottagers whose cattle and sheep browse on the heather, and beautify the swelling elevations, slopes and hollows, are no consideration in comparison with the gratification of some avaricious landholder's desire to grasp at more: whose extent of domain begets no other feeling than a fury for a greater extent, and authorizes him in the covetous greediness of his grasp.—No matter though the sandy, thin, and bony surface of



soil will never repay the expense of tillage—it is to secure *possession* of it which is desired—some more thousands of acres to swell the sound of “my property,”—“my estates,” and stare upon the map which hangs in the hall to be gazed at, and envied by all comers.

I am “a cold and heartless” utilitarian—and have a faith in the progression of human improvement—in the perfectibility of man. There is genuine poetry in those woods—and on those moss and heather swells and dells. The richest mass of utilitarian treasures, those leaders to perfectibility, lies in the springs of poetry: springs of purest sources—and they stream along aiding, nurturing, and encouraging all that is pure—peace with your own breast and love to others. Poetry is feeling’s truth—its language is truth feelingly uttered—feelings are our soul’s strength—the stays of our intellects.

Utility? Is not happiness utility? “Yes.” Then you store up utility, at no one’s damage, by roaming Sherwood forest, and going mad, if you choose, in the place in which I have been revelling. “But it is not lasting—it is not tangible—you lose the feeling with the presence of the scene or excitement.” Oh, not so; it has sunk into the deeps of your heart, and you can, whenever you will, as a miser can revisit and gloat over his hoards of gold, unlock the deeps with the key of your memory, and feed again and again upon the feeling—unlike the miser, you dispense your treasures freely—nor will repetition of the giving and the repast diminish the stores, or render insipid the true relish which you tasted in their first freshness.

Oh, the miraculous influence of beautiful woodland, and heather, and moss! They enable one to think of whigs, tories, priests, and practical men, with all their jugglery, and the folly on which they play, without a feeling of acidity!

P. V.

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## NOMINATION MEETING IN THE BIRMINGHAM TOWN-HALL.

*Monthly Repository, February, 1835.*

THE Birmingham Town Hall is a noble edifice—look at it from any of the five lines of approach, when you will. Seen under a very clear sky, it is silent glory and beauty; under the bright light of the moon—but more so when the clear moon is now *dark’d*, now flashed out again suddenly, by the rapidly-scudding black storm-clouds,—it is, of all the buildings I remember in this kingdom, the most thought-suggestive. And, probably, much of this power is ascribable to those very matters of objection, which tastes, that I must consider superior to mine, have taken to its site and neighbourhood. I like it for standing near those humble brick dwelling-houses. Knowing and feeling, as I do, the purpose and

spirit which urged its erection, it looks to me like their magnificent, not insolently condescending, friend—not their haughty lord. Had its site been more elevated ground, and its whole more isolated, I think it would not have possessed that look of the kindly grand, that countenance of the benevolently beautiful, which, to my sense at least, it now possesses. The projection beyond the street line in the south front, which a skilful and scientific architect pointed out to me as a great defect, I like; this must be my bad taste. It steps out with a generous and complacent bravery, as if it would say, "I belong to you all, and will protect and befriend you all. I am here with you; come to me all as fellows and friends:" not as an insolent blusterer, with one leg thrust out, like a bully, because he happens to be a strong and big fellow, as who should say, "Keep off, you rabble, you vagabonds! or come on if you dare, and I'll smash you!" I believe there is not any building in England that can exhibit such a glorious range of columns. Afar off they attract, near they fascinate the gaze. Get into an angle with the eastern line of them, and they become countless, calling up a fancy of "there are thousands more," only your vision is too weak to trace and follow the line. Stand at a distance, and look to the roof; the sky and it are associated; they are mighty and graceful dwellers together. The fabric is a splendid poem.

It has, besides, recommendations to the "practical man," *par excellence*. Had Government done the town the honour of patronizing the building, contrivance would have been successful in making the same thing a subject of taxation to the amount of about a hundred thousand pounds. The men of Birmingham know how these matters are managed well enough; and so, by escaping from the aid of royal, ministerial, and aristocratic patronage, they saved their fellow-townsmen some seventy thousand pounds.

But the imposing grandeur and gratifying beauty vanishes when you have entered the building. The poetry is gone. Imposing effect is utterly sacrificed to the sheerest utility, i. e. the anti-utilitarian's utility. Yet do I opine that even more utility might have been maintained if attention to poetical effect had not been so entirely superseded. Those galleries appear like hasty excrescences—a defect which, certainly, is diminished when they are occupied by some eight hundred or a thousand persons: but *then* they have a look of unsafeness, capable, and strong as a close inspection convinces us they are. There is about them a character of heavy fragility; it is ponderousness resting on filagree. The *coup-d'œil*, perhaps, would have been much more satisfactory and grand, if, instead of the ugly excrescences and projections, which now constitute the galleries, gradations of seats had risen directly from the floor, exactly at the lines from which the front seats of the galleries are perpendicular with the base. Such a construction would not only have given a reality, but, what is almost equally necessary, also an appearance of satisfactory strength and stability, besides an increase of accommodation, as to the number of sitters, for all seek to avoid the spaces under the galleries. Ingress and egress, too, would have

been no less, perhaps more, easy than at present ; though, in respect of egress from the ground-floor, I know no public building for popular assemblages that surpasses it ; the alarm on the nomination day tried the case thoroughly.

Good people of Birmingham, let all strangers see the inside of your noble building, (that building of which you justly may be proud,) when it is crammed full of your fellow-townsmen on some great and stirring occasion. Get up a Wellington farce ; and while he scoffs at you, you may despise him and a squadron of dragoons at his back. Let the spaces which allow of two thousand people to arrange unruffled their gala-dresses, to stretch out legs and take good elbow-room, be quintuply packed, showing a sea of faces and heads as closely piled and wedged as if they have been rammed together by paviors' rods, just as they were crowded, and crammed, and rammed, and wedged on Wednesday, January 7, 1835, and the eye will sweep over a spectacle which is equalled by nothing but old Niagara—a spectacle at once awful, sublime, and heart-throbbing. *Then* all excrescence, all incongruity, littleness, and disappointed expectation are swept away.

On that day there were ten or perhaps twelve thousand people packed together. The seats being removed, left the great floor clear ; and every avenue, aisle, and accessible window-place was filled with bodies crushed up into the smallest dimensions ; thousands of arms were literally wedged to the sides by the pressure. The organ-loft, from which my view is taken, was occupied by the committees and friends, who were admitted by ticket. From this station the eye ran over the whole plain and mountains of hats and faces ; up from which rose, on every occasion of circumstantial or verbal appeal to their approving senses, cheers that would have made silent the loudest thunder ; rattling, and ringing, and reverberating with such passionate sublimity, that one actually, for a moment, felt a dread that the roof and walls would split under that mighty burst of voices ; while hats and arms shook and shivered like the crossed and splintering billows of the sea in a black night, when opposite and furiously sharp blasts are battling o'er its surface. And, look there—I am supposing the reader has eyes—imagination would scarcely have helped me to the conception of such a scene and effect, if I had not witnessed them *de facto*. There were many dashings, rushings of those who were outside the building, in bodies of some hundreds at once, attempting to force themselves into that solid mass ; they seemed to drive into the compact body a huge inky billow—it swept on as if an ocean from without had made a tremendous *send* of its waters into the land-locked haven, which it caused to heave, and sway, and swell as though it would burst every barrier, and overwhelm all in its course. Another *send*—and another—and then I had the similitude of a dark pine forest, swinging its clinging and inter-twisted branches, at one instant with one motion, as the rattling tempest rolled over them, unfeared and unscathing. I have seen many strange and stirring things in my time, but that is, perhaps one of the most extraordinary.

There was one thing which absolutely appalled for a moment, till repetition in some degree accustomed me to it. I have frequently heard "groans," as they are called, from offended popular assemblies—but the "hooting," as it is termed, (though there is no *t* in the sound,) on this day, is altogether different—it is a fierce howling wind. Perhaps the immense number of throats, belonging all to one mind—and the sounds being confined within walls—contributed much to its peculiar and truly formidable character. Of all the sounds I ever heard, except the sighing in chorus of a swarm of alligators, at midnight, in a vast swamp, (which I once had the felicity to hear, quite innocent of all suspicion that such charming neighbours were within a few yards of me,) this *hooting* is the most strange and thrilling. My remembering ears are familiar with the hissing of the oriental Typhon, and the dense growl, flattening into a piercing scream, of the West India hurricane; this *hooting*, from ten or twelve thousand mouths at once, combines the fearful quality of either—it is as indescribably strange, as it is indescribably effective—it splits into millions of minute vibrations. My hat, as I held it in my hand, had a tremulous motion from the concussive sweep, and the fur shivered like breeze-blown grass in a meadow.

Let not the reader conclude that there was any bad feeling, any spite or malevolence in all this. I know the enemies of popular rights will gladly, if they can, by all that twisting, imputation, and *gullery* is able to effect, fix a stain on the character of that assemblage, and quote its conduct as an argument to prove the mischief of extending elective privilege to the mass: but I take the liberty of hinting, that had the same strength been in *their* hands, it would not have been used with such noble—ay—such *DIGNIFIED* moderation: broken heads and fractured limbs, by the hundred; riot, destruction, and drunkenness, from one end of Birmingham to the other, would have signalized *their* triumph. In this instance the utmost fierceness was the mirth of strength (not its insolence) enjoying the defeat of arrogant weakness. And it was amusing enough to read the *palpable* affectation of indifference—and of deafness to all these assailing sounds—the glaring pretence—the trying to look as if that ten thousand men was a mere blank. They lost much right good fun by their obliquity of vision. There was an old grey-headed man, perhaps one of the very few who figured in opposition to the ruffianism of 1792, who sat in the front seat of the great gallery, and *directly face* to the Tory's man, Mr. Spooner; and when the latter stood up, he also got upon his legs, took off his coat, turned it inside out, and put it on again; and then bent forward, with outstretched arm, pointing to Spooner, while a supporter on each side of him also beckoned to Spooner, to look at this most apt and well-understood illustration of himself. The effect was electric. A laugh from ten thousand throats chorussed against the walls and rolled along the roof. It was a capital picture! But the Tories neither saw nor heard anything of this, not they: they were too "respectable" to gaze on the amusement of the "rabble:" too *dignified* to be interested in anything which emanated from the "mob"—though, indeed, if a Church and King

"mob" could have been got up, they would have hailed its members, though all from the treadmills and hulks, as "their noble, brave, Christian, fellow-townsmen."

All was proceeding safely though uproariously, merrily though magnificently, till just as Muntz was hanging Spooner on the tenter-hooks of question, a crash in the corner of the gallery, near my elbow, excited alarm, and some apprehension of disaster. It was soon shown, however, that only some benches had broken their legs and backs: and business proceeded for a quarter of an hour longer, when something truly appalling did occur. There was a strange and fearful commotion in the great gallery, but no sound could be distinguished as indicating the cause. The commotion of voices smothered the noise of crashing timber, and the rumbling, crushing, and struggling of human bodies. The eye rested, as it were, on a huge and ominous moving cloud that was spreading destruction noiselessly, and was the more fearful because it smote without sound in its action. Something painful and terrific was in progress there; what, none, for some moments, could ascertain, till the panelling of the front gallery swung out over the floor of the hall—like a ship's sail which had torn away the belaying cleats; and body after body was seen pitching over and dropping down on the wedged heads beneath. Perhaps no one who looked afterwards at the course and character of the accident is without astonishment (there *are some* who are not *thankful*) that so little injury to human life was done. The back seat of the gallery was pressed on by ten times the ordinary weight which it is calculated to carry: it was completely crushed, and the whole throng fell forwards and down the declivity—each successive row giving way before it, and adding its own weight to the next, till the front of the gallery burst away. Yet it is amazing that only four people were hurt! and those would have escaped, probably, had not fear impelled them to leap from the gallery. No one who thought could withhold his admiration of the cool presence of mind which was evinced by that dense mass of people. Never, perhaps, was there exhibited so much of the effect of habits of thinking as was displayed on this occasion. Terrific as the alarm was, there was not in the eastern gallery—which was entirely under my range of vision, and crowded so closely as to be one solid body—the least movement: each man seemed confident that his quiescence was the safety and security of all: this is the result of thought—thought taken closely and sternly in the midst of danger. My firm belief is that such an accident, in such a crowd, could not have occurred in two other towns in the empire, without the crushing mutilation, and serious injury of many hundred men. And though, from the admirable facility of egress, the ground-floor, which was occupied by eight thousand bodies, was, in one minute, almost cleared; yet there was no confusion—none of the wild, half-delirious, and screaming efforts to escape, which *have* so fatally characterised popular assemblies. Each seemed to calculate for himself and his fellow-men, that *following the stream steadily, in his direction, was the safest and shortest way to the street*. There was no conflict and crossing of currents. The

furthest from the door calmly held his turn. That day—that accident, and consequent alarm—may be held as a lesson to the world, and a taste of the quality of the Birmingham men. All that I saw and heard, told me, in language too clear to be mistaken, these are not the men to be humbugged. In *less than six minutes* from the instant the alarm rose, the floor was cleared, and again solidly wedged with eager and resolved men; and when the names of Attwood and Scholefield were successively put to the vote, over the black hats a sea of flesh, of arms and hands, was thrown; hundreds of arms being stripped bare of coat and shirt-sleeve and all covering, in the forcible thrust of them upwards through the compressed and solid throng of bodies—yes, hundreds and hundreds of arms were thus laid bare to the elbow; and all were as suddenly drawn down again to give opportunity for the friends of the Tory candidate to display their strength. Some fifty hands—not more—on the Tory committee side, went gallantly up; and throughout the whole mass of the assembled beyond, I counted (after looking sharply) three solitary—yet, be justice done—courageous hands: and, with this unequivocal sense of the popular opinion, they went to the poll. They calculated on certain weapons, which they used unsparingly with those who had votes—*wherever* they had hardihood to venture them; and if by such means they could have gained a majority of the three thousand electors, they would have trumpeted to the Duke the pleasing intelligence that there was a reaction of popular opinion, in favour of *him*, in Birmingham!!! Why, if they had quadrupled the numbers who voted for the Reformers, it would have proved nothing of the popular opinion in *their* favour. I do not mean that they miscalculated their aid from a certain party, their error was in imagining this party had weight with honest men, and men who think. They had bullied, and insinuated, and swaggered, and sneered a confident positive change of public opinion; that the weathercock now pointed to them. They had, for months previous, been snugly and secretly cooking up the church-rate affair; employing every art and delusion they could invent and combine, for a grand blow, whenever a fit moment should arrive for unmasking their batteries and sweeping down all before them. And such was their stupidity that they selected as the most opportune hour, the one in which the news of Wellington's appointment to the Dictatorship arrived in Birmingham! Did they fancy that name carried irresistible lightning with its sound? No; their error was more astonishing still—more miserable, yet more laughable—more contemptible—more pitifully blundering. They attached a charm—a fascination—a delighting electricity to the name of that hater of popular sense; that would-be crusher of thoughts and soul—that scorner of public reason and justice—that wholesale scoffer at unchained honesty—that merciless mocker at humanity's cry—that ruthless slaughterer of thousands for hire, or for a fanfaronade—that laughing drowner of men—that stagnant-blooded self-idolizer. They, the Tories of Birmingham, were so besotted, bigotted, and blinded, as to suppose Wellington's backing

would recommend to and carry their measures with the people of Birmingham !

Well ; but of the meeting at the Town Hall. Eager and tremendous as was the assembly, it dispersed as quietly as if the components of it had walked away from church or chapel ; and, to the mortification, in the very antipodes of all the forebodings and prophecies of the Tories—to the bitter chagrin of the Dictator Duke's parasites and martinets—went through the foolishly-contested election and its excitements, as if they had walked to-and from market, to learn and carry away the quality of the butter that was exposed. Sternness and steadiness were the only changes from their good-humoured merriment.

P. V.

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#### FOURTEEN DAYS AT SCHOOL.

*Monthly Repository, February, 1837.*

SOME weeks have now elapsed since I said "good bye" to a host of youngsters after a visit to them of fourteen days' duration. That my "good bye" was sorrowful in its tone may be conjectured from the fact that, at that moment I thought I never had passed fourteen consecutive days in so much pleasure and happiness—in such charming society. I felt so then, and I have many times since passed in review the times, places, and incidents of my whole life ; from that backward remoteness in the composition, in which I was first conscious of having life, on to the central moment in the foreground—the instant of the present hour ; the examination and comparison fully confirm the impression I held in the minutes of preparation for that "good bye." I had never beheld any domestic circle for that length of time, which was so beautifully, ay, so delightfully free from all harshness of feeling in gesture and word, glance and tone ; never such an absence of querrulousness and discontent, petulance and impatience. Never before had I seen such bounding glee and elastic spirit and frankness of a community of children in association with their elders, guides and instructors—such freedom from selfishness—such utter absence of domineering temper—of bullying and tyranny of the big over the little, or of fear in the little for the big. Never did I see such a movement of generosity and gentleness in all affections and sympathies, and aims and objects, as these children evinced to each other and to their guardians, to the authority which governed and guided them ; and never did I see guardians, unconnected by the ties of blood, so honestly affectionate, sympathising and frank in exchange, as were these guardians ; never did I see a number of children return affection and frankness with such fullness and freedom, as did these. I never before found in a collection of

children of their ages so much vivacity of intellect, readiness of perception, eagerness to know and willingness to learn, and pleasure in being taught. I never saw manly spirit in boyhood so beautifully directed by clearness and amiableness of thought, so flashing with impulses of generosity and love of truth.

The reader suddenly recollecting the title of the present article, may suddenly set up a laugh of anticipation, foreseeing where this *Oasis*, this earthly paradise, is about to be found. But do not I wrong the readers of the "Monthly Repository" to say they will laugh? Will they not rather smile with delight, which will not be a mere passing gleam; it will settle into a fixed and steady flame, shot out from their thoughts and fanned by the approving pulsations of their hearts. Those worldly wise and practical *par excellence*; the millions of sober English whose brains are muddled by "experience," as they call it; that is, wading through the long dykes of established usage, those who *will not* read these pages, are the parties who would laugh in derision if they could but condescend to read the present paper. And what a side-shaking merriment they lose by their wilfulness! Why, such a laugh as they would get—from reading what is here written, would drive influenza out of their frames. It was at a school, a boys' school, that I passed this happy fortnight, and saw all these wonders! Aye, among thirty-six boys of all ages, from five to sixteen years. It was from first to last and on every side, in all regulations; and every result of regulation was a contribution to domestic happiness and enjoyment; the least dimmed by cloudy thoughts, the least ruffled by frowns of reproof or inquietude; the most cheerful continued domestic happiness and enjoyment it has been my lot to witness during my whole life. Nor was I in the least surprised, by what I saw, and by the gladness it gave me. I was delighted, indeed, but nothing astonished to find it was really true; that a number of boys at school could be rendered thus happy, thus docile, frank, quick of perception, delighted with lessons, affectionate and confident with their teachers, and kind, gleeful, and generous in impulse, habit, and character; that through all the gradations, and shades of difference, these pleasant features could be made visible in fact and existence, not in mere form. No; I knew nothing more was required to develop and expand those moral and mental beauties, in any congregated number of school boys, than ability in the instructors; the union of capacious intellect, clearness of discrimination and sound judgment, with a heart of kindly affections, and an ever unruffled patience of temper, and fatigueless perseverance. Such a union I found here, and such were the delightful spirit-stirring results. I cannot but feel somewhat egotistical on this subject, and I think such a feeling is more laudable than blameable; I seem to regard it as a triumph of my own; I am confirmed in the truth of what I had often asserted, that a school governed on such and such principles, and conducted by such and such feelings and capabilities, could not fail of producing such results every where and any where; and now, to the doubts and sneers of pity and ridicule of my visionary Utopia, and my



dreamy enthusiasms, and the laughs at my preposterous folly, I can reply by pointing triumphantly to Mr. Heldenmaier's establishment at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, as a joyous and brilliant refutation. I am now assured of what I have thought, and have had the effrontery to say too, in the face of some "education" professors, who have "tried the plan and found it would not answer;" viz., that *they* were deficient in the necessary patient firmness, that they had taken upon themselves an office for which they were unfitted either in head or in heart, or they had not courage to resist the demands of the silly vanity, and greed of mere show in the parents. And, to my thinking, it is not the least of its beauties that this establishment is, in all its divisions and arrangements, its particulars, prominences, and recesses, honest and utterly free from any glimmer of inflated pretension, display, puff or charlataneries; while, in fact, here is material sufficient to furnish stock in trade of all these articles to fifty schools on the customary puff and humbug system. Here too, are none of the disgusting tricks of what is nicknamed "emulation;" no exhibitions to gratify the contemptible and heart-corrupting selfishness of the boy, and the demoralising and pitiable vanity of his parents, nor to excite splenetic envy to conceal itself under hypocritical praises and compliments, in "friends," whose foolish pride has been stung by a failure in their pets and darlings; no prizes to bribe and to lure the generous-natured boy into an arrogant notion of another's inferiority to himself; or when, as is so often the case, he succeeds in the display, only because others are too sensitive, too conscious of error, while he is as nerveless as the spoke of a cart-wheel. Instruction in all its branches, aye, *Education* in the true sense of the glorious word, in feelings and in mind, is given and received with gladness and with gentleness. No canings, no scourgings, no raps, nor taps and slaps, are dreamt of; it is designed that they should be men, not brute-human machines; here are no drivings, taskings, and "impositions," as there are every where, *and only because* the master is too indolent to tax his brain to the labour of devising other means of excitement, or too stupid to discover them. Never is here heard the stout voice of command, the give-the-word of the drill-sergeant, with an echo of the rattan on the knuckles or the shoulders; no austere authority blurts forth its harsh tones in impotence of intellect, or with power only to counteract the will of the utterer; no attempt at beating obstinacy out by thrashing the devil of resistance in; a threat cannot be heard, for a threat is never given, in word or in look. Whatever is to be done for the purpose of correcting error, is done, and done without a threat that it shall be done. "Sit down," or "be quiet, Sir," is never blown through a teacher's scraggy and screeching trumpet of anger and petulant impatience. None of these boys shrink into dumb sulkiness, or pitiful stillness of fear, when the step of "the Master," who is generally called "Old So and So;" is heard at the door of the room in which they are pealing forth their clarions of merriment; his presence is no restraint; they have nothing to conceal from him. Their natures are taught to be honest again, up to the angelic standard of

infancy ; however twisted they may have been by other training before they came there, to him ; yet more orderly, docile, and delicate-thoughted boys never were assembled together ; the small "hush !" from him, or his elevated finger, instantly produces quiet and eye-glistering attention. A like affectionate respect is yielded to all the teachers, of whom there are seven ; and, strange as it is true, these teachers have hearts for the work to give the best efficacy to the use of their well stored intellects ; there is not a jot of cut-and-dried mummery among them. I have observed them day after day, hour after hour ;—now with the mathematical class, or Greek and Latin, French and German ;—no leaping to satisfactory conclusions because memory has laid hold of words ; things are taught and understood. In the Anatomical museum, now at Botany, Geography (the mode of teaching which is the most fascinating and advantageous of any I ever heard of) Drawing, Music, Gymnastics, Dancing ; and in the Chemical laboratory, which does not consist of a mere glass-cased show of apparatus to dazzle a visitor with, "You see how philosophic and scientific we are here ;" but is a substantial building apart from all other rooms, with furnace, forge, retorts, alembics, &c. &c., all complete ; the science is practically taught by an adept and a true lover. In all I observed (for I could not resist—it was my greatest pleasure to be with the boys at their lessons and lectures, while fifty miles barefoot through ankle-deep mud, with the driving sleet in my teeth, would be a race of ecstasy to get away from most school-rooms) in no instance did I see a frown of impatience, or hear a tone of irritation at carelessness or inattention, from the instructor. Especially, in every department, and on all occasions, the most delicate and wise care is taken that no boy shall feel himself degraded by an exposure to invidious comparison, or reproof before his fellow-students or companions ; the censuring lecture is given without a witness, the offender is himself sole audience ; what is the consequence ? All is happiness, in school, at board (where there is neither stinting in quantity nor stingy meanness of quality, and a man of fastidious appetite would drop in accidentally to a dinner which he would congratulate himself on finding) in rambles and in play-ground, every different and successive lesson and occupation is a change and renewal of comfort, satisfaction, and pleasure. It is an harmonious blending of the music of all the nobler and gentler feelings and brighter affections, with the varied processes of intellectual training into vigour of thought and mental power. A true manly beauty of spirit is cultured into a flourishing and self-sustaining strength ; deformities and weakness are thus made to die, or rot innocuously in the soil, as soon as the smallest shoot is seen to force itself to the surface. Under the wise but gentle, the firm but tender, touch of such a modeller's hand, the ductile metal is formed into a glorious shapeliness, which holds its adhesive force while it retains its power of expansion into the fullness of maturity, without fear of flaws from rough handling, undangered by the dread of fractures, but certain of completion into soundness, substantiality and unshakable solidity ; provided, after the vessel has left this house, this school, this

birth-place and garden of its moral, physical and intellectual beauty, no jolter-headed pedagogue, no cold-blooded, narrow-souled, idolatrous conventionalist, in a malignity of hatred of truthful sweetness, or a callosity of folly, try upon it his miserable and mischievous games of grinding see-saw ; his disgusting and odious tuggings at opposing ends of his established education ropes ; for if he does, the vessel stands an ugly chance of being shivered to his satisfaction, and the knave-fool will raise his solemn hand in ecstasy, grin his foulest grin of bliss, triumphantly point to the fragment and the ruins which he has made, and chaunt his pre-concocted psalm, in "I told you the scheme would not do !"

Still there is balm in Gilead for the literal disciple of "spare the rod and spoil the child,"—the propounder of rewards and punishments must not be left to despair, though we cannot offer much consolation to the advocates of the birch and the ferule, and solitary confinement. He insists that such agreeable aids are indispensable in the education of children,—as necessary as the handle to the besom of birch, as the stick to the mop, or the moon for moonlight ! Punishments are awarded even in the system of education at Worksop ; but what are they ? the privation of a pleasure ; such a privation as would be hailed with a shout of joy by ninety-nine hundreds of the boys, in ninety-hundreds of the schools in Britain, as the best *reward* the masters could offer them. Here it is felt as a punishment—keenly felt—felt in the mind ; though it makes no impression on the back, it does not fail to produce the remedy, the correction of the fault for which the punishment is inflicted. I have said it is the privation of a pleasure. What is the pleasure thus withheld ? Hear it, O ye wise breeders of tyrant and servile in the same soil, in the same head and heart !—ye obstinately reverent of the stupid practices of austere authority, admirers of the birch and *lignum vitæ*, coercers of the young fructile brains and ductile hearts ; ye sticklers for grinding the memory, and hardening the brain into woodenness by tasks and "impositions." Fie on you, teachers of "morals !" These boys are punished by not being permitted to join in the lesson which is in course when the offence is committed ! "A punishment, do you call that ?" ejaculate the army of pedagogues, echoed by the flocks of papas and mammas ! Ask any one of these boys what he thinks it is ? His answer is better than any my words can give. Look in his eyes, and listen to his honest, natural tone of voice. You will hence learn, that it is possible to make children "take to their learning" with as much pleasure as they take to marbles, a peg-top, a hoop, any game ; ay, with as much pleasure as some of our aspirants for a fat rectory, a prebendary stall, or even a bishop's crosier, or an archbishop's mitre, take to dice and drinking, horse-racing, fox-hunting, a steeple-chase, cock-fighting, or badger-bating.

Happy, indeed, are these boys in the fortunate position for rambles among the charming, rich, and varied scenery which the immediate neighbourhood of Worksop presents. Within less than a quarter of a mile from their own door, they have entrance to the beautiful grounds of Worksop Manor, in all the variety of a scarcely undulated turf

plain and rising mounds and ridges,—too little elevated to be honoured with the distinction of the name of hills, indeed, but so graciously formed; rich in light and shadow, and lavishly decorated with a perfect luxury of colour from the assembled, separated, and commingled birch, oak, larch, spruce, fir, laurel, acacia, and a host of solemn poems in the shape of cedar trees. Within their limits are lovely turf dells, scooped out, as it were, for cradles for the sunlight by day, and the moonbeams by night. Here and there are plats of fern, gorse, heath, and moss, that would make Titania chirrup with delight.

Adjoining Worksop Manor is another triumph of scene—Welbeck Abbey and park. On the other hand, the public road divides Worksop Manor from the magnificent domain of Clumber, the Duke of Newcastle's seat, which is in turn separated by a road only, from that park of parks, (to me the most exciting example of park scenery in the kingdom) Thoresby, belonging to Earl Manvers; and to crown the whole, eight miles from Worksop, out of Thoresby park at once into its deep and intense heart, is the mightiest of the mighty, the soul-enthraller, Birkland Billagh, the beloved, the mingler with millions of thoughts, the sole vestige of ancient Sherwood's vast glories. I must stay the thoughts which the memory's picture of that place, that bit of Sherwood, rolls up in the rushing tide of pleasure. I took up my pen to speak of my visit to school-boys—I throw it down, because my memory and senses have flown to Birkland Billagh.

P. V.

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## THE DUMB ORPHAN OF THE PRISON OF SANTA MARGHERITA.

*Monthly Repository, July, 1833.*

The following verses were occasioned by the circumstance which Silvio Pellico relates of the mitigation of his sufferings when imprisoned at Milan, by the sympathy of a deaf and dumb child about five or six years old, whose parents had been executed for theft:—

Where art thou, happy, blessed child—  
 Thou beautiful! where art thou now?  
 That I may look upon the mild  
 And noble flush that warm'd thy brow;  
 And see the nature-smile that danced  
 On thy true lip, and catch the light  
 Thine eye shot forth, the while it glanced  
 Thy sense of joy, summ'd up in sight.

Oh, no—not all—a stainless tear  
 Dimm'd, while it glorified, thy gaze.  
 'Twas the heart's dew exhaling there,  
 To radiate and approve the blaze.  
 Yes, thou wast eloquent ! how much  
 Of meaning burst from thy footspring !  
 A soul was in thy finger's touch :  
 And heart and soul spoke in that cling.

I cannot see parental stain  
 Roll through thy limbs, thou noble boy—  
 Thou'rt free from it, as are the vain,  
 Birth-honoured, of that base alloy,  
 The heart's pure truth : they bathe and drink  
 In stagnant ponds, and wash away  
 That heritage of good, then think  
 They're dignified on men to prey.

I tell thee, boy, thy friend is one  
 Like thee—~~he~~ did those waters taste—  
 Thou hast not sipped—he drank ; whereon  
 He nauseated : for all the chaste,  
 Pure stream rejected that, and rolled  
 To cheer the world, illumine the blind :—  
 The world drew back :—a dungeon-hold  
 And chains, that nature vainly bind.

There are, who'd teach thee, if they could,  
 To shiver, shrink, recoil, and creep :  
 They'd turn to ill each drop of good,  
 And o'er thee charitably weep.  
 They'd *teach* thee of thy father's shame,  
 Not *tell* it :—bid thee humbly bend  
 To them :—though 'tis another name  
 They piously with counsel blend.

Time, chance, life, keep thee from their hold :  
 God keep thee from their charity.  
 Their warmth yields only blighting cold :  
 Their pity but enslaves the free.  
 They'd crush the flowers which heaven hath lent  
 To adorn—oh ! they become thee well !  
 Dumb, beautifully eloquent !  
 Nature's pure-passioned child, farewell !

P. V.

## SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

*Monthly Repository, 1834.*

## FEBRUARY.—ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

HARK ! hark ! it is there  
 On the hedge-row bare ;  
 It is there on the boughs  
 Of the leafless tree ;  
 Two winged lovers responding vows ;  
 It comes with a chirp and a twitter to me :  
     Sweet ! be thou mine,  
     Sweet Valentine !  
     Sweet ! I am thine,  
     Sweet Valentine !  
 From each down-mottled throat it comes dancing to me,  
 'Tis love's mellow note, so joyous and free.

Bright, bright, each gleam  
 Of the joyous dream ;  
 When love-cherishing spring  
 Embowers the grove,  
 They'll revel in bliss on expanded wing,  
 And waft through the sky the rich carol of love.  
     Sweet ! thou art mine,  
     Sweet Valentine !  
     Sweet ! I am thine,  
     Sweet Valentine !  
 It will float o'er the vale, and come leaping to me,  
 With the flower-scented gale, float mellow and free.

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 APRIL.—TEARS AND SMILES.

HER cheek is pale, her eyes are wet,  
 Her voice in murmurings,  
 Grieves lowly to the morn that yet  
 No sunshine brings.  
 Why linger ye, O, laughing hours ?  
 Uncurl ye buds, unfurl ye flowers !  
     Sad April Sings.

The paleness fleets, the tears are dry,  
 Her voice with gladness rings ;  
 The sunshine over earth and sky

Its brightness flings.  
 Come, revel through my laughing hours  
 Ye warbling birds, ye buds and flowers !  
 Glad April sings.

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## DECEMBER.

THE whispering foliage-song no more  
 Along the air is sweeping ;  
 But, hush !—'twill chorus as before—  
 The spirit-leaves are sleeping ;  
 December's breath awhile shall be  
 The cradle of their melody.

Tho' flow'rs not now their varied hues  
 In charmed union mingle ;  
 Yet look—the eye more richly views  
 The flow'r in beauty single.  
 And old December's smile shall be  
 The perfum'd tints' right blazonry.

Tho' warblers from the grove are gone,  
 Here's yet a joyous fellow ;  
 For hark !—'tis Robin's song, no one  
 Was ever half so mellow.  
 And old December chirps to be  
 So welcom'd by that minstrelsy.

Tho' cold and storm-fill'd clouds career,  
 And o'er the casements darkle,  
 They make—turn round, the hearth is here—  
 The blaze more brightly sparkle.  
 December claps his hands in glee ;  
 Most jovial round the hearth is he.

Then hail December ! let the soul,  
 The moments dark appearing  
 Make bright,—for it can change the whole  
 To beauty rich and cheering.  
 Old guest to thoughts in harmony  
 December ever welcome be.

## THE PODESTA.

## A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRANCIS CARARA, Podesta Elect.  
 FELIX VISCONTI, his Colleague.  
 GIOVANNO FIESCO, Partizan of Ca-  
 TARA.

MARCO ROSSA, Friend of Visconti.  
 GIANE LAMBERTAZZI, Retiring  
 Podesta.

GIULIO BALBI, his Friend.  
 PRIOR OF MILAN.

COSMO FARINATI, exiled: now  
 disguised in Milan.

MICHEL LANDO, Woolcomber.

GIUSEPPE, a Citizen.

BARTOLDO, } Gonfalonieri to the  
 DESTRO, } Clubs La Motte and  
 } La Credenza.

ANDREA, an old Domestic with  
 Giane.

PASCAL, a Servant.

IMILDA, Wife to Visconti.

Servants, Couriers, Guards, Sena-  
 tors, Sentinels, Executioner,  
 &c.

SCENE: MILAN AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.—TIME: THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

## ACT I.

## SCENE 1.—THE HALL OF JUSTICE IN MILAN.

The PRIOR and Senate. GIANE wearing the Robe of Podesta, and  
 seated in the Chair of State.

PRIOR. Tho' Milan loses you, Signior, she'll keep in mind  
 The many debts she owes you: you will take  
 To your retirement those heart-cheering thoughts,  
 Which say a people's gratitude is yours.

GIANE. It was my wish. And if success have crown'd  
 My efforts to see Milan's citizens  
 And nobles live in peace, and factions die—  
 Not slumber for a time to wake refresh'd:—  
 The thoughts you speak of, will make sweet  
 Retirement.

PRIOR. Let the Count Carara enter. [Exit one to usher him in.  
 May your successor in the path you've smooth'd  
 Ever most closely walk.

GIANE. And I will thank  
 Him, while he honours me.

Enter CARARA, &c.

PRIOR. Count Carara,



On thee the citizens' free choice has fallen :  
 And the collective senate cheerfully  
 Confirms the just election. The high post  
 Of Milan's Magistrate in Chief—her Judge—  
 In one, her Podesta, is to thy hands  
 Committed. May prosperity attend  
 Thy councils and thy acts.—

CAR. Subdued by this  
 Great honour, from my heart I bow the thanks  
 With which it swells—believe me, Lords.

PRIOR. 'Tis well !

CAR. More : that unanimous I find the sage  
 And noble here approvers of the choice——

GIANE. 'Twas not unanimous.—

PRIOR. There was but one  
 Objecting voice to thee.

GIANE. That one was mine.

PRIOR. But it prevailed not.

CAR. If it had  
 'Twould still have met my thanks ; for I am sure  
 That Giane's generous and most noble nature  
 Has ever mine and Milan's good to guide  
 His thoughts and measures—and should I e'er ask  
 His motive to this act, he frankly will,  
 I know, avow it.—

GIANE. Here, or elsewhere, Signior.

CAR. I need it not ; yet thank thee still : I rest  
 Content it was the Signior Giane's——

PRIOR. This,  
 Indeed, is nobleness in both, and gives firm trust  
 In Count Carara.

GIANE. If he be content  
 I quit my office with an eye that looks  
 On embryo time complacently. My Lords,  
 I leave you with my prayers for long  
 And happy days—thus bidding you adieu.

[GIANE takes off the robe of office : comes down  
 and leaves it in the Podesta's chair.]

Farewell, tempestuous authority—  
 Official toil, farewell !—And, Milan, peace  
 Walk thro' thy streets unfearing. In thy halls  
 Let faction so convolve her serpent councils  
 That art may ne'er untwist them : let them in  
 Perplexed entanglement, unravelled rot,  
 And so be buried in forgetfulness.  
 Leagued friendship clip thy people in one bond  
 Of compact guard, for very lack of cunning  
 To plot a mischievous division—so farewell.

PRIOR. All happiness attend thee Signior—and adieu :  
To our new Podesta, no less.

CAR. To you  
And Milan I am bound—a faithful servant.

[Exeunt all but FIESCO and CARARA.]

FIES. You take your office as a bustling time  
Approaches—for the Ghibelines, 'tis said,  
Can raise their faction : and the Emperor  
Is like to intermeddle with an envoy.

CAR. I shall be honoured in receiving him,  
And my short term of office in events  
Will not be barren—For the Ghibelines  
They are too deeply fallen.

FIES. Yet restless.

CAR. There are means—  
I shall not cavil with the occupation,  
Tho' I may mourn the cause that interrupts  
The city's quiet.

FIES. A coadjutor, Signior,  
Like yourself, we cannot hope,—one worthy  
Count Carara—

CAR. I pry not into sought the Council  
Holds concealed, good Signior ; at proper time  
Who 'tis they will acquaint me, formally.

FIES. Sir, Milan is most happy in her choice.  
In taking leave I add the honor craved  
Of being counted in your list of friends.

CAR. Signior, accept my thanks ; a poor return,  
But better'd in acceptance of your service,  
Which I shall reckon on, if need should call—  
And call it may.

FIES. Command me as your own.

[Exit FIESCO.]

CAR. I've one ally gain'd easily enough ;  
A smile and liberal words for such a drivel  
Are purchase good, secure, yet even he  
May coigne my projects up. But there is one  
Worth a whole senate house cramm'd full of such  
As this my new made purchase here, Fiesco.  
A smile will not, but liberal words, perhaps,  
May bind—not bind !—that word alone would raise  
A barrier 'tween myself and him, which I  
Could ne'er beat down, nor overleap—oh, no !  
Milan and freedom and the people's rights—  
No foreign mercenaries must be the themes  
To catch the noble woolcomber's applause.  
Be mine, good Michel Lando, and—'tis easy—  
But I to-day must wear a face of smiles.

[Exit.]

## SCENE 2.—STREET BEFORE THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

Enter, from opposite sides, CARARA and MICHEL LANDO : MICHEL lifts his cap and bows.

CAR. I have encounter'd many greetings, loud  
And reverent too to-day ; but of them all  
Not one I value more than this unforced  
And silent one from thee, good Michel Lando.

MICH. 'Twas to your office due, and there I gave it.

CAR. More prized it is in coming so from thee ;  
And tho' my wishes for the public good,  
Far, far outstrip my means, such means I'll use  
As shall at least approve my wishes good.

MICH. Therein, at least, the state will be your debtor.

CAR. 'Tis rather for my fame unfortunate  
To come directly after one whose wise  
And vigorous counsels, were so aptly temper'd  
With generous thoughts and mercy, that he leaves  
A radiant light behind him, which will far  
My emulation's hope outshine.

MICH. Not so, my lord,  
If emulation prompt and effort strive.

CAR. I fear it—but it shall be seen if I  
Keep him before me as my guiding star.  
He was your friend ?

MICH. Mine and ten thousand others :  
Yours no less, my lord.

CAR. 'Twas that I meant :  
Your friend—our friend—our's—the state's, good Michel,  
Of which I now am part.

MICH. The head—

CAR. Most true :  
The head, I am. Not in the mood, I find—  
Another time—farewell, good Michel Lando.

Enter BARTOLDO, DESTRO, and mass of People.

ALL. The new Podesta ! live the Podesta !

CAR. I thank ye, worthy citizens. Few words,  
Ere deeds confirm them words of truth, were best.  
Let it be seen in deeds, if Milan's peace,  
Security, and happiness—her people's rights—  
Mine link'd with your's, as one, be not my guides  
And counsellors—they shall—so now—farewell !

ALL. Huzza !

[Exit CARARA.]

MICH. Come shout again, and clear your husky throats—this comes  
but once a year, and so a holiday it must be ;—shout again—

DES. Well, Michel, holiday—why not, if we choose it should be holiday—

MICH. Well put, friend Destro—well put, and rather peppery too. Did I speak angrily?

BART. What Michel Lando speak angrily—no—no.

CIT. No—not he.

DES. He flouted us—with holiday—and shout again—

MICH. Flout? not I;—or else my words wrong'd thoughts. I like the shouting—our Milan air is sultry, and the doctors tell us 'tis unwholesome when there's not wind to bustle it; now our shouting stirs the lazy currents up, and makes a breeze to fan our faces—therefore I like it.

BART. Well said, Lando.

MICH. But do you cheer for Signior Giane gone?

DES. Cheer for him?

BART. He's not the Podesta any longer.

DES. He fined the Farinati, and drove them out of Milan.

MICH. He would not let them sting you.

BART. Right Michel!

DES. What Michel says, is always right with you. Did they not promise us—

CIT. They were Destro's customers.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

MICH. Oh, yes, they promised—open-mouthed, they promised; but Signior Giane saw their fangs, and hindered them from biting—he could not shut their mouths up, so he hunted them away. We should look long ere we find such a friend to us—so just, and wise, and generous to all, as Signior Giane.

BART. Live Signior Giane!

DES. So say I—and all—live Giane! [Shout.

MICH. And though our new Podesta spares his words, may he in acts prove half as good.

ALL. Huzza!

DES. If he prove other, don't we know the way to right ourselves?

BART. Ay, by my saw, I swear!

CIT. And by my hammer, I!

DES. I, by my spindle!

MICH. A lucky trinity—saw, hammer, spindle—

DES. A strong one too, when they are packed together.

MICH. Well put again, but let them hold together.

B. and D. They shall—they shall. Huzza!

MICH. But look—our noise has waked the German soldiers from their nap; their captain, too, stretches himself and yawns. Faith, they are early stirrers—give them a rouse and note their echo to it.

[MICH. retires behind the people. Enter Captain

ALBERT with guards.

ALL. Huzza!

ALBERT. Peace! do not disturb the quiet of the city with your brawling.

DES. Brawling, Sir—'tis holiday, and we are keeping it; not breaking quiet, but with mirth.

ALL. Huzza!

ALBERT.—Again—disperse yourselves—go home—

BART. Disperse! why should we disperse?

ALBERT. I am to command—not to be questioned. Is not your leader, Michel Lando, here? [LANDO steps out.

MICH. Do you want him, Captain?

ALBERT. Oh, I reckoned truly. Is this uproar of your making?

MICH. Uproar, Captain? they come abroad to exercise their lungs and legs, for their healths' good—'tis holiday's recreation that they seek.

ALBERT. Well let them home, or they'll find peril in their way.

MICH. From your soldiers? You and they are up betimes to sow the peril.

ALBERT. What mean you, Lando?

MICH. Good Captain, may I crave a quiet word? for quiet's sake you'll grant it. [Come forward apart from the people.

ALBERT. Well.

MICH. This is unwary beginning—

ALBERT. How?

MICH. I say 'tis hasty—but you've learnt who's out of office—

ALBERT. Lando—

MICH. And who's in?

ALBERT. Lando, you have won respect from those in office—but it will not privilege you in insolence.

MICH. Insolence!—no—sir—

ALBERT. Let your wisdom and your prudence shew themselves in advising your friends against turbulence.

MICH. They are unarmed,—would you send them home for weapons?

ALBERT. Weapons?

MICH. Ay, 'tis like: ho! friends! I'll speak to them. The Captain advises prudence, which he would teach you with cold lance heads—and shew you wisdom in a sabre's flash. So, hammer, saw, and spindle, pack yourselves home, together. Home!

ALL. Huzza—together! for Michel Lando.

ALBERT. Upon them soldiers.

MICH. Ay, upon them, soldiers—he's a wisdom teacher.

[MICH. walks warily to the officer, and wrests his sword from him, and stands before the people.

PEOPLE. Huzza! down with them—upon them—the Podesta!

ALBERT. } Stand!  
SOLDIERS. }

Enter CARARA.

CAR. What means this clamour, Captain Albert?

ALBERT. The citizens are turbulent, my Lord.

CAR. And Michel Lando armed ?

MICH. 'Tis but a book I borrowed from that gentleman, to read.

[Returns the sword.]

CAR. Call it not turbulence, good Sir, ; this is a festive day—let them enjoy it—and be not so hasty in opposing them.

ALL. Long live Count Carara !

ALBERT. As the Podesta shall direct—withdraw—march !

[Exeunt ALBERT and Soldiers.]

CAR. Citizens I am grieved this should have happened ;—and on such a day ! I fear it will be taken as an ill omen of my government.

ALL. No—no—live the Podesta !

CAR. Michel, this becomes thee—turbulence is not thy wish, I know—'tis but the just and spirited desire to check encroachments on the people's right—in great regard to which my generous predecessor, Signior Giane's good example I will make my study and my aim.

MICH. And you will find the people grateful.

CAR. To which, I pray thee, note me closely !—again, farewell !

ALL. Huzza.

[Exit CARARA.]

DES. Now, Michel, have we lost by the exchange ?

MICH. What brought the soldiers here so suddenly ?

BART. But the noble Podesta sent them packing soon.

DES. And how kindly he spoke to us.

MICH. Cats are quiet when they would pounce on mice. And they say the tiger's growl is never heard until he makes his spring. Well—we shall see. He purs right musically now.

DES. Oh, hang thee, Michel ! do not spoil our holiday with grumbling.

MICH. No, no, keep it as ye list—that's merrily—and yet remember, saw, hammer, and spindle hold together—pack fast and firm—and hold !—and watch the while !

ALL. That will we—huzza ! huzza !

[Exeunt people.]

MICH. If there's not mischief meant, when he puts forth

These honey words to me, and praises one,

Towards whom, I know, his blood is jaundiced through—

He emulate the generous Giane ! No—

The stones of Milan's streets, as soon shall fly

And flaunt it in the wind, like Gossamers—

O, yes. I will observe thee, Count Carara.

[Exit.]

### SCENE 3.—GIANE'S HOUSE AT VERCELLINA.

Enter GIANE.

GIANE. Ye smile me welcome, quiet walls—  
Flowers, bow your beauteous heads in gratulation,  
And, fragrant shrubs, waft ye your rich perfume  
To bid me joy : and, laughing verdure lift  
Your checquering gems to welcome me again ;—  
Young guileless children sporting round my home !

Ye trees, upon whose clustering branches dance  
 Ten thousand harps, to their own melody,  
 In whispering chorus join'd. Is it for me  
 Ye hold this merriment and music soft?  
 Peace-beating to the heart-composing thoughts,  
 Ye send, ye graceful waving fields to those  
 Who love to mark your undulating hosts  
 Harmonious moving. And, thou, old stream,  
 Flow on, flow on : and while thy margins drink  
 From thy free fountains, give them strength to bear  
 The peasant's toil, and yield that toil abundance.  
 Ah, safely bear each bark that tasks thy wave  
 For smooth support, and there a Naiad sits  
 Securely in her golden chariot gliding.  
 Ye solemn mountains, solemn, but not stern :  
 Not stern ; sublimely calm, are ye and speak  
 Benevolence in venerable age.  
 Old white hair'd men, gone to eternity,  
 Who still look back with love upon their brows  
 For all the generations past and all  
 The generations yet to rise.  
 So look you down on me !  
 Thou heard'st me Balbi ?

[Enter BALBI—stands  
 listening.]

BALBI. I did, and would not speak my feeble welcome  
 Till theirs, more eloquent, were given.

GIANE. Thou heard'st and did'st not smile, nor call it folly,  
 Weakness or rhapsody, or by a word  
 Which quits the vacant spirit of the toil  
 At once of thinking—suits the mammering dunce  
 With an apt phrase for all which is to him  
 A volume sealed, yet oft containing gems  
 Richer than ought in Persia's diadem.  
 Though all to him were dross : to him such speech  
 As this were madness. All the light which he  
 Within his thumb-and-finger span of light,  
 Can compass not, is darkness. Not so thou :  
 Balbi, I'm here again with friends unstain'd  
 By what such fools call wisdom.

BALBI. Cynical  
 I know you are not, but a stain like this  
 Twangs with such resonance : the chord that's touch'd  
 I know is other.

GIANE. Balbi, I am pleased  
 At 'scaping bondage : this it is which strikes  
 The chords : to me they sound like melody—  
 If harsh in others ears they'd seem, in thine  
 They find an echo.

BALBI. Think you so, Giane ?

GIANE. I know so, Balbi. Well, Carara, now  
Is paramount. It was my latest wish  
To leave no sting behind me : but I fear  
There will be rankling still. My negative  
Of voice may move Carara's spleen.

BALBI. So far from moving spleen, it won his praise :  
Nothing has gained affection to his side  
Like those warm comments he bestows on you.

GIANE. Warm are they ?

BALBI. Nay, most liberal, laudatory—

GIANE. The less they please me—I am sorry for it.

BALBI. Sorry ?

GIANE. Yes ; not grateful, I desire  
Mine ease—or indolence, perhaps it is,  
To hit the truth—my year of office over,  
And this your news disturbs it, Balbi.

BALBI. How ?

GIANE. Caution and vigilance 'gainst man I hate,  
And much less like the cause which makes their need ;  
Prudence is irksome to me—but for what ?  
'Tis hidden yet—I cannot trace the cause—  
To whom and in whose hearing was it spoken ?

BALBI. To Angelo, Parodi—to Fiesco.

GIANE. It is not there—no, not directly there—  
They're link'd in it, perhaps, remotely.—

BALBI. And rumour echoes it and lauds him too.

GIANE. It does ? Balbi, thou know'st I do not make  
A strength of my suspicion—yet when men  
Of power and office, in whose temperament  
A staid habitual, practiced coldness lives,  
Break out in warmth, and pour a torrent forth  
Of lauding admiration's words, towards one  
Who stood opposed to them in power, be sure  
Those words have different sources far than pure  
And generous thoughts. Altho' the surface teems  
With bright and dashing clearness, in the depth  
There's darkness and there's foulness. I again  
Bid thee of this be sure. The sun's bright face  
Is often hid by clouds, but that he shines  
Is not more true than this.

BALBI. But that I've seen  
And felt—how deeply felt, how opposite  
Your nature is to harshness, I should call  
These thoughts a misanthrope's.

GIANE. And I should smile :  
'Tis not misanthropy that mutters now  
Sufferings will teach observance : I have look'd  
With their keen eyes upon the world : and, Balbi,



I've found much more in it to love than hate.  
I am no misanthrope. Thou smilest : is it  
In acquiescence or in doubt, my friend ?

BALBI. Can you doubt which ? What said you to Carara,  
When he ask'd your motives of objection to him ?

GIANE. I said I fear'd he'd be too rigorous  
When law might urge, and justice call him on,  
And give a heedless ear when mercy's voice,  
Or pity's pleaded.

BALBI. How received he this ?  
'Twas somewhat strong in candour, was it not ?

GIANE. If in his office he will prove I've erred,  
I'll thank him truly—he'll forgive me too.

BALBI. How at the moment heard he this, Giane ?

GIANE. Why, with his usual, nothing meaning, smile,  
And "thank'd me for my candour—it was what  
He had expected, knowing my free nature,"  
He said, "that it was worthy me," and thank'd  
Me o'er again with that dead smile.

BALBI. And showed  
He not the gentle sense of courtesy,  
So to reserve the praises that he felt,  
And not to speak them in your presence, Giane,  
Yet liberally to bestow them in your absence ?

GIANE. An honest man—one whom the world calls fool—  
If it were felt, had shown it instant, flushing  
Upon his cheek, and glistening in his eye ;  
Then after acts, not words, had been the seals  
Upon that bond his heart had written down.

BALBI. I grant you—in some men it is so.  
But all are not alike, a different blood  
Had tardlier felt the action of the fire.

GIANE.—All honest men, my Balbi—let me show,  
My honest man to thee, then judge, and speak.  
Is't he that pays a bond ere 'be coerced,  
Or deals full measure to escape "a cheat,"  
Or keeps his punctual time, lest he be questioned  
In his next promise made ?  
Is't he that fights because he fears a stain,  
Or puts on courage to be counted brave ?  
Who aye in all goes rightly—not because  
'Tis right that bids him, but that he may not be  
Detected going wrong ?—is just in fear of law ?  
Is faithful to his friend lest he desert him ?  
Is continent lest scandal soil his name ?  
Is't he who puts on mourning by prescription,  
Or weeps for it's expected he should weep ?  
Not one of these,—nor is it he that prays

Lest he be thought ungodly. And yet these  
Together summ'd, make up a total Honest.

BALBI. So sums the world, Giane.

GIANE. Right, most right.

Such is the world's arithmetic. Well studied too !  
And such is *not* my honest man.

'Tis he who does all these because upborne  
By the strong currents of a stainless fountain,  
A heart in love with mercy, when he sees  
Her hand softening the stern and frigid brow  
Of justice : seeing, loves her for herself ;—  
Not that he hears her beauty prated of :  
He is for me who has a mind that dares  
To laugh at smiles which others deal in scoff.  
When he steps out of custom's path, to do  
That strong love's bidding—stubbornly goes on ;  
While they sneer out their pity of his folly ;  
Ne'er contradicts his heart with voice or eye,  
Nor smiles a "yes," but thinks a jeering "no."

BALBI. A phoenix dreamt of oft, but never seen.

GIANE. There are such men, or thou hadst never heard  
This blazon of them, Balbi, nor had I  
E'er known thee else ; one more, that I can name,  
I'll add—'tis Michel Lando, the woolcomber.

BALBI. A noble fellow, that.

GIANE. But of Carara, mark.

When joy has mounted highest and the hearts  
Of all around, were rich in rapture, he,  
Though mingled equally and equally concern'd  
With what had caused the joy, has stood aloof,  
Listless—in nothings busied. This they saw  
As dignity and yielded. Merriment,  
Which pealed in his companions' chorus laugh,  
Has waved a smile, scarce seen, upon his lip.  
Not that he felt it less ; for he felt nothing ;  
Save 'twas contempt of them ; and he smil'd at them.  
This they revered, and thought it dignity.

BALBI. Severe on him and them, Giane.

GIANE. Indeed ?

In tales of woe, whose sole, sad merit was  
Their last and worst—their truth—a chain of griefs  
Each link of which was forged by wrongs and outrage,  
When others' eyes, attendant, dimm'd were seen,  
With pity, and their cheeks were flushed with strong,  
And honest indignation ; he, in vacant gaze,  
Wonder'd what moved them ; though he heard it all—  
And grief or anger, had as just a claim  
On him as them for sympathy : then he

Disguised his mocks in words so bland and courtly ;  
 They dropp'd like icicles on every heart.  
 And all—self taxed, and self rebuked,—abashed—  
 For having shown such weakness, such poor folly,  
 Forget the cause, and emulated him ;  
 So much they prized his manly dignity.

BALBI. And yet this watchfulness of yours, my friend,  
 Argues a caution springing from dislike.

GIANE. 'Tis forced upon me, Balbi, be assur'd  
 I seek it not. I've said that sufferers have  
 A keen perception, and a prescient eye:—  
 They oftimes see the end—the vista's close ;  
 Though not the sinuosities that lead.

BALBI. I trust your eye deceives you here, Giane.

GIANE. My wrong is in the distant point : but how  
 He mean to reach it—or for what he seek—  
 I cannot see—but it will flash upon me.  
 Remember, Balbi, I have prophecied.

BALBI. Most falsely, my dear friend, I fervent, hope!

[Exeunt.

SCENE 4.—AT CARARA'S HOUSE.

Enter CARARA, followed by SERVANT.

CAR. Came he alone ?

SERVANT. He did, my lord.

CAR. Conduct

Him here.—[Exit SERVANT.]—There is security, if none  
 Suspect him.

[Enter SERVANT : ushering in FARINATI,  
 habited as a Priest. Exit SERVANT.

Welcome, friend, priest, Farinati.

Hast thou been scann'd by any of our friends—

Our friends who drove thee hence ?

FAR. Better than that,

I have been scann'd and reverential bows

Accosted me from Giane and from Balbi—

CAR. I'm master here awhile.

FAR. 'Twas managed well.

CAR. Less skill for that was needed than to win

My colleague, sir, in office : and 'tis won.

FAR. Who is he, Francis ?

CAR. Giane's dearest friend.

FAR. His friend ?

CAR. His dearest, said I ? ay, except

Myself.

FAR. Now thou unravell'est.

CAR. A friend ! oh, such an one, the devil's face.

\* \* \* \* \*

## ACT II.

## SCENE 1.—AT VARCELLINA.

GIANE and BALBI. GIANE sitting down.

BALBI. Oh, Giane, this is weakness. That a dream,  
For such it is, should plunge thee into gloom.  
I've noted thee in silence oft, but saw  
A pleasing self communing keeping up  
A wordless interchange of thoughts the while.  
But this, come, Giane, shake it off, and do not wrong  
Thy reason's judgment, and thy spirit's strength.

GIANE. If I could see him clearly through—

BALBI. Thou'd'st meet  
Him gallantly :—have I not known thee, friend,  
A centre point towards which all perils shot  
Their threatenings and their blows ; and thou hast stood  
In stern determination, braving all  
And battling through the host.

GIANE. Be't so, be't so !  
It is the doubt—the clouds which hang before  
The solid truth, that fill the mind with dread.  
Shew me the peril all—the danger full.—  
Set its black presence out—distinctly forth—  
I shall endure the shock of its encounter,  
And battle with it, Balbi, though ribb'd Death  
Stand, palpable, directing every blow.  
But mystery, which appals the stoutest mind—

Enter PASCAL.

PAS. The Count Carara, the new Podesta,  
Wishes to see you.

GIANE. Ah ! so near ! Give him  
Attendance, with your fellows, hither, friend.  
Is it so near ? Now, Balbi, we shall be  
Illumined : mark !

[Exit PASCAL.]

BALBI. His business  
May require my absence.

GIANE. I think not so.  
The state is not his usherer here.

BALBI. What else ?

GIANE. Yes, yes, 'tis coming :—Balbi, knowest thou not  
That Milan's ever jealous laws, prescribe  
The City's limits to their imprisoned rulers ?  
And that, by stretch of kindness, I'm permitted,  
Though no longer one, to dwell outside the walls ?  
How then, has obtained such privilege !

Liberal and sudden, somewhat—

BALBI. He is here.

Enter CARARA, ushered by several Attendants. He bows but does not speak to BALBI.

GIANE. In health, my Lord, I trust?

CAR. Thanks, worthy Sir—

And for your own my wish is fully answered,  
Thus looking on your quiet here,  
Released from cares. I now can understand  
Why you so love this spot—enchanting! even I,  
No poet, my dear Lord, can feel its charm.

GIANE. So would it not diminish in my eyes  
Its beauty or its value. I should love it more  
For such an influence.

CAR. I well may be  
Forgiven, Signior, if I, honoured in my office,  
In following one, who left such bright example,  
Feel more than common pride, and yet, methinks,  
Were such temptation held to me as this  
I could almost forego the honour I have reached.

GIANE. And you would teach me better still, to know  
How much I ought to prize it.—Is't the State's  
Or private friendship's bidding, pays me this  
Honouring visit?

CAR. Both, my dear Lord, have urged,  
Although the latter takes the preference here.

[GIANE looks towards BALBI, who bows and goes off. He then places  
a seat for CARARA and remains standing himself.]

CAR. Thus then, [rises] nay, my dear Lord, or I, perforce  
Refrain. [Giâne sits.] To-day, at noon, the investiture  
Of my new coadjutor and myself  
In honouring office, is determined on—  
And seeking to give lustre to the hour,  
The Council, in the reverence and respect  
Which your so noble care and government,  
New-quitted, lays on them,—a grateful burthen,—  
Have made selection of yourself to grace  
In chief the ceremony.

GIANE. They shall command  
Me ever, and that friendship too obtains  
My thanks, my Lord, which bears to me their will  
By such a messenger.

CAR. Yet, to be frank,  
There mingles in it something which partakes  
Of selfishness.

GIANE. How so, my Lord?

CAR. The laws of Milan in permitting me

To leave the city, as an act of grace  
 Relaxed on my entreaty to be made  
 The happy bearer of the news, by which,  
 In pleasuring you, I gain unto myself  
 A higher pleasure still.

GIANE. My creditor the more—  
 My lord—I may repay a little  
 Of my debt, in wishing to your colleague  
 With yourself, such union as the state of Milan  
 And her citizens shall long retain  
 A grateful memory of—

CAR. I of myself  
 May question—not in will—but power—  
 Yet of my colleague I can nothing doubt.

GIANE. Of good repute is he?

CAR. Most honorable  
 Is his giving out, I'm proud to say.  
 Taught by long suffering in his youth, I hear,  
 Wisdom and prudence join'd to courage in him,  
 Make up a golden fame.

GIANE. Suffering oft teaches many ;—teaches well,  
 And yet I'm sorry for the man who gains  
 His love from such a tutor : he you say  
 Has suffered?

CAR. Deeply and long—  
 So rumour speaks,—  
 She's my instructor.

GIANE. He were worth knowing.

CAR. 'Tis Count Visconti.

GIANE. Ay? \* \* \* \*

CAR. Now of Cremona.

[Rise here.]

GIANE. Peace, thou art fled! \*

CAR. Milan in him may justly hope, for he,  
 Signior, comes purified like gold from fire.

GIANE. You know him, then, my lord?

CAR. But from report.

GIANE. He deeply suffer'd, say you? Did you not?  
 In what, I pray you, if report has told  
 So much?

CAR. In keen remorse for follies—call them crimes  
 If rigid morals weigh them : some dark tale  
 So closely hidden—it was never heard :  
 But all is healed.

GIANE. You know him not?

CAR. I never saw him—and I know no more  
 Than fame has told, and she approves him highly.

GIANE. Well—and, yes—I— \* \* \* \*

CAR. Remember, Sir,  
 Milan is all expectant of the hour—  
 Signior, adieu—I leave you to enjoy  
 These peaceful charms, and all to-morrow's honours. [Exit CARAR.]

GIANE. Solus.

GIANE. The darkness of my days comes back upon me,  
 And he it is, that brings it !  
 Now of Cremona ? Ha ! Carara, ha !  
 That slipt. I heed not his denying it.  
 The truth was in his tone, and gave his words  
 The lie—'tis plain ! clear ! clear ! he knows him well !  
 Of me, how much ? enough at least to move  
 His pantless blood with joy—the only joy  
 He ever knows. Whence learnt ? how taught ? but why  
 Ask this ? he something knows—a sum of knowledge  
 That for me ! \* \* \* \* \*  
 Sufferings—remorse ! Did not Carara say  
 He had suffered long and deeply ? and—remorse ?  
 If that be true—oh, back, Visconti, back !  
 And I'll forgive thee.

Enter BALBI.

BALBI. Giane, no ill news ?

GIANE. 'Tis moving hither, Balbi : it is come.

BALBI. How ? whence ? inform me.

GIANE. I, yes I must go

To meet with smiles and words of honoring welcome  
 One who—the only one whose name and acts  
 Have ever struck my heart with hate and horror,  
 That cannot die ; though they for years have slept !

BALBI. Giane—friend ! now thou amazest me !

GIANE. He, he has roused them from their bed, and now—

BALBI. Why this so sudden and so harsh a wrench  
 Upon thy generous nature ? Has Carara—

GIANE. It is not him I mean—he has but been  
 The watch, malignant gazing while they slept  
 Noting the fittest time to rouse them up.  
 Yet said he knew him not but by report.  
 I saw the black smile dancing on his lip  
 The irrepressible blot from those foul thoughts  
 On which he gloated. He was courteous too.

BALBI. If not Carara who is't thou cans't mean ?

GIANE. Visconti—

BALBI. Visconti ?

GIANE. Ay, ay, he comes to Milan as the colleague  
 Of Carara.

BALBI. He? can he—impossible!—can he have injured thee?

GIANE. I remember none

On the broad earth besides that has, none: none.

BALBI. 'Tis strange! and thou hast never whisper'd it—

GIANE. Even to thee.—'Twas that I would not touch thee

With the rooted pangs I felt. No—nor now

Beyond this one assurance, take it then—

And with it know I stand untouched with crime—

By others crimes most darkly and most deeply—

My fault was rashness—confidence—in trust—

An utter want of caution and suspicion—

Man ne'er inflicted agonies on man

Like those I've suffered from Visconti's heart!

Enough!

BALBI. Enough, indeed!

GIANE. And this Carara

Prated of his sufferings!

BALBI. In that, at least,

He ventured on the truth.

GIANE. Ha! dost thou know so?

BALBI. Yes, from such a source

As will not give me leave for questioning:—

For 'twas my brother, Giorgio.

GIANE. Suffered!

BALBI. Even to the verge of death, he said,

With sudden woes and pangs of thought.

And I remember me the story ran

Of wrongs he'd done to some too trusting friend;

Could it be thee? who perished or was lost,

Reckless of all 'twas said, but grief.

GIANE. I can

Forgive him then—and is there manhood less

In this than in revenge?

BALBI. No, Giane, no.

GIANE. If he is school'd as I have been, I will

Forget the book from which he lessoned me.

Balbi, I'm calm again: and misery

Has smote him, then! severely too—well—well!

Be it so,—my arm directed not the blow.

'Twas retribution from the unseen hand

Of destiny—yet I rejoice not in it—

Nor grieve I—he henceforth shall be in all

To me, as one that is not. I shall quit

The office coldly. He knows not I live;

And cannot know my person.

BALBI. Giane, there

I may read thee a lesson. Those who have injured,

Like those who hate, have long remembering eyes.



GIANE. And those who love have keener, Balbi ; far—  
 My good old friend Andrea, tho' three years  
 Were all that ever had divided us—  
 And he made for me little paper ships  
 And boats, and held me in his arms, as we  
 Together watched them sailing on that sea  
 Our garden pond : even he did not know me.

BALBI. Then thou art changed indeed, if one so true  
 And so devoted to thee, could have looked  
 Unrecognising on thee.

GIANE. And eight years since,  
 Have toil'd, with ceaseless and unwearied hand,  
 To scrawl disguises deeper in my face—  
 Yes, I am changed—

BALBI. But if thou'rt right in deeming  
 Carara's malice stirs in this, he'll find  
 A way to make ye recognise each other.

GIANE. His plot is first disruption of my quiet ;—  
 To wake my fury. Balbi, he'll be foiled.

[Exeun]

## SCENE 2.—OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF MILAN.

Enter VISCONTI and IMILDA, with Attendants.

VIS. These walls are barriers, love, that frown thee hence  
 Soon as they give me entrance : that way, thou,  
 And this, I turn, my sweet Imilda ; 'tis  
 My first essay at parting from thee since  
 My gladden'd heart won thee, its chiefest treasure.

IMIL. Ah, those walls ! their rigid laws seem written  
 Upon their stones : and they'll enclose my Felix  
 A whole year from my sight !

VIS. 'Twill soon fly o'er.  
 Think only that it flies : and that the day  
 Which joins our hands again, dear love, is but  
 To-morrow distant.

IMIL. Think so ?—Yes, I will,  
 Nor let those prating thoughts be heard, which speak  
 Of toils and troublous duties intricate.  
 How factions may arise to vex the course  
 Of office with thee ; throwing on thy path  
 Obstructions—dangers—

VIS. No—no dangers, sweet.  
 Be confident of that ; my partner is  
 A gallant one and noble—wise as brave,  
 All join in saying ; and the generous man  
 Whom he succeeds, has left so smooth a way,  
 That we shall travel pleasantly together.

IMIL. I will not grieve, dear Felix. I shall see

And hear thee every day, thou knowest ; thy words  
 Will speak into my eyes—oh, that fond skill  
 Which first invented letters ! I shall see  
 Thee speaking, smiling, Felix, as the paper,  
 Despatch'd by thee, kisses my hand with joy.—  
 Vis. And so thou shalt.—

Enter ROSSA and a COURIER with a packet.

Now, ROSSA, what's thy news ?

ROSSA. Here is its bearer.

Vis. From Milan, is it ? [Taking the packet and reading it.

COURIER. From the Council, Sir.

Vis. I'm theirs on all. [to COURIER.] Well, sweet one, [to IMILDA.]  
 here's my doom,

Each word a golden one—it speaks of honour—

And thou must prize it, for it calls to me.

IMIL. Oh, yes, Visconti ; yet, methinks, enough  
 Of that, thou'st earn'd already.

Vis. And, say'st thou,  
 Must not wish for more ?

IMIL. Nay ; be it thy wish  
 To add to it that wish is mine. The store  
 Was rich indeed, without addition, Felix.

ROSSA. I've tax'd him, Lady, for the carelessness  
 Of heart with which he quits his pleasant home ;  
 But his ambition answers me.

IMIL. Signior,  
 I thank thee—'tis not so ; no, no, he wears  
 In that, I'm sure, a visor, deeming me  
 Too much a woman to behold his face  
 Betokening sadness—

Vis. Ah, thy only strength,  
 I know, is tenderness.

ROSSA. Too much of woman—  
 Yes ; but too little of the wife, I deem ;  
 A faithful one, who would not, when she saw  
 The clouds of sorrow on her husband's brow  
 Bid them break forth and rain, but rather smile  
 Her sunlight there, until they clear away,  
 And he throw back to her the light she sends.  
 To this he will not trust thee, Madam.—

IMIL. Signior, he will, and he would smile for ever  
 If he beheld reflected smiles in me ;  
 Felix, thou would'st, I know.

Vis. My dear one !

ROSSA. Madam, you will dissolve the mirror quite  
 If thus you talk.

IMIL. Then I must chide,  
And bid him not delay.

ROSSA. So raise a frown instead.

VIS. This minute calls me hence, Imilda.

IMIL. No ?

Not so suddenly ; but I am counselled, Signior ; [to ROSSA.]  
I am content it should be so, dear Felix.

VIS. I read not so in that sweet volume there,  
Thou need'st my visor now, Imilda.

IMIL. Forgive me for it.

VIS. Forgive thee, love ?—ay.

Friend ROSSA—with this officer, announce  
My waiting readiness.

[ROSSA to IMIL.] Oh, fear him not,  
Dear Lady, while I've voice, his hours from toil  
Shall not be solitary—he shall hear  
My noisy talk above his whispering thoughts ;  
I'll frighten moping melancholy from him.

IMIL. Signior, accept that charge from me, 'tis one  
Of weight.

ROSSA. Dear Lady, safely trust me with't.

[Exeunt ROSSA and COURIER.]

VIS. What charge for me, Imilda ? I shall keep it,  
Where lock'd and guarded now thy image is :  
A charge for me ?

IMIL. Thyself.

VIS. What, nothing more ?

IMIL. All—all.

VIS. Nay ; I shall need the visor thus.

IMIL. Yes, yes ; I have a charge, and thou wilt smile,  
In truth, to hear it. That old man, of whom  
We spoke, who now abides in Milan, he  
Who was the faithful servant of my brother—  
Thou know'st what 'tis I mean : my poor dear brother !

VIS. He shall be sought : and I will question him,  
Most truly, closely—though I know—or fear  
So strongly, that it reaches knowledge.

IMIL. Felix,

I cannot think him dead. I cannot, in my dreams  
I see him still—and hear his voice so oft,  
In those light-sporting tones, in which he talk'd  
To his dear little sister, his Imilda.  
Felix, he loved me as no brother ever  
Before had loved a sister. I was then  
Too young to feel it all ; but I have heard  
From others more than childish years could teach me.  
Oh, Felix, do, dear love, seek that old man.

VIS. Oh, doubt me not, Imilda. I have cause  
As dear as thine thou know'st, would hail the hour  
I found thy brother, as a long'd for source  
Of joy unutterable, that I might speak  
Those things which would assure him of my truth  
And with forgiveness win his friendship back.

Enter FIESCO, Officer and Guards, &c.

FIES. Milan expects the Count Visconti.

VIS. Sweet,  
Fare-thee-well—dear love!

IMIL. My Felix, husband!

[Exeunt: IMILDA one side with her attendants,  
VISCONTI, &c. to the City.]

SCENE 3.—A STREET BEFORE THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

BARTOLDO, DESTRO, and GUISEPPE.

BAR. Will he prove true to us as Giane was?

DES. Why not?—thou heardest, Bartoldo, what kind words  
He used in speaking to us.

BAR. Cats are quiet  
When they would pounce on mice—but what says Michel?  
Guiseppe, thou sawst him, what says Lando?

GUI. He  
Gives but a hem! at it, and says, "well, we  
Shall see."—

DES. 'Tis holiday at least—let's in  
And find good places.

BAR. Stay!—give place awhile  
Till these have chosen—here they come—huzza!

Enter PRIOR, Senators, &c. FIESCO last.

PRIOR. All happiness to Milan's citizens.

BAR. &c. Thanks to our Prior.

BAR. And there's the worthy Fiesco.—  
All wisdom down to his toes—the strut of's legs  
Lifts Milan's fate with it.

GUI. Well, let us in.

Enter GIANE—walking between CARARA and VISCONTI.—BALBI and  
MICHEL LANDO in the train of Citizens.—The three pause at the  
entrance; BALBI down at one corner of the Stage thoughtful and  
observant; MICHEL LANDO at the other corner of the stage.

CAR. Out of this honor, I do hope, will spring  
A triple friendship, to this noble stem  
Two worthy branches growing.

VIS. 'Tis a happiness,

At which I proudly aim, to be  
Envalued by this noble gentleman.

GIANE. Know you me, Count Visconti?

CAR. [Aside.] I hope not.

VIS. I do, indeed, Signior.

GIANE. Well pass along.

[They go in. BALBI, musing, slowly advances towards the entrance  
of the Hall.—MICHEL LANDO calls to him, and advances to centre.

MICH. Signior Balbi!

BALBI. Michel! goest thou not  
To view the ceremony?

MICH. Let me request  
You not to do so, Signior.

BALBI. I shall not.—  
But why advise you this?

MICH. To you I'll speak  
With freedom. 'Tis that I more than think  
All will not end to day so peacefully  
As it began.

BALBI. That suits my fears. But whence  
Your suppositions?

MICH. Wait for me, Signior,  
One hour hence at St. Lorenza. I'll bring  
What passes. Signior Giane's looks so changed  
Within a minute, as he stood between  
The chosen two,—I'm sure there's something wrong:—  
And Count Carara 'tis that stirs it up.

BALBI. I mark'd that too—and yet, the end will show,  
I trust, our fears unfounded. I, his friend,  
Should see the issue, be it what it may.

MICH. If't be unlucky, Sir, you can't help him;  
But make it worse—forgive this freedom, Signior,  
There is an ill eye looks upon you here.

BALBI. I thank thee, Michel; 'tis not thine, I'm sure,  
And thou shalt counsel me.

MICH. Remember, Signior,  
An hour hence at St. Lorenzo.

BALBI. I shall. [Exit BALBI and MICHEL through doors.]

#### SCENE 4.—THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

An exalted chair vacant—the PRIOR at the side of the table—all the  
Counsellors seated and covered during his address to GIANE, who  
stands with his face towards the table, between CARARA on left  
hand, and VISCONTI right hand—the two are seated.

PRIOR. Worthy and noble Giane Lambertazzi.  
To thee does Milan's voice address itself.  
The highest honor which her citizens

Can pay to honor, lives in her acceptance  
 Of service rendered—thee she renders back  
 In part the tribute ; bidding thee pronounce,  
 From yon exalted seat, the solemn form  
 In which her yearly judges are invested  
 With robes of dignity and power :—ascend !—  
 And take the seat—all others, silent, hear,  
 As best becomes the reverence due. Ascend !

[GIANE advances—takes the chair—rises, on which all take off their hats—stand up—and every face is turned towards him while he speaks.

GIANE. That I am proud of such high office—note—  
 Note well how I discharge its duties—mark—  
 Note thou,—hear, Count Carara, hear !  
 Hear, Count Visconti hear !  
 Hear, Milan, hear !

I do denounce a traiterous Ghibeline.

ALL. How !

GIANE. The Count Visconti, there !

CAR. Amazement !

He cannot mean it, sure !

GIANE. And will bring proofs  
 O'the instant, sure and damning : fix the hour  
 Of trial—bid me here—I'm present.

PRIOR. Behold !

Struck dumb with conscious guilt he stands !  
 Behold !

VIS. No, no—not guilt—but dumb awhile,  
 Appalled with that blank charge which stunned my brain  
 And choked mine utterance—me ? me ! why or whence  
 The monster rose I am confounded still.  
 Proof ? how ? of what ? your justice will enquire.  
 There resting I am strong again.

CAR. My lords,  
 I bow myself to that most gracious wisdom,  
 And to that justice, which you never swerve,  
 And to that mercy which you ever use  
 In Milan's cause, both for my pardon here,  
 And for the accused's suit elsewhere ;  
 In thus presuming with solicitation  
 That he be fully heard. A noble one,  
 Most honorable, most wise and generous  
 Hath charged him with a fault which Milan's laws  
 Adjudge to death. Yet hear him, lords. [PRIOR reads the law.

PRIOR. "Whoever seeks an office in the state,  
 'Gainst whom the charge is fully made, he stands  
 A factious Ghibeline, shall suffer—death !"

1st COURIER. Death !

2nd and 3rd. Death—Death!

CAR. Lords, I pray he may be heard—

PRIOR. Then be it so—to-morrow—noon—the time.

ALL. Agreed.

PRIOR. Guards, he is yours. [GIANE descends—comes down in front.

GIANE. I have one word

Alone, will freeze his voice!

CAR. [Aside.] I one for thee.

[As GIANE is going he falls or reclines against a column—MICHEL goes to his assistance and CARARA also—GIANE recovers—sees CARARA—shrinks from him.

GIANE. Why did I live to this!

[Exit GIANE and MICHEL. Then scene closes in on all the others.

### ACT. III.—SCENE 1.

GIANE seated at a table. ANDREA attending on him—candles on the table.

AND. Be cheer'd my dear young master.

GIANE. Young, young master!

AND. To me thou art so still : and must be so.

Have I not tended thee from cradle up,

Had thee before mine eye-sight every day,

And loved thee ever as my child, good master.

GIANE. Friend—friend. Call me thy friend, Andrea ;

Thou art my only one if I lose Balbi :

Lose him I must, for I have kill'd

All he could value in me.

AND. Dear young master—

GIANE. Again! I heard thee but this morning call

Me so, and felt it not as mockery,

But now—a few short hours—yes, but one glance—

Into myself, has pack'd a load of years

And withering age upon me.

AND. This will kill me.

GIANE. We will be buried in one grave, old man.

[BALBI enters and stands looking at GIANE.

GIANE. Balbi, thou hatest me!

BALBI. My friend—my proven one! Giane. [Advancing to him.

GIANE. Then I have not lost thee, all!

But I have wounded that regard of me,

Which made me love myself.

BALBI. I pray thee, now,

Speak not of it, I am grieved, 'tis true,

But not less certain am I there is cause

So strong will speak in thy acquittal, Giane.

GIANE. Then thou wilt hear. [Waves ANDREA off, who exits.

BALBI. Why was thy promise broken ?

GIANE. I thought he'd suffered—and forgave my wrongs.

But now—and here and thus to see him smile,  
And on his cheek the flush of healthful joy,  
No furrow registering a thought of woe—  
No graven grief, no letter-line to speak  
A recollection of the pangs he dealt  
On me, while I am wither'd, haggard-torn,  
In every lineament, with 'trenched woes—  
The smother'd, dead, forgotten fires again  
Burst from my heart, and crackle through my veins.

BALBI. To me, I own there seem'd no scoff of triumph,  
But a confiding smile.

GIANE. That was a flame,  
Up flashing from the gaping mouth of hell,  
That smote the heart with barrenness of all  
But hate and hate's devices. Balbi, yet  
I have not told thee—no, I feared myself.  
It must be told—be strong then. Come thou here ;  
Look thou on this. Look, Balbi, there are three.

[Takes BALBI up, touches a spring, and discovers a picture.

BALBI. Who are they, Giane ?

GIANE. I will tell thee soon ;  
There was a fourth, 'tis now obliterate—  
'Tis erased ;—Oh, Balbi, I did not erase—  
Tear out, so easily that figure from  
My brain !—'Twas his work all—his, his alone ;  
I cannot tell thee—  
My mother and my sister ;—this—look hard—  
But thou can'st never guess.

BALBI. 'Tis not Visconti ?

GIANE. Forbid it, God ! a fiend !  
That—that *was* me.

BALBI. No, no ; can it be so ?

GIANE. Ay, ay, I'm changed—'twas his work all ;  
His solely. Yes ; all else were innocent.

BALBI. Calm thee, my friend, no more, I see it all.

GIANE. Thou canst not see it, Balbi, and thou must  
Hear more—thou lovest me ! thy esteem of me  
Is all I'll hold, or die. For that I will endure  
The hot outreading of my memory ;  
Let me not lose thee ere I die, my Balbi !

BALBI. Think'st thou it can be so ? Oh wrong me not,  
But calm thyself ; be firm—a man, a man !

GIANE. Thou mean'st a stone ; that breathes and creeps—  
I am a man.

BALBI. I see all to the end—  
So calm thee, Giane.



GIANE. Thou canst not see it, Balbi ;  
 Wer't thou all piercing in thy sight—wert thou  
 Omniscient, Balbi, clouds of doubt would dim  
 Thy vision here.

BALBI. Well, well, friend Giane, on.

GIANE. That figure which is blotted out—that fourth,  
 Which made the happiest group that God's best love  
 Had ever joined together—that one was, a girl—  
 Young—and—there is a volume told—  
 Hear, hear ! a mass of fire comes hissing now ;  
 She was immur'd alive !—Sir, pinched to death  
 With hunger, in the convent cell, to which  
 Betrayed by him, she was forced back, there ! there !

BALBI. My friend—my friend—  
 Oh, what hast thou endured !

[GIANE here stands as if mentally lost.

GIANE. I was saying—  
 Balbi, what—I told thee something. I, yes—  
 Chances of war had drawn us—him—that man,  
 I mean, and me together—him I trusted,  
 And would have trusted, aye, beyond ruin—  
 Aye, tho' its black inevitable front  
 Had stood and frowned me back !  
 Balbi, I was not studied then in man ;  
 Yet I should trust again—  
 Not a blank visaged one.  
 Now, Balbi, now thou seest the end—the end ;  
 But for its tortuous course thou'lt look in vain.  
 He plann'd, and he effected all,  
 With such a damned device—so intricate  
 Eyes cannot see, nor thought can trace it thro'—  
 The very devil, who at his beck came on  
 To guide, had stood in wonder at the master-skill  
 His pupil had display'd—

BALBI. Impossible !

GIANE. True, true.

BALBI. Is he on whom I lately looked—  
 Half-pitying ;—yes, dear Giane, yes, I pitied him.  
 Can he be such a man ?

GIANE. There is a change  
 In me : what thinkst thou of his age and mine ?

BALBI. His in strength of manhood, Giane, thou—

GIANE. But six years stood between his birth and mine ?

BALBI. Amazement !

GIANE. Here's a record, Balbi,

[Snatches candles from the table and holds them to his face.

See, Balbi, see ! a century of years  
 Digged by the iron fingers of that agony,  
 Which he begot, nurs'd, rear'd, then gave to me

To be my sole companion—a devoted one—  
 The monster flung the world to freedom wild  
 Singly to 'tend and torture me. He gave her,  
 He whom to-day I saw stand laughing at me!

GIANE falls. BALBI leans over him. Enter PASCAL.

PAS. What's the matter?—ah!—the Signior  
 Upon the ground!

BALBI. Help me to raise him—so—so. [They lead off GIANE.]

#### SCENE 4.—AT CARARA'S.

Enter CARARA followed by FARINATI.

FAR. Denounced him as a Ghibeline?

CAR. Ay, ay!

FAR. Is he not one?

CAR. No: and yet, Visconti

Knew not to-day his dear old friend! Of that  
 Much more shall rise than I had look'd for.

Mine was the rich device—unseen—unknown

That first taught Giane, secretly, to think

His rival added to his list of crimes

A treaty with the Ghibelines—years past

FAR. His rival?

CAR. Mine Giane was, at least. But come:  
 No time for that—

FAR. And he broke out?

CAR. Broke out!

Why Etna's fury is a thing that's tame

And cold compared with our good Giane now.

FAR. But let me see thee clearly, Francis.

CAR. Tush—thou shalt

Anon: let's not word o'er the schemes which wait

For action, panting; we shall have thee cast

Thy cowl and tonsor from thee, and thy face

In bold assurance fronting Milan's shouts,

That hail the Farinati back again.

Thou knowest the sturdy Michel Lando?

FAR. What

He? how can he be won?

CAR. Oh, sir, we'll raise

A storm which he'll be proud to guide—

I've touched him on't, and our wise friend, Fiesco,

Is stirring in it now.—This Michel looks

With eye as jealous on the German's here

As does the roughest of his apron'd brethren—

Enter FIESCO.

Welcome, my friend—my confidence in thee  
Is placed securely.

FAR. It is a pity one  
So much approved for virtue as Giane  
Should forget himself.

FIES. Who would have thought it?  
Why, holy sir, he has ever been the friend  
Of those accused, oft times of guilty ones.

CAR. 'Twas what he called his mercy tempering justice.  
But let's be busied, friend—in ten days hence  
The envoy comes from Conrad—he will find  
The quiet City changed—but what says Lando?

FIES. My Lord, he met me willingly—nay, sprang  
To meet my counsel. German Soldiers, more  
Exactions were my themes.

FAR. So prosper ye.

CAR. Be sure we shall—no matter by what means—  
If they make for us either course is sure  
To gain our end. Fiesco, seek a time  
The earliest, to warn good Michel here.

FIES. Oh, doubt me not, my Lord.

CAR. I've trusted thee

FIES. And made me your's the firmer.

[Exit FIESCO.]

FAR. Well said, Carara, trusted him thou saidst—  
How far?

CAR. As far as that betrayal would  
Bring ruin on the trusted, not beyond.

FAR. Thou'rt a master, Francis.

CAR. Leave me now.

[Exit FARINATI.]

CAR. [Sol.] What then is wisdom? Sir, 'tis knavery  
With its roughnesses hewn off,—made even thus,  
And planish'd by—Deceit, sir? Courtesy;  
That stoops, an Atlas bend, to lift the world—  
(And for a bigger world would this one throw,  
With all that it contains, to hell, complacently.)  
And what are friends? The steps by which we gain  
Our point—we pay them with our hate—or yield  
A sugar smile which has no deeper root  
Than the curl'd lip exhibits. The sum of this?  
Oh, sir, the custom of society.

The rule of life—reciprocated words

Which mean, just nothing—or their contrary.

My catechism's perfect. Now my practice  
Shall prove I do not merely tongue my theory.

My creed shall guide my actions. Had Signior Giane  
Studied a little from my book, the scores

Upon his visage had been finer drawn  
 And less abundant. Blest invention, ha!  
 Could he be found, and honor due be done  
 To him, the great deviser of our art  
 Whose master genius shot the sparks that flame  
 Now steadily to guide the politicians;  
 He should have temples built and altars raised  
 To consecrate his worthy memory:  
 Do this, and we shall canonize the devil!

Enter SERVANT.

CAR. Well, Sir.

SERVANT. My Lord, here is a gentleman  
 Entreats an audience.

CAR. Of me? deny  
 Him not, but give him courteous welcome.  
 Now what petitioner is this [Exit and return with ROSSA] Signior.  
 [Exit SERVANT.]

ROSSA. My good Lord Podesta forgive, and hear  
 My prayer.

CAR. It shall, at least, command attention.

ROSSA. I  
 Am Count Visconti's friend.

CAR. And being so,  
 Are not less welcome.

ROSSA. Thanks, my Lord. I come  
 With others' griefs that press upon my own—  
 His poor, woe-stricken wife.

CAR. His wife! she's here in Milan?

ROSSA. Yes.  
 My Lord, her gentle spirit, quite bow'd down  
 In misery, thro' me sends supplication  
 In behalf—

CAR. I hear and feel her prayer, Signior.  
 And what my pity can avail, be sure  
 Shall not be wanting. I believe he is  
 Too harshly charged, and justice will enquire  
 Most closely in't.

ROSSA. Her blessing and her tears  
 With mine, will mingle for this goodness.

CAR. I  
 Did not know that he was wedded, Signior?  
 ROSSA. Two years of happiness undimm'd, my friend  
 Has known, since at Turin, my Lord, he wooed  
 And won Imilda Tagliamento.

CAR. Imilda Tagliamento? ha!

ROSSA. Sister  
 To the late Count Tivero.

CAR. So! a gallant one  
He was, I've heard.

ROSSA. But most unhappy ere he died, 'tis said.

CAR. That is another plea which does not speak  
In vain. Assure the lady of my care  
To her requests.

ROSSA. My Lord, most truly—deeply too,  
Again I thank you.

CAR. Give her these thoughts for balm.

Say there's strong hope that he may stainless pass.

ROSSA. Oh, this will call her back from death, my Lord.

[Exit ROSSA.]

CAR. Visconti's wife—Imilda Tagliamento!  
His sister! then a double torrent rolls

Unbidden hither, foaming, sparkling on—

It gallops thro' its channels to my breast,

Which swells surcharged by billowy ecstasy.

His sister! ha! hold there! she must not—ho!

[Calling.]

Sardo! [Calling] that would untwine the webs—

[Enter SERVANT.]

SERVANT. My Lord.

CAR. That gentleman gone forth but now: request

His here again for but one word. [Exit SERVANT.] No, no!

Should she seek him to supplicate his pity,

Obstruction might arise—and so delay—

Detain her till discovery can avail

Visconti nothing, but will drive the arrows deep,

Deep into his brain; and surgery may sweat

Itself skill-less in working at the wounds—

Avow it then [enter ROSSA] Signior, my rudeness pardon—

'Tis my solicitude which puts it forth.

Advise the lady to expect my visit—

With such intelligence as shall, I trust,

Bring comfort to her.

ROSSA. My Lord, I will.

CAR. The hour

Will not be distant, she perhaps will wait

Till I can make it mine. Again, adieu!

[Exit ROSSA.]

She's chain'd to the spot by this. Revenge will teem

To the overflowing of my wish: and pay

My debt tenfold! O Giane, thou shalt run,

Leap, bound a race of burning agony—

Withered and maddened; to the extremest ledge

Of horrors thou shalt rush. I'll leave thee there

To glare on the after torments of the hell

Beneath. Thou mayst plunge headlong down, thyself,

And be forgotten.

[Exit.]

## SCENE 3.—OUTSIDE OF GIANE'S HOUSE AT VERCELLINA.

Enter BALBI, leading IMILDA. ANDREA in attendance.

BALBI. Bear up, dear Madam ; trust to my report  
I speak him truly. Urge thy prayer to him,  
But not abruptly.

IMIL. Not abruptly—oh !  
I may not speak at all, unless it be  
With these few words which choke my utterance  
In their haste to reach his ears.

BALBI. But he is torn with cares : thy eloquence  
Must move him : be assured, it will.

IMIL. No, nothing  
But murmur'd broken words and gushing tears ;  
No eloquence ; no skill ; and if I had,  
My passionate agony—

BALBI. 'Tis in that I trust.  
See, good old man : this ailing lady must  
Abide awhile within. I need not ask  
Thy kindness. Come, lead on, Andrea.

IMIL. What !  
What named you him ? Andrea, did you say ?

AND. 'Tis me, sweet lady.

IMIL. Ha !

BAL. What is it, Madam ?

IMIL. A joy so great, or rais'd to plunge me down  
In deeper agony. I have dreamt he lived :  
So often dreamt it : he could not be dead.  
He's found or lost for ever. Come ; my limbs  
Will scarce support me. Come. [Exeunt into the house.

## SCENE 4.—THE HOUSE, WITH GARDEN ACCESSIBLE AS BEFORE.

Enter IMILDA, BALBI, and ANDREA.

AND. Poor lady.  
'Tis but a house of sadness now, alas !

BALBI. Is Signior Giane better ?

AND. Oh, but little.

BALBI. Is he within doors ?

AND. No, he's lonely walking  
In the garden, but not looking at it.

BALBI. I'll seek him, lady, to prepare. Andrea,  
A cordial.

IMIL. Stay, old man, a moment ; stay—  
It is Andrea. [After looking earnestly in the old man's face.  
[Exit ANDREA.

BALBI. Dost thou know him, lady ?

IMIL. Know him ! know him !—oh ! ask me not, Signior ;  
For my tumultuous thoughts are full of dread  
And bounding joy.

BALBI. Oh, hold the last ; and calm it.

I'll seek my friend, dear lady.

[Exit BALBI.]

[She looks around as if seeking some object of recognition.]

IMIL. Nothing here

That does inform or strengthen hope—

Ah ! [Picture.] Tivero ! mother ! there !—he lives, he lives !

Enter ANDREA with cordial.

AND. The Signior comes to proffer his assistance.

[She lifts the cordial, and lays it back without tasting.]

Enter BALBI.

BALBI. Lady, he comes.

IMIL. Alone, I pray you—let me  
Speak to him alone.

AND. But, Lady— [Offering cordial.]

IMIL. I pray you— [Entreatingly.]

[Exit ANDREA.]

BALBI. Nothing abruptly. Let each step secure,  
By timid caution, safety ! Be thou strong  
In weakness !—and God speed thee, lady.

[Exit BALBI.]

Enter GIANE.

GIANE. Command and pleasure me, that honour is  
A word of empty courtesy, and bubbles up  
Most readily when the heart denies it most.  
Then pleasure me, sweet lady, by command  
Of all my will or mansion can supply— [Draws a chair and sits.]

IMIL. That voice ! oh, how it mocks, for not one trace  
Of feature bids me hope, alas ! [Aside.]

GIANE. Still faint.

IMIL. 'Tis gone again. I can but thank you, Sir.  
The zephyr thro' yon casement blowing, throws  
A perfum'd freshness hither ; and the beautiful  
Array of flowers and verdure quite restores me.

GIANE. In that they please me : beautiful they were.

IMIL. And are they not so still ?

GIANE. How much, much more  
They were so yesterday !

IMIL. Can they have changed  
Since yesterday ?

GIANE. The change is not in them.  
My vision is begrimm'd, and warps their forms ;  
Jangles their colours out of harmony,

And throws them into natureless confusion.

Two days ago I could have gazed enwrapt—

Oh, that that yesterday had never been!

IMIL. [aside.] When, when! direct the moment, heaven!

[GIANE has advanced to the picture.

GIANE. Even ye wear frowns to-day;—even ye.

IMIL. Ah, yes, I see: that picture—'tis a record

Of some dear friends, and calls anew some grief;

Forgive, Signior, forgive this woman's failing—

It caught my glance before. If I may ask,—

[GIANE takes out the picture and brings it down.

GIANE. This; look thee freely—'tis an incident

Remember'd in the life of him; drawn thus

When he was happy.

IMIL. What, what incident?

I mean was he a friend of yours?

GIANE. Brother

To that sweet smiling innocent.

IMIL. Yes, yes, I know—I thought he was.

GIANE. And son to that most calm and gentle lady.

IMIL. His mother, yes. Do they—know you, Signior,

Pray forgive my sex's foible, pray.

This picture has an interest in it strong,

It draws me to it strangely. Pray forgive me;

Know you if he—they live—I mean this group?

GIANE. She, e'er her son was steep'd in misery,

His sister, when too young to feel its pangs,

In sympathy with him, had soar'd.

IMIL. Mean you

His sister—that is all—are dead?

GIANE. Alas!

IMIL. All, all? this simple child; how happy

And how innocent she looks.

GIANE. True, such as

She was and is—and, how he loved that child.

IMIL. Would I were her!

GIANE. Indeed!

IMIL. I mean like her.

GIANE. Why, lady, so thou art, or rather wert

When of her age—or she like thee had been,

Had she on earth remained—no, no, for sorrow

Would have stolen the beauty from her cheeks.

IMIL. Indeed, indeed, you speak to me in music

Speaking thus. I will not throw it from me,

Affecting it is flattery.

GIANE. It is

A fancy vision, call it what you may.

'Tis like those things of which we dream. There was



A sense instinctive—I can trace it now  
 That drew my words forth ; or this picture's tale  
 Thou hadst not heard. [He is unconsciously taking away the picture, but, recollecting, brings it again.]

GIANE. Lady, these dreamy thoughts—  
 I had forgot myself—your pardon—would you ?

IMIL. He seems as he solicited their looks  
 To something near them : and the pleased wonder  
 Of the child is turn'd as he directs them ;  
 I can remember nothing like to this. [Aside.]

GIANE. Yes, yes, there was a fourth, but stain'd—I mean  
 The colours and the form were injured  
 Most foully [aside] accident—so 'twas erased  
 In safety to the rest.

IMIL. Was he your friend ?

GIANE. That was a lady. [Replaces the picture.]

IMIL. Ah ! 'tis there ! 'tis there ! [Aside.]  
 Black doubts and misery weave their clouds together :  
 My husband ! Felix ! ah, the truth will kill me.

[He returns to his chair.]

IMIL. Signior, I'd ask, does she yet live, the lady ?

GIANE. I said she died ere misery came upon me,  
 If you my mother mean.

IMIL. There ! thy mother !

GIANE. Lady, yes, that calm and gentle being  
 Was my mother—such was I, myself.

IMIL. That child, that child ! and am I like her ?

[GIANE turns away in thought. She arranges her hair, and takes a position like the child's.]

IMIL. Am I not like her, Tivero ?

GIANE. What ! a cloud.

IMIL. Tivero !

[He catches her in his arms.]

GIANE. Imilda, yes, yes, Imilda ! yes, Imilda !

IMIL. Thou could'st not be. I knew thou wer't not dead.  
 Tivero, I've found thee. I said so, Tivero.

GIANE. No dream—and yet so like one, dear Imilda.

IMIL. Thy voice struck to my heart at once, and yet  
 I had lost thy features—when I look'd I saw  
 Thee not—'twas Tivero I'd forgotten.

GIANE. And thou, oh blessed chance, howe'er it came ;  
 Not now we'll speak of that—anon, Imilda. [She is sinking.]  
 To the air. Andrea ! [calling.]

Enter PASCAL.

Pas. Signior, here's arrived—

Enter ANDREA.

GIANE. See, Andrea, see  
 She lives—she lives ! my sister !

AND. Blessed saints !

GIANE. Imilda ! look, Andrea !

[Leads her off to the garden.]

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ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—STREET.

Enter MICHEL LANDO and BARTOLDO.

BART. Well, Michel !

MICH. Well, Bartoldo.

BART. Here's a turn  
Out of our reckoning.

MICH. What turn ?

BART. See'st not ?

The trouble ta'en by our good counsellors  
To choose a colleague for Carara in  
His worthy office—to prop Visconti up  
That he may be blown down again by a whiff  
Of Giane's breath.

MICH. But that's not all—

BART. What else ?

MICH. A turn—ah, more than one.

BART. Can'st even it ?

MICH. How even it ?

BART. Why make us see the turnings.

MICH. Not I—but shall see yet—and soon—the end  
That's hunted for is plain enough.

BART. What's that ?

MICH. 'Tis plain enough, I say.—Foxes have started  
A fanged wolf with fire about him. We shall see  
Loose running thro' the city.

BART. Who starts,

Who rouses him, the wolf, I mean—is't Giane ?

MICH. No—no—believe that true Bartoldo, no.

BART. This looks much like it tho', and if it be  
It's hide will not escape the mauling.

MICH. I

Cannot see thro' it yet : but, good Bartoldo,  
Don't cast the Signior from thy friendliness.  
There's something moving, meant for wrong to him.

BART. Michel, shall we hear on't this afternoon,  
At the Credenza meeting ?

MICH. Ay, I'll be there.

BART. The trial's on to-day ?

MICH. Of Count Visconti ? Yes.

Enter FIESCO.

FIES. The Podesta, good hands, sends to thee.

MICH. To me.

FIES. To thee, good Michel, so he bade me call thee.

MICH. Oh.

FIES. Thy attendance on him at his palace,  
Within the hour, will please him much.

MICH. I'm bound in duty to his will, Count Fiesco.  
Within the hour?

FIES. Within the hour, good Michel.

BART. Your wisdom, Signior, and your knowledge too,  
Profound—all Milan knows it—for it looks  
From out your eyes thro' all your noble person,  
Can gild our ignorance, so please you.

FIES. In what,  
Good friend?

BART. In this—is't likely, worthy Sir,  
To go with Count Visconti hard?

FIES. We shall  
Employ our judgments first, ere we decide.

BART. All's right  
Where Count Fiesco counsels, thanks my lord.

FIES. Remember, Michel.

[Going.

MICH. Sir, I shall.

BART. Good day, my lord.

FIES. Oh, ah! farewell.

[Exit FIESCO.

MICH. A wag for mischief.

BART. But, Michel—there is honor for thee.

MICH. Favor too,

I doubt not: greatness claps himself upon  
My shoulders, whether I will or not. But, hark,  
'Tis something the Credenza's backs will bear  
As well as mine.

BART. Thou wilt be there?

MICH. Ay, ay.

I shall: and with Carara's bidding too.

BART. Well, we shall hear Michel.

MICH. So, farewell.

BART. Oh, ha! farewell.

MICH. 'Till then.

[Laying his finger on his lip.

BART. Yes—yes—I will.

[Exeunt severally.

## SCENE 2.—AT CARARA'S.

Enter CARARA and FARINATI.

CAR. Success runs smiling towards us as our beck  
Of finger calls her: and upon our steps  
She hangs delighted: 'tis our skill that charms.

FAB. But, Francis, when the trial's held, may not  
The presence of Visconti some unravelling  
Of the webs occasion ? so that Giane's eyes  
May pierce the mystery which veils them now.

CAR. I've looked to that : and Giane shall not be  
Confronted with the enemy he dooms  
To death, till that unravelling will be  
Of no effect to save Visconti—he  
Shall speak all fully first : then let  
It come to rouse the rabble's rage against  
Good Giane, who, in this, they'll say, belies  
His former lauded mercy. They deceived  
Will roar for vengeance on him. Well, let them !  
They shall have it to the utmost if they please.

FAB. How furthers this our cause ? His death alone  
Will not restore the exiled.

CAR. O, but 'twill.  
Commotion rises in it—riot swells  
Uproarious through the city—'tis my place  
To make tranquillity—to see the laws  
Respected. We have soldiers here—their aid  
Will come most opportunely. Seest thou, now ?

FAB. Thou shouldst have empires in thy hand,  
Not petty states, to marshall—noble friend.

CAR. Michel is coming here. Michel and I  
Must talk alone : a cautious eye he has,  
And knows there must be doubling when a priest  
Meddles in secular affairs. Go thou  
Put up a prayer for the issue.

FAB. Excellent.

[Exit FABINATI.]

CAR. I do trust thee, because I know thy fears  
Will seal thy lips up : and thy gathering hopes  
Be crush'd for ever : and thy certain death  
Leap to thee on betrayal. Ha ! he's here !

Enter MICHEL LANDO.

CAR. Good Michel, this is kind in thee, so soon  
To glad my wish.

MICH. I came at your command.

CAR. Call it not so, my friend.

Well ; was our late communion of such weight  
With thee as to be weigh'd again, good Michel,  
In thy thoughts.

MICH. Yes, Count Carara.

CAR. It was ;

And I am sure the cause has won thee to it.  
For 'tis unshackling Milan's citizens.

In ten days hence the envoy will be here—  
How shall he be received ? Much rests with thee.

MICH. The danger is not small.

CAR. The prize is worth the peril.

MICH. And that allegiance which we've sworn  
Stands in demand for something like obedience ;  
Does it not, my Lord ? I've thought—but you know best.

CAR. Obedience—ho ! let's count his men at arms :  
How many soldiers does he reckon here ?

There's the Albergi regiment, and the Red  
Billmen—they count some thirty score, I think.  
The squadron of St. Jerome, and the band  
Of Lances—say, one hundred for the Lances.  
And, then—ah, truly, we must not forget  
The young and yellow bearded bowmen—no—  
Say they make in all—we'll give't, a thousand—

MICH. 'Tis not the number, Signior Count—the right—

CAR. And we're nine thousand, Michel : there's the right  
We've reckon'd for obedience.

MICH. Good, my Lord ;

But will not this drag down on Crema more  
And new distresses—there is Lodi, too,  
Tho' oft-times Milan's foe, in this at least  
Would suffer as her friend. So thinks the Count ?

CAR. That policy is wise, indeed, that waits  
To count the weeds it levels in its path—  
They who attempt great ends, must oft forget  
The stops between the starting point and goal.  
Make them allies or victims—either works.  
Victims were easier—ay, and surer too.  
Whatever's crush'd—whoever falls between  
My point and me, I count as levelled rocks,  
That choked my path—or, better yet, perhaps,  
As fording stones, o'er which I cross the streams  
That intercept my way. Thou see'st me, Michel.

MICH. It fits not me to bandy words with nobles :—  
But when one counsels with me—'tis an honour  
Which I look not for—in difficult things  
And weighty, I must break my custom—pardon me.

CAR. The noble who confers with thee, brave Lando,  
Whose well known spirit has so often flash'd  
In Milan's cause, and in her people's rights,  
Honours himself in seeking thy advice.

MICH. Oh, now I'm satisfied, my Lord, and ask,  
Is this a faction stirring—or is't Milan's good  
We seek in this ?

CAR. A faction, Michel ? No : we all have felt  
How galling 'tis to cast our eyes around,  
And see in Milan's streets the idle slaves,  
With which a foreign tyrant thinks to check us,  
In insolent overbearing, stalk about ;

Sparing no taunts to let us feel they think  
Themselves our masters. Michel, we should have  
Masters of our own choosing.

MICH. Now, my Lord  
I am convinced. I'll talk this o'er again,  
Among the clubs.

CAR. The Motta and Credenza;  
First let them be gained,—and, Lando, all  
The rest will follow.

MICH. I think they'll hear me;  
And if they do they'll see—and act upon it.

CAR. Brave Michel Lando, thy advancement's sure  
In this—but pardon me, I wrong thee—wishes  
Outran discretion: for to thee, all know,  
And well may I, thy best advancement is  
The freedom of thy fellow-citizens.—  
A bribe which monarchs fear to give. Farewell.

Exit CARARA. Solus, MICHEL.

MICH. Oh, yes, you have me buckled in your belt.  
Your's is a bribe, my noble podesta!  
You for our master!—you're a worthy one!  
The clubs? ay, they shall hear it—  
How very wise these politicians are!  
They look straightforward; they—  
And that poor fool Fiesco, whose best wits  
But help him how to fashion at his need  
Some cobweb villany—he's the chosen one—  
Carara's!—ah! old satan's work trick—  
The weakest first—and Michel Lando next.  
Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh, but that I see  
The devil grinning—umph—he stops not, he,  
To count the straws he scatters in his path—  
Aye, aye! my friends, the clubs shall hear it—  
One of the weeds that chokes his path, I'm sure  
I'll be myself—one is Giane, I'll see him!  
Oh, what a wise good man is our new Podesta! [Exit MICHEL.

SCENE 3.—AT VERCELLINA. IMILDA ALONE.

IMIL. Felix! I dare not look into my thoughts  
Lest they should show a stain that rests on thee.  
And such a stain as but to glance it true  
Would strike the heart with blight—dead—cold dead!  
Felix—husband. Felix! no—thou couldst not,  
And I—oh, this suspense eats at my life—  
And kills my husband too. [Enter BALBI.

O Sir, I've found

A brother—one long lost—a brother, one so dear!

BALBI. The joyful news my friend, my valued friend

Has blessed my ears with, Lady—nothing now  
Is feared, I trust.

IMIL. O Sir, Sir, Sir! not yet  
I've dared to name my husband.

BALBI. No?

IMIL. There is

A dreaming horror in my thoughts that chains  
My tongue—a fearful something rocks upon  
My brain; my ignorant senses tremble in't,  
But dare not probe for knowledge.

BALBI. Lady, this  
Must be subdued—'tis error. Speak to him,  
For thou canst save thy husband.

IMIL. Yes, yes.

It must—it shall be spoken, and 'twill be  
Replied to by a tale so dark, so dismal  
That it will strike me dead at once; 'tis what  
A fond, devoted, and most trusting wife  
Most dreads the knowledge of. It cannot be—  
No, no—forgive me, Felix. Oh! Imilda  
Slanders thee—dear love—Felix, forgive me.

BALBI. I'm sure his death would plunge thy brother deep  
In misery.

IMIL. My brother! my poor brother!  
My dear, long lost, my Tivero!

BALBI. Pray say

If thou hast knowledge of it, were thy husband  
And Carara known to each other well?

IMIL. O, strangers quite: he never named Carara  
But once, as he was leaving home.

BALBI. How spoke

He of him? in dislike—this questioning  
Pray pardon, Lady. I have motive strong  
For using it, in furtherance of our hopes.  
Was't in dislike of him, or with pleased thoughts  
Of meeting him?

IMIL. Simply a gratulation  
That his fortune cruel, cruel! had so dealt  
Her favours—favours! as to give a man  
Of such approved report to be his partner  
In the duties which she'd call'd him to:  
Nothing more knew he of Count Carara.

BALBI. No more? 'tis strange! oh,—had he suffered much  
Or known unusual grief or sorrow, Lady?

IMIL. Most bitterly he'd grieved, he said, for injuries  
Which he'd in error—sore deceived—betray'd  
Himself by treacherous spies and letters, done  
To my poor brother—whom we mourn'd as dead.

BALBI. Deceived! betray'd by letters! there; 'tis there!

IMIL. Was Felix false?—no, no—his heart was speaking.  
O think not so, Signior!

BALBI. Take comfort, joy—  
Dear lady, I now see it—were my hopes—  
My almost certain hopes—mere webs of sand,  
I'm sure thy husband's safe from him : so well  
I know how much of God's best attribute  
Forgiveness, lives within his generous breast.  
Thou mayst speak freely to him now—not wait  
To catch the moment, or the word propitious.  
I'll seek him. Pascal, ho ! [Calling.] Speak, speak ! and all  
The clouds of doubt and fear will be dispersed—  
Now, lady, safely urge thy prayer.—[Enter PASCAL.]—Where is  
The Signior?

PAS. Gone.

IMIL. and BALBI. Gone !—Gone !

IMIL. Oh whither ?

BALBI. When ?

PAS. Ten minutes since, Signior.

BALBI. To Milan ?

PAS. Yes.

[Exit PASCAL.]

IMIL. He's dead ! he's murdered—kill'd by me  
His faithless, treacherous wife. Oh Felix ! Tivero !

BALBI. No, no ! bear up. We'll haste—there yet is time.  
Ten minutes only since—bear up. Come, come !

IMIL. Wings from the falcon, and a voice from heaven !  
To aid me. Ten minutes !—Brother—Felix !

[Exeunt together.]

#### SCENE 4.—IN THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

PRIOR, FIESCO, SENATORS, &c.—CARARA presiding.—OFFICERS and  
GUARDS.

CAR. Ye know the man, my Lords, and Milan's voice  
I'm sure, unanimous with your's will join  
In vouching him of pure and kindly nature ;  
Pity and mercy holding in his heart  
Their seat, so fixed, hedge off the sterner claims  
Which law severe and justice would assert.  
Think, then, what strife of soul he must have known  
Ere law and justice deafen'd mercy's plea.

PRIOR. It is self sacrifice in him, and claims  
The deeper reverence.

FIES. Shall we call in  
The Prisoner ?

CAR. Were it not fitter, Lords,  
To take the evidence of Gianc first ?

PRIOR. Why so ?



CAR. The question's for your wisdom, Lords,  
The pain 'twould give him face to face to speak  
Those things which must decide the fate—perhaps  
The death of Count Visconti, may, indeed,  
Try generous nature past her sufferance.

PRIOR. To spare that pain to him, the written law  
Of Milan comes to aid us. There's no need  
Of Giane's further voice, or presence here  
If it so please you. 'Tis enough that one  
From his high station hath denounced a foe  
Or open or suspected, who has sought  
Authority, he being, or having been  
At any time a Ghibeline. So stands  
The law of Milan.

CAR. Yet.—I bow again, my Lords,  
To your wise counsel. We, by such a course,  
Might strain the law too far—do Giane wrong  
To throw prevention in his way, when he  
Awaits to justify his charge. 'Twould seem  
In us like hasty vengeance, not respect  
To law. Think ye not so, my Lords?

PRIOR. Ever considerate and just. The good  
Lord Podesta advises honorably.  
Shall we call in the Signior? say.

SEVERAL. Agreed.

CAR. The Signior Giane—[To OFFICERS and GUARDS]—give him  
'tendance here.

Ye honour me, my Lords, by this assent.

Enter GIANE.

CAR. Signior, the Lords—but, Sir, I'm sorrow'd much  
To note that careworn paleness on thy face;  
Grief sitting on thy brow proclaims how strong  
A battle mercy hath with justice waged.

GIANE. Lord Podesta—to call it what it is—  
Hatred, with self-consuming griefs, and hopes  
New budded to be blighted mingling here.  
Read thy own heart to know how deep the first  
Will delve its roots and cling; but for the rest  
They'll drop into thine ears unknown, and die:  
For thou'rt too strong to feel them: There's in thee  
A native manliness which spurns the assaults  
Of such poor clamourers.

PRIOR. Signior Giane! this  
Commands our wonder! Words of bitterness  
To others yet we've never known thee use.  
The change we note with sorrow; for with thee  
The Podesta has here before us all

Spoken in sympathy—thy sorrow moves  
His pity in this case.

CAR. It does—it does—  
And Signior Giane wrongs me—not in thought—  
In words alone, the wrong is.

GIANE. Ha! wrong him!  
Carara? how! his sorrow or his pity  
Is as the bubble on the stagnant pond  
Which bursts, and nothing is but air: O give  
The waters agitation, what a foul,  
Corrupting sediment up-gurgles from  
The bottom—casting around infection.

PRIOR. Sir.

GIANE. His kindness is the smoke which curls from fire  
While down beneath the red intensity  
Of vengeful malice fann'd by hate's fierce breath  
Burns unabatingly and deadly. Yet  
Ye see it not—none see it, till the fire  
Rages destruction forth.

PRIOR. No more of this.  
It ill begets thee—or our solemn duties—  
O, Signior Giane, teach us not to cast  
Away our worthy hold of thee. The charge—

CAR. The Count Visconti.

GIANE. He. Ay, he! oh, God!  
Would that some pestilential flash had struck  
My vision powerless, ere my eye had seen  
Visconti yesterday: or that my limbs  
Had wither'd ere they bore me to yon seat!  
Oh! what rich bliss were mine to find, that dear,  
That precious sister, if this iron pang  
Had probed not brain and heart with agony  
So horribly complete, that promised bliss  
Is but a ghastly spectre mocking me—oh!—  
Oh, why did he come here! Carara's hand  
Beck'd hither my malignant star, and dragged  
Visconti in its train!

[Pause.

CAR. We wait to hear  
The charge 'gainst Count Visconti.

PRIOR. Fully urged—  
Set forth in all particulars, that we  
May thence proceed to call him in: and so  
Debate for judgment.

GIANE. Will he, Lords, and thou,  
The Podesta, I ask; will he be brought  
Before ye, while I speak?

PRIOR. Not so, decide we.

GIANE. 'Tis easier then—there's mercy in them: that  
One dread weight is off. Ha! I thank ye, lords.

PRIOR. Considerate of the pain 'twould give to thee.

GIANE. Is that it. Ha! considerate of the pain!

Does Count Carara urge that reason?

PRIOR. Yes.

GIANE. Let him come in, then! fetch him here, my lords  
Send for him, bid him come, here, here! there lurks  
A serpent's fang behind that counsel, Sirs.  
If it be his—send for him! have him here!  
I'll speak it now, at once I'll speak! but call  
Visconti in—and thro' his shuddering ears  
I'll ring the damning evidence again!  
My lords, pray send for him.

CAR. [To Officers, &c.] Your duty is  
To lead the Count Visconti into court.

CAR. We wait for Signior Giane's voice—he'll speak.

GIANE. Thus then—he speaks—'tis now eleven years  
Ay—ay—eleven ages on my heart and brain!

Since Crema's citizens embroil'd in feuds—  
Striving in factions, Guelph and Ghibeline  
Contested—wiles and treachery, with arms,  
In slaughter hot, blended, for mastery  
Their strength and cunning. There was one who placed  
His trust in Count Visconti, in a cause  
So dear—he trusted him—— [Suddenly stops—a pause.

CAR. Say on, Signior.  
What cause?

GIANE. What cause! what cause! the fount and streams  
Splash scalding woes upon the seat of life  
Resulting as the brain throws memory's fire  
Upon them, from that cause—— [Pause.

PRIOR. We wait to hear.

GIANE. I make but sport and laughter for them. Yes—  
Hear ye, calm lords, the Count Visconti—

[IMILDA enters and runs up to GIANE—ROSSA comes with her.

IMIL. No.  
Forbear—in mercy to thyself forbear.

GIANE. Why comest thou here? this is no place for thee.  
Sweet, go thy way awhile. I'll come, anon.

IMIL. Oh, speak no more—do not proceed—thy brow  
Is knotted with the strugglings of thy brain.  
With fiery agony thine eye is burning.  
Oh, speak not.

GIANE. Not! ah! couldst thou know, dear love,  
What cause it is that moves me thus, be sure  
Thy angel spirit while it heard the tale—  
Falsied in horror—ay, thy tenderness,  
Thy all kind gentle nature would cry out  
For death, for vengeance on him.

IMIL. No.

GIANE. Ay, ay. Didst ever hear that name Visconti?

IMIL. [Whispering, almost breathless.] Mercy! Tivero! mercy!

GIANE. Plead for him?

IMIL. Tivero, my husband! [She sinks down at his feet.

GIANE. How!

[Stands awhile petrified, then gradually disrobes in tears—bends down to his sister, lifts her up, and takes her in his arms.

CAR. The court, Signior,  
Awaits to hear the cause—go on, so please you.

GIANE. [Vehemently.] I will not go on!

PRIOR. By that respect, Signior,  
The reverence due to Milan here, we bid  
Thee speak.

GIANE. I will not speak again. O mercy!  
I bow me down imploringly for mercy:  
Let me not speak again—my tongue—

CAR. My Lords—  
Pray yield in this, nor urge him further in't.

GIANE. Ha! thou!

PRIOR. 'Tis well, Signior—we gratify thy wish.

CAR. No more at present.

GIANE. No more for ever!

PRIOR. How!

GIANE. My life for his! a thousand times I'll give't  
To save him. I will never utter breath  
[During the movement, consequent on the "action," &c., IMILDA  
rests on ROSSA, nearly exhausted—fainting.  
To peril him again. My foe he was,  
Not Milan's.

[The PRIOR is seen as if taking the opinion of the court members,  
and soliciting forgiveness.

CAR. So.

PRIOR. The reverence which is owed  
To sacred duties: to the established laws  
Of Milan: and no less that self respect,  
In which ev'n cold formality, bids all  
Who claim a seat within these walls, to keep  
Impugnless: thus unsettled, thus derided,—  
Made the mere toys of captious spleen, demands  
Severe reproof and penalty. Ev'n patience, tried  
Beyond endurance, shoots an angry eye,  
And calls for punishment, Signior—but know  
Thus far we'll blot the records of the hour.

CAR. Thanks—thanks—

PRIOR. So in the next we write thy wiser course.

GIANE. I've said—on this I'm henceforth tongueless.

PRIOR. Compel us not, Sir—

GIANE.—Cut me in pieces—

Hew me limb from limb and give them, messes,  
 To yon presiding demon : let him feast—  
 Gorge to repletion, laughing o'er his food,  
 Till the rank venom of his heart spout forth,  
 Mingling the poison with it that shall dye  
 His body through and through with blackness—so his face  
 And frame shall be his heart's and soul's reflex  
 Complete—and none deceived hereafter !

PRIOR. This is distraction. Good Lord Podesta,  
 Do thou regard it so, and pardon it  
 So far as thee it touches.

CAR. Reverend Sir,  
 I do. It hurtless falls.

GIANE. 'Tis in his heart's  
 Centre lock'd. He gloats upon the treasure !

PRIOR. Fie !

CAR. 'Tis pardoned, and forgotten, Signior. Lords,  
 Were it not well to have the Lady hence ?

GIANE. With me. Imilda, sweet, shrink not from me.  
 He is secure : dearest, I would not harm

Thy husband—no, come. [Taking her from ROSSA.

CAR. Give directions, Sir, [To an Officer who prepares to go.  
 To stay Visconti's entrance.

OFFICER. He is here,  
 My Lord— [Visconti guarded in.

GIANE. 'Tis he !

CAR. Return !

IMIL. Oh me, my husband.

[GIANE lays his sister in VISCONTI'S arms.

GIANE. Visconti, I forgive thee. [Rushes off.

IMIL. Bless thee—bless thee.

Vis. Stay, stay, I do implore thee ! stay ! hear me !

## ACT V.

### SCENE 1.—AT VERCELLINA.

PASCAL conducting in a Courier, with a sealed packet.

Enter from opposite side, BALBI.

PAS. This, Sir, is Signior Balbi.

COURIER. But my office is

To Signior Giane.

BALBI to PAS. Request his presence here. [Exit PASCAL.

COURIER. I bear this packet for his hand—it comes  
 With greeting from the noble Podesta.

BALBI. He shall receive it, friend. Is it of moment ?

COURIER. Of that I know not, something 'tis that touches  
The death of Count Visconti.

BALBI. Ha, the death!

COURIER. As yet he lives, but under sentence  
Signior.

[Bows and exit.

BALBI. Sentence! how! it cannot be!

Enter GIANE.

BALBI. Giane,  
A packet this from Milan, now arrived.

[GIANE takes the packet, opens it—gives it to BALBI.

GIANE. Ha, Balbi! fatal! read—I cannot do't;  
Black, black I'm sure—Carara's sign is on it.

BALBI reads—"The Court in Council, to spare thee further pain,  
and in the reverence due to that unsullied honour and that generous  
spirit which ever have been thy guides, my most dear friend, have pro-  
ceeded in the trial of Visconti, accepting thy word as evidence in full—  
they have pronounced his doom the headsman."

GIANE. No more! my sister! my Imilda! I  
Have murdered her! no! when? read on—not yet,  
Not yet—read! when?

BALBI reads—"The hour of which is left with me."

GIANE. Dead, dead! Imilda—

BALBI. No, no, Giane: "with a caution that it pass not beyond this  
day."

GIANE. Ah, damn'd Carara! 'tis the demon's howl  
Of joy malignant ringing thro' my ears,  
And burns my brain. He shall be saved, Balbi!  
Let him tear me into shreds and atoms—  
Imilda—sister! I'm thy murderer!

BALBI. I'll seek the people and appeal to them.

GIANE. No, no; thou shalt not go, they'll kill thee, Balbi.

BALBI. Let them, so I may find a way to give thee peace.

GIANE. Thou canst not—that would darken all.

BALBI. Subdue thy rushing thoughts to counsel then.

GIANE. Slow reason counts how many steps there are,  
And art, while seeking out the safest road,  
Loses his journey's object: Omniscient feeling,  
Lightning passion shoots the ray at once  
From starting point to goal. Throw here—throw here—  
Now, now—thy broad instructive flash.  
Ha! yes, 'tis he—his energies are bold—  
His heart is kind—he'll mould them to his will—  
And Michel's will is mercy, even when  
Stern justice loudest calls.

BALBI. Who, saidst thou, Michel?

GIANE. Michel Lando.

BALBI. What means has he? he's here even now.

GIANE. Here ! here ?

BALBI. I saw him loitering in the porch.

GIANE. Something brings him—Lando. [Calling ]

BALBI. What means has he ?

GIANE. An intellectual boldness and a heart.

Enter LANDO.

GIANE. Michel, I know thee well, and well can trust,  
Hear what I say : If I in riot thought,  
Or call it madness, lift my arm to kill  
My dearest friend, wouldst stay the blow ?

MICH. I would.

GIANE. And save my friend ?

MICH. Or take the blow

Myself.

GIANE. Stay it—my arm is lifted now.

MICH. Visconti ?

GIANE. 'Twas my hate—my private hate ;  
Not justice that denounced him. Thus have I  
Involved an innocent—doomed her to death.—

MICH. What can I do, Signior ? it shall be done.

GIANE. Thy fellow citizens : there is in them  
A power which they have wildly used ere now  
To stem the law which they have deem'd unjust ;  
And no less wisely struck at tyrant force,  
And tumbled it to ruins.

MICH. Well, Signior.

GIANE. Now mark,  
Thy courage and integrity, and, more  
Than all, thy heart which bends thy boldest daring  
Into mercy—

[MICHEL bows

Nay, Michel, think not so.

Even thus—thus wretched, seeing as I do,  
If I to thee could use the hollow words  
Of flattery, I should scorn myself.

MICH. Signior,

I did not think it. 'Twas in thankfulness  
I bent : for I was proud to hear you say—  
What others said—but I ne'er heeded them.

GIANE. The man, the man—the honest man, Balbi.  
If so—

BALBI. Can I assist in this with voice or arm ?

MICH. Signior, I would not have him seek  
Death or the danger of it whom the Signior calls  
His friend. Save when the Signior's cause requires—  
Then freely. You would peril one, and not  
Serve him in this.

GIANE. True, true ! I said so, Balbi.

To thee the people more than once have turned.  
Thy beckoning thro' the factions' guilty feuds  
Has safely led them : they will hear thee now.

MICH. I see't—yes—yes, they're ready.—To begin—  
We must think fast, Signior—Bartoldo—and—

GIANE. Michel, a few more throbs of agoniz'd suspense  
Will break a guileless woman's heart. Michel—  
Visconti's wife—my sister—my beloved—  
Michel.

MICH. Your sister ? Signior, yours ?

GIANE. Yes, yes.

Whom I thought dead—that one dear tie  
That earth yet holds for me.

MICH. I go—I go.

GIANE. On thy first summons, Michel, I will haste  
To join thy friends—send to me quickly—then.

MICH. No—no—not you ; there's fever to be cured  
Ere other fire be kindled. You shall hear—  
Then come—well thought : some token, please you,  
Simple and safe.

Ah ! right—without word spoken, when this comes  
You'll understand—pass thro' the city's gate.

[LANDO walks out slowly.

BALBI. A noble fellow, Giane, yes, a noble one ;  
And yet his motion is so slow, he quite  
Forgets the urgency which time puts forth.

GIANE. Safe, sure ; his thoughts are stepping firmly.  
Each step a battle won. That is the man !  
Ten minutes more to Milan : he'll secure it.

[BALBI goes to a window, looks through, and speaks to GIANE.

BALBI. Still slowly moving, with his hands before him—  
Clutch'd as if in pain—

GIANE. In earnest thought—yes.

BALBI. He quickens now, and folds his arms—

GIANE. Across  
His breast, with head bent down—

BALBI. 'Tis so—

GIANE. The man !

BALBI. Ay—he's in earnest now—

GIANE. How ? not running ?

BALBI. No ; but with a rapid—

GIANE. Resolute—stern—hard stride—

BALBI. Yes, yes !

GIANE. The man ! Imilda ! come ! [Calling— runs off ; returns  
with Imilda—takes her to the window and points,

GIANE. Look there !

Imilda, there ! the hero who will save  
Thy husband—thee and me, and all !—yes, yes !

[Scene shuts them in.  
N 2



## SCENE 2.—AT CARARA'S HOUSE.

Enter CARARA, followed by a SERVANT, to whom he gives a packet.

CAR. This letter to the German Captain—speed:  
Give't to his hands, and wait not his reply,  
But hither haste again.

SER. I shall observe,  
My Lord.

CAR. If you see Count Fiesco—

SER. He is here, my Lord.

Enter FIESCO.

CAR. Begone then. [Exit SERVANT.] Welcome friend, what news?  
How many of our hopes are cyphers; what  
Have flashed up golden numbers, friend? Thy news?

FIES. As welcome as myself I trust—the flame  
Has burst, my Lord; for sturdy Michel Lando  
Already has his grumbling fellows marshalled.

CAR. The Woolcomber's industrious when he's stirr'd  
With hope to rule his rulers. He is in  
The net, entangled, past escape.

FIES. How blind  
Is rabble turbulence—ha, ha! his craft  
Is useful more to us than to himself.  
Oh! let him craft it!

CAR. Even this fool [aside]  
Has wit in mischief, so he thinks. I've sent  
To warn the German Albert, and he'll pounce  
While they are laughing in security;  
Ne'er dreaming of the hawks that circle o'er them.

FIES. When dies Giane's friend, Visconti?

CAR. Within the hour: the guard is now prepared,  
And the Headsman's axe is sharpened. There shall be  
A show for them to gaze on; for the rabble love  
To make a holiday on any cause:  
But better still, if they can hatch one forth  
In witnessing a noble's execution.

FIES. Were it not, think you, my dear Lord—forgive  
My freedom thus to counsel you—advisable  
To show yourself to them—I mean to Michel  
And his gather'd friends?

CAR. Thanks for thy counsel. On the instant, come. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE 3.—THE STREET.—THE CLUBS ASSEMBLED.

BARTOLDO and DESTRO as Gonfalonieri, with their Standards.—  
GIUSEPPE and MICHEL LANDO.

MICH. Your're all agreed that I shall speak to him,  
And to demand Visconti's life be spared?

BART., DESTRO, &c. Agreed!

MICH. Then when I wave my hand, do you  
Fall back a little—but, be ready, still.  
None but the tribunes of the clubs, remember,  
La Motta and Credenza, speak, when I  
Appeal for proof of what I shall declare  
As coming from yourselves: but check my speech  
If I say ought not yours.

CITIZENS. We'll trust thee, Lando.

MICH. And note this closely too—note all;  
When I call out "depart," I shall not mean  
Disperse yourselves—remember, keep together.

CITIZENS. Closely as now.

MICH. Well, here he comes—note well, my friends.

Enter CARARA and FIESCO.

MICH. My Lord, I've lost no time; the Clubs have heard  
My talk.

CAR. Now, Michel Lando, this has proved thee more  
Than all thy valorous spirit yet has proved:  
Milan to thee and them is ever bound,  
And I'm thy private, yet thy deeper debtor.

[MICHEL waves his hand, the people fall back, BARTOLLO  
and DESTRO in front of them.]

MICH. And they desire as earnest of your favour  
That Count Visconti's life be spared.

CAR. Indeed!

But, Lando, he's a Ghibeline, and one  
Whom Signior Giane has denounced.

MICH. 'Tis that,  
Perhaps, which stirs them in't, it is at least  
Their will.

CAR. Their will?

MICH. So please you, my Lord Judge.  
Is't not your will Visconti should be pardoned?

BART. and DESTRO. Pardoned. [CARARA crosses to go to CITIZENS.]

CAR. But, Citizens, the law has given him—

BART. and DESTRO. Let Michel Lando hear for us.

MICH. They say  
He must be spared.

CAR. Yet, friends, one word.

BART. and DESTRO. Lando.

MICH. You hear!

[CARARA re-crosses.]

CAR. This glads me—be it so—good Michel,  
This is a spirit it becomes us all  
To cherish—pr'ythee tell thy friends so.  
Nought in my office could rejoice me more  
Than finding mercy is so prevalent.

MICH. Visconti must not die.

CAR. Most surely not,  
If't be the people's will.

MICH. My thanks and theirs.

CAR. I've promised acquiescence, Michel,  
And hope in this still further from thee.

MICH. Right :

This will direct us, and secure us too.

Guisepe, [Giving him the token which he received from GIANE.  
Away with this to Signior Giane,  
At Vercellina Gate : he's there, give't him—  
Say nought to him, but hasten back.

Depart. [Waving to CITIZENS, who go off in order.

My friends will show, my Lord, how much they prize

This kindly yielding to their first petition. [Exit MICHEL LANDO.

FIES. And will you let him live ?

CAR. Yes ; for perhaps

Some thirty minutes from this one in which  
We're smiling. Now they must break out, Fiesco.  
The herd will run beneath the precipice  
That, from the mountain rent, hangs trembling ready  
Down to fall : 'twill crush them while their first bellowing  
Of triumph o'er us, rends their ruffian throats.  
Do thou, without a moment lost, see Albert ;  
Say from me, my former Counsel calls  
For more immediate action than I dreamt ;  
He'll understand. Go, dear Fiesco, haste !

[Exeunt.

#### SCENE 4.—A STREET IN MILAN.

Enter GIANE and BALBI.

GIANE. Balbi, I cannot feel assured ; my hope  
Is but an agony of doubt.

BALBI. Mistrust  
You Michel ?

GIANE. No ; in him I'm certain—no,  
Not him : the people too move at his word ;  
But there is one on whom I fear to think.

Enter MICHEL.

MICH. He's saved, Signior, the happy lady now  
Is with her husband.

GIANE. Michel, Michel !

MICH. God bless you, Signior—I will bring my friends  
To give their gratulations—there's a stir  
Among the German soldiers must be look'd too.  
And here is one to thank you, Signior.

[Exit MICHEL.

Enter IMILDA and ROSSA.

IMIL. Tivero!

GIANE. Speak, Imilda, he is safe—speak——

IMIL. Wordless

Is joy like mine. Tivero he's saved, and more,  
Tivero, he's innocent of all.

GIANE. Ay, ay.

Thou makest him so, Imilda, thou, yes, yes.

IMIL. Thou dost not understand me. Rossa, speak :  
I could not tell it.

GIANE. Oh, if I had kill'd thee too.

IMIL. Hear him ! hear Rossa, he is innocent—  
My husband's innocent to thee.

GIANE. What means

My sister, Sir.

ROSSA. That Count Visconti never  
Design'd a wrong to thee—he was waylaid—  
Allured by letters purporting to come  
From thee : and into the snare he fell : the trust,  
That dear and sacred trust, in him reposed  
By thee——

GIANE. O, speak no more : but where the hand—  
Where was the head and heart that could—'tis dark.

ROSSA. He knows not that.

GIANE. Not know ? Roll back the pall  
Great Heaven ! show him !

IMIL. Dear Tivero, look not so—  
It terrifies.

GIANE. Thy husband's safe, Imilda.  
Let other thoughts be dash'd away—and all  
Give room for that to range in—that alone—  
I've battled with a thousand pangs : endured  
The shocks of agony : yet lived thro' all.  
But this too full—a ponderous weight of joy  
Shatters at once the edifice of life.  
I feel the building totters. Let me live  
To find that dark——

IMIL. No, Tivero, no.

BALBI. 'Twill stand more firmly now, it is not isolate.

IMIL. Yes, Tivero, yes : and thou shalt see the flowers  
Again look fair ; the verdure too will smile.

GIANE. And Vercellina will put forth its arms  
To give an angel welcome, my Imilda.  
Where is Visconti—come—he's pardon'd, safe—  
Then why is he not here ?

ROSSA. He but awaits  
The formal process of acquittal, Sir,  
From the Podesta.

GIANE. Carara is it?

CARARA! doubt him still!

ROSSA. No, he complied  
With the entreaty of the citizens  
And Michel Lando readily.

GIANE. I must see  
Visconti here, and clasp him to my heart  
Ere I'm assured.

[Is going.

ROSSA. Nay, Signior, stay you here;  
That rather I may hasten to inform  
The happy Felix who it is approaches.  
You follow with the lady, she may not  
Keep speed with me.

[Exit ROSSA.

GIANE. He goes Imilda, see  
With only friendship giving to his step  
Elastic spring and motion: thou——

IMIL. With a wife's love  
Could fly, and like a bird wing to the branch  
Which is its resting place at once.

GIANE. Balbi!

[Exeunt.

SCENE 5.—ENTRANCE TO PRISON: SENTINEL.

Enter CARARA, FIESCO, GUARDS, and EXECUTIONER.

MICHEL LANDO in the back observing them.

CAR. Go in: have all in readiness—then wait  
My coming: I shall not be by—but you  
Will have the signal from myself;  
Go in. [Exit to prison, GUARDS, &c.] Well, friend, the sickle's at the  
stalk—

The harvest ripe for cutting, and thy share  
What thou most wishes; the recal of friends—  
The Farinati, mine as thine, from exile.

FIES. I shall be glad to welcome them: and they  
No less will thank thee. See how easily  
Are hopes attained when vigorous councils guide!

CAR. Albert is ready?

FIES. Fully prepared, my lord—  
And secret: not a whisper pass'd the walls  
In which they are garrisoned; though every man,  
Clutching his weapon, stands as if a foe  
Were braving him with looks.

CAR. Right, Albert, right.  
There'll be a hubbub, but 'twill be a short one—  
The herd will fly before a single hound  
Of game, and we, Fiesco, hunt with our  
Whole pack at once.

[Exit MICHEL.

FIES. And scatter them, my lord—

CAR. Good Giane and his counsellor—his friend,  
 Spared Signior Balbi, have arrived in Milan.  
 Hither they'll come to—meet the corpse—in time!—  
 From me, the news they least may wish to hear,  
 Shall ring: then be thou listening by—  
 Note this, Fiesco;—when thou hearest me call  
 This Giane by a name that will be strange  
 To thee;—for thou hast never heard it: yet 'tis his—  
 Wait not my bidding; but, with all the speed  
 Thou canst, see Albert—bid him instantly come:—  
 Then, then!—or they'll be on us with too quick  
 A burst, and in the clamour drown the words  
 I would not miss the joy of pouring through  
 The strained and shuddering ears of him for whom  
 I utter them, for all that is to come.

FRES. I shall remember, Count.

CAR. Now, in with me.—  
 Soldier, should any of Visconti's friends  
 Require admittance, let them pass—freely.

SENTINEL. The lady too, my lord?

CAR. The lady? Yes—no—  
 'Twere better she should wait awhile—not that  
 She'll know it soon enough.

[Exit CARARA and FIESCO through the prison gates.

Enter ROSSA.

SENTINEL. If you're a friend  
 Of Count Visconti's—

ROSSA. Such I am.—

SENTINEL. Then pass—  
 Yet, Signior—no—pass on.

ROSSA. Has the Podesta—  
 Has Count Carara been or sent?

SENTINEL. You'll find  
 Him there.

ROSSA. Then all is safe—thanks friend!

[Exit into prison.

Enter GIANE, IMILDA, and BALBI.

GIANE. I've often look'd upon these walls, and yet  
 They never grew familiar to my eye,  
 But always seem'd dark strangers, who desired  
 To be unknown, and shunned the passers' gaze.  
 If, from their gates, there now will issue forth  
 An innocent man, new saved, they'll wear a look  
 As cheerful as the Goddess' temple is,  
 Whose offerings are sweet flowers.

BALBI. There will, Giane.

IMIL. Shall we not enter, Tivero?

GIANE. Stay for Marco,  
Sweet, he will soon return.

[ROSSA rushes from the prison—suddenly checks himself  
seeing IMILDA—goes over to BALBI and whispers him.

ROSSA. Prevail upon  
The lady to withdraw.

BALBI. Why so? Is she  
Not safe?

ROSSA. Let her not hear it, sir: if possible—  
Lead her away. Most cruel, false, and foul.

[GIANE turning looks into ROSSA's face.

GIANE. What is it?

[ROSSA covers his face with his hands and turns away.

GIANE. Ah! Imilda love! he's safe!

[She looks around in extreme fear.

We'll go to Vercellina—come.

IMIL. Without him?

Enter CARARA, OFFICER, and FIESCO.

CAR. When I thus wave my hand—then in, despatch.

IMIL. Where is Felix?

GIANE. Where is Visconti?

CAR. Where [Pointing to the Executioner.  
You see him.

GIANE. How!

CAR. Dead! [IMILDA shrieks and falls.

BALBI. Murderer!

CAR. Not I,

Signior. I but sustained the character  
Which your good friend, the generous Giane gave,  
In honour gave of me. I could not turn,  
When justice called and duty led me on,  
To hear the feeling voice of mercy. No—  
Else I had wrong'd his wisdom in it.

ROSSA. He  
Was innocent.

CAR. Giane call'd him guilty.

BALBI. He was deceived.

CAR. Deceived!—I knew it, sir.

BALBI. Thou didst!

GIANE. Ay.—Fiend!

BALBI. And thou hast kill'd his wife!

CAR. No, sir, not that—'twas not in my indentures—  
That task was Tivero Tagliamento's, there. [Exit FIESCO.

GIANE. Ha!

CAR. Where is thy secret now? 'twas safely lodged  
Deep in my heart, with other records writ:

Perused at leisure : now the tale's complete.  
 There's matter I shall read aloud. Know then,  
 I loved thy stolen wife ; and woo'd before  
 She was thy wife ;—she spurn'd me—'twas enough !  
 For thee she spurn'd me—I repaid ye both ;  
 How ! thou rememberest ? but thou dost not know  
 Thy trusted friend, Visconti, was my dupe—  
 Unseen—unknown, and unsuspected all  
 I wove the net in which ye both were toil'd.

BALBI. Oh, my dear friend, close, close thy ears to this.

CAR. 'Twas thou expell'd my friends the Farinati ;—  
 Thy boasted wisdom put the factions down,  
 Which yet will have them back in triumph here.

[A distant uproar of shouts, &c., heard.]

Hark ! hark ! the music bursts ! dost hear it, Tivero ?  
 The factions wake again to laugh with me !

GIANE. Carara !

[Springs from the ground, with the loud cry of the  
 name—stands with his frame fixed.]

CAR. Well, Tivero !

[GIANE still gazing on him—pauses—then speaks]

GIANE. Thy work is finished here, go forth and smile—  
 Seek out new havock—agonised hearts—  
 Rip up their wounds, and pour thy venom in ;  
 And when thy victims writhe, smile, demon, smile !  
 Plot with thy brains till reek the City's streets  
 With blood of innocents, and when the stream  
 Smokes round thy dabbling feet, smile, demon, smile !  
 Clasp to thy pantless bosom, thy sworn foe ;—  
 Pledge him, then drop the murder in his cup.  
 Wither the parent's hopes—thrust forth his child,  
 To rot in misery ;—  
 Keep hack assassins at thy beck, and watch,  
 With seeming vacant eye, but closely keen  
 As a wolf's on slaughter fix'd—watch, watch, watch !  
 Thy poor fear-stricken prey : and when he's lull'd  
 By that damn'd hum of courtesy then lift  
 Thy finger to the signal—up to the hilt !  
 And o'er his dead eye's curse, smile, demon, smile !  
 Cajole, then stab—deceive, then kill thy friend.  
 Be courtly-tongued thro' all—smile, demon, smile !  
 Till one of thy grim band, the only things  
 That thou dar'est trust, being trick'd, at length, by thee,  
 Out of his drench'd steel's hire, with blood red fingers,  
 Made iron strong by rage, cling to thy throat,  
 And drag thee with him down.

CAR. Now, now, despatch.

[To the OFFICER, who instantly rushes in.]



GIANE. O, come not back to life, Imilda ; sleep,  
Sleep thyself to Heaven.

MICH. [without.] Where is the murderer ?

Enter MICH. LANDO, with CITIZENS in order.

CAR. There !

MICH. In there : break down the doors,  
Save thyself.

[The Sentinel advances his spear to keep them off—  
MICHEL wrests it from him.

BALBI. It is too late, Michel.

MICH. No.

Bring him out safe—alive !

[A part of them go in, rest remain.

ROSSA. Ha ! lady—hope !

[Runs into prison.

MICH. Carara ! thou art doomed.

GIANE. He smiles—'tis hopeless all ! [MICHEL advances to CARARA.

CAR. Lay not thy villain hands on me. [Showing his dagger.

MICH. Me, me !

[Springs on him—dashes the dagger from CARARA's hand.  
Carara, I'm a weed that chokes thy path.

[Drags him to the centre, and throws him among the CITIZENS,  
who encircle him : he is stabbed by them, &c.

Take him among ye, friends—he's yours !

Enter ROSSA, VISCONTI, and PEOPLE.

ALL. Visconti !

[VISCONTI falls at GIANE's feet—rises—takes IMILDA.

GIANE. Preserved. Now, Michel—

VIS. My Imilda !

GIANE. This is too much of joy.

VIS. O Tivero, Tivero !

My friend !

GIANE. Forgive ! Imilda, sweet, the clouds  
Are swept away.—O, Balbi ! and the sun  
Breaks out with heaven's own beauty shining.  
To Vercellina, and the flowers again !  
Balbi, did I not prophecy aright ?

## THE BANNER.

## A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>ARCHBISHOP OF PISA.</b>                  | <b>MUGETTO</b> , a Saracen Captive.      |
| <b>DIAMBERT</b> , President of the Council. | <b>TEDESCO</b> , an Artizan.             |
| <b>MARSIGLIO</b> , } Generals of the Pisan  | <b>PIETRO</b> , his Domestic.            |
| <b>LANTORNE</b> , } Forces.                 |  |
| <b>BRIGNOLI</b> , } Leaders of do.          | Women, Soldiers, Captives, Populace, &c. |
| <b>LUIGI</b> , }                            |  |
| <b>REVERSA</b> , }                          | <b>FELICIA</b> , Marsiglio's Wife.       |
| <b>SPECCHIO</b> , } Gentlemen of Pisa.      | <b>VANDA</b> , Diambert's Daughter.      |
| <b>VICENTIO</b> , }                         | <b>CATERINA</b> , Specchio's Daughter.   |

SCENE: PISA.

## ACT I.

## SCENE 1.—AN APARTMENT.

Enter Lady FELICIA and CATERINA.

**FELI.** If inclination lead thee, my good girl,  
Resist it not—'twill please me more—so go ;  
Thou'lt soon return. Has't seen the Lady Vanda ?

**CAT.** Hearing my father say that he descried  
The galleys distant, she went forth with him.

**FELI.** When she returns, say to her I would see her.

**CAT.** I will, dear Lady. I am sure they'll bring  
Good news—the wind sits fair. Oh, old Tedesco  
Waits in the porch, and asked of you, with such  
Entreaty in his eye, as seemed to say  
'Twould glad him much to see you.

**FELI.** Let him come,  
If't be his wish : he sorrows, good old man.

**CAT.** [Going off.] Signior come in ; Lady Felicia gives you leave.

Enter TEDESCO.

**FELI.** How dos't, Tedesco ?

**TED.** I have health, dear lady—  
For that I'm thankful ; could my questioning  
Be answered so by thee, I should be better.

FELI. How better if thou art in health.

TED. Here, lady.

[Laying his hand on his breast]

FELI. I thank thy kindness : if I could return  
Such medicine as thou wishest for, I would.

TED. To hear thy voice is something.

FELI. 'Tis thy sorrow—

'Tis, good old man that so receives my speech :  
And I may hope a better anodyne  
Will sooth it speedily ; thy son, Giuseppe,  
Thou'lt see to day, I trust. At least wilt hear  
Of his well being.

TED. No, no ! he's gone  
From me for ever.

FELI. Nay, do not think so.

TED. Yes, yes, I feel it so. Not kill'd, perhaps,  
But dead to me : aye, dead ;—if I could cease  
To think of him, I might be blithe again.

FELI. And wilt be so—despond not—and forgive—  
The boy :—thou may'st have cause to be rejoiced  
That he preferr'd a soldier's life.

TED. To such

An one as mine ? It will not be : the change  
So from industrious peace, to toil unpaid,  
Except in riot, scathe ; and worse than these,  
It may be, valour unregarded, should  
He put forth valour, which I hope not for  
Nor wish I. He is dead to me ; howe'er  
His fortune cast him.

FELI. This is harshness—

It is unkindness, which thou wert not wont  
To show.

TED. Yes, I believe my heart, as it  
Grows cold takes to't a hardness, lady.  
Had not the Count, thy brother, ever seen  
That boy, he had been my son still. I speak  
Too rudely—too abruptly,—yet I loved  
Lanforne once ; and he's thy brother, lady.

FELI. Ah, well pleaded friend.

TED. Thou wouldst forgive  
If thou couldst know what desolation is  
Around me every where—how lone and cold  
The world and all its beauty is to me.  
My children, one by one, followed their mother  
To the grave, bequeathing all my love of them  
To him—that one they left behind, to be  
My care and blessing solely : and—he's fled !—  
I look around my dwelling, and a dream  
Comes over me—a pleasant one—I see them

And I hear their voices gladdening each other  
 With chirrup merriment,—the merriest he  
 Of all—their elder brother, as he rules  
 Their sports, and jests while he's rebuking them—  
 Affection tuning every word of check  
 With urging on and cheering ; and I laugh  
 With them, or I think I do—'tis he  
 Guiseppe—and they are mine,—a part  
 Of myself is each ! Hark ! what's that ?  
 A knock—my name ! all's vanish'd ! dreariness—  
 A house empty of all but sighs—and then—  
 I fear, lady, I fear such dreams will come  
 Much oftener—and more lasting—not to be  
 So easily broken !

FELI. This is eloquence  
 Most touching, good old man : it has a power  
 Too great to yield aught else but pain  
 In hearing it.

TED. What say'st thou—eloquence,  
 Lady ? oh ! yes—you mean 'tis truth ! so 'tis.

FELI. Too sad—too mournful, and it falls, old man,  
 Oppressingly upon my heart : and I am sure  
 Thou dost not wish to add to my affliction.

TED. No, no, dear lady, no—enough of that  
 Thou hast to bear—ay, too much, of thy own.  
 Then do, dear lady, pardon me—I should  
 Have kept the gates close barr'd : but open'd once  
 These things will forth : forgive me, sorrowing lady.

FELI. And thou be less desponding, for to day  
 We shall hear of him. Thou wilt come to see  
 My brother ? Wilt not ?

TED. Yes, I will : and he  
 Shall hear the desolated father speak.

FELI. No, no—not harshly, quiet thee : he'll be  
 The boy's true guardian.

TED. Guardian ? well—whilst thou  
 Art by, I will be gentle, lady, yes.  
 Thou shalt not hear aught that can add a sigh  
 To thy too great a number. I shall see him—  
 God bless thee lady !

FELI. And thy son—

TED. No—no.

[Exit TEDESCO.]

FELI. Farewell,  
 Grief torn old man !

Enter VANDA.

FELI. Smiles ! Vanda, smiles ?

VAN. Which thou wilt share in, dear, desponding friend.

They come, Felicia ; Specchio says he's sure  
They come in triumph : thou wilt smile for that ?

FELI. Who come ?

VAN. Thy husband, and the warriors.

FELI. If I can weep I will : but smile ! oh, no !  
I cannot smile. But has thy watchful eye  
Caught the intelligence thy heart desires ?

VAN. Oh, yes : I'm sure they come—one bark outstrips  
The rest : the others in the distance rise  
Like fairies gathering for a festival  
To dance upon the sunbeams, which are spread  
Upon the laughing waters. I've not looked  
So often at that bark, but I have learnt  
To know it well, and guess the freight it bears.

FELI. My brother, thy Lanforne, may be there :  
I see the conscious tremour of thy thoughts  
Sprinkle its vermil blush upon thy cheek.  
Thou sawst the bark, then ?

VAN. Oh, so beautiful !  
She skimm'd along upon the sunny waves  
A bird of glorious plumage, with her wings  
Outblown, reposing on the generous breeze ;  
And as her pennons flutter'd in the air,  
They seem'd like courier feathers sportively  
Careering with their news in boastful joy,  
As they would say "Behold, behold ! we come  
Triumphant leaders to the victor eagles !"  
While ever and anon the golden beak  
Plung'd in the liquid green, and mounted o'er  
The crisp and curling billow which it raised—  
And flinging backward that, another formed—  
And then another, dashing each behind  
In silvery foam as wave on wave they rose.

FELI. Thy thoughts are music, love—thy voice a lute  
On which they strike. But Vanda, Vanda, here  
They fall as cadences that tell how much—  
How utterly the charm of hope is fled,  
All joy for ever wither'd, and its roots  
Uptorn.

VAN. Nay, nay, Felicia—thou wilt joy  
Again. He safely and victoriously  
Returning home with Pisa's thanks to greet  
His triumph, will awake once more the thoughts  
Which look'd so cheerfully from out thy eyes.

FELI. No ; never more shall I partake with him  
Ought that is joyous—every lauding shout  
Which hails him victor, throws me farther from  
My husband—cold estrangement grows

Still colder as he feels the laurel wreaths  
With fresh leaves twined upon his brows,—

VAN. My friend!

Thy brother!

FELL. Ah! for thee—and him! I am

O'erwearied—feeble.—

VAN. To the air, love, lean on me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE 2.—A GARDEN, WITH PAVILION.

MUGETTO seen in the back, near the door of the Pavilion.—Enter  
TEDESCO.

TED. No, no, I'll not return to gaze  
Upon those things which speak no other words  
Than "what a wretched thing thou art, old man!"  
Better be closed in some dark dungeon where  
No crevice gives the mocking light a chink  
To laugh through! No! [MUGETTO advances rapidly.] What! an  
infidel—

What ho! there!

MUG. Peace, old man!

TED. No, no! help, help!

MUG. Be silent, Christian, I—

TED. For murder! what?

MUG. Call not, I say—

TED. I will. A Saracen! ho! help!

MUG. Old man, 'tis not for harm, I'm here: be dumb!

[MUGETTO has before this grasped TEDESCO's arm—he now  
raises a dagger.—Enter, from Pavilion, LANFORNE.

LAN. Mugetto, hold! Tedesco!

Touch him not—this is the man, Mugetto,  
Of whom I spoke—*his* father.

MUG. That boy's father?

LAN. Yes, yes, Tedesco, he will rather harm  
Himself, than thee.

TED. I thank you not, my Lord;  
You've stepp'd between me and the only good  
I look for—death. You've made it so.

LAN. My friend!

MUG. Old man, I ask forgiveness of thee; he—  
Has truly said, I'd rather harm myself  
Than thee.

TED. I heed it not.

LAN. I'll come, old man,  
This evening to thy dwelling, I have news—

TED. Shall I be there? Go you alone, and see  
The desert you have made.

LAN. Till then keep safe

And secret in thy breast that thou hast seen  
This Saracen. Wilt thou ?

TED. I heed him not :

And shall forget he lives ; but you, my Lord—

LAN. Well, well, this evening I will bring thee news—

TED. Of him—of him ?

LAN. Speak not of this.

TED. He is !

Forgotten.

[Exit TEDDICO.

LAN. Come : concealment, for a while,  
Be thou content to abide. Our honest aim  
Demands so. This had well nigh baffled it.

MUG. And he is that youth's father ?

LAN. Yes.

MUG. I thank

Thee for thy timely check.

LAN. 'Twas well—this way. [Exeunt to the Turret or Pavilion.

SCENE 3.—AN APARTMENT.—FELICIA AND VANDA.

Enter CATERINA.

CAT. Oh, Lady, he is come.

FELI. My husband ?

CAT. No.

The Count, your brother.

FELI. Where, oh ! where ?

CAT. He seems

To wish concealment, for he enter'd by  
The postern—and there is a stranger with him—  
He came up thro' the walk of Laurestines—  
It is a turban'd man, the Stranger.

FELI. Then, Caterina,

Remember it be kept a secret with thee.

CAT. Lady, I will.

[Exit CATERINA.

FELI. How shall I speak from thee

My brother's welcome ?

VAN. O, say nothing.

FELI. No ?

VAN. That he is safe return'd, it glads me, say.

FELI. No more ? but stay, and speak so much thyself.

VAN. Not now : besides, Caterina says, he'd be

Unseen at present.

FELI. Not by thee.

VAN. Well, soon.

[Exit VANDA.

Enter LANFORNE.

LAN. Felicia !

FELI. Brother !

LAN. Dear drooping lily, sister !  
 Unhappy sister, still : more deeply faded.  
 FELI. Oh, not unhappy now—not now, Lanforne.  
 My brother ; safe, and well ? quite well, my brother ?  
 LAN. Could I win such an answer from my sister,  
 I should be well and happy.  
 FELI. Art thou not ?  
 Oh, yes—say yes—it is a cordial to me.  
 LAN. Be thou so, dear.  
 FELI. And—Marsiglio ?  
 LAN. He will soon be here.  
 FELI. How comes he ?  
 LAN. With a victory.  
 FELI. Joyless to me, such news ; but if it can  
 Yield ought to draw thee back to friendliness  
 With him——  
 LAN. Felicia !  
 FELI. Yes, I see, the wounds  
 Still rankle—or they bleed anew—  
 LAN. More torn  
 Than ever.  
 FELI. Ah !  
 LAN. He thought a poor base trick,  
 And a smooth cunning would secure his plots  
 And keep their foulness from exposure, no—  
 Pisa shall gaze on him with scorn, if what  
 I think—I fear—Yes, fear—it is so dark—  
 Yet paltry, dare be acted—  
 FELI. Stop, Lanforne, stop !—  
 I am his wife.  
 LAN. Does he remember that ?  
 FELI. Thou shouldst not forget it !  
 LAN. Sister !  
 I'll calm myself. Come tell me. How of Vanda ?  
 The fair and gentle Vanda ? I am sure  
 She has been thy comforter this while.  
 FELI. Constant  
 In smiles, if smiles would cheer—and drooping  
 Only that they could not cheer.  
 LAN. Even she—  
 That lovely smiler fail'd—true, true—Marsiglio !—  
 Is she not here ?  
 FELI. She is, and much rejoices she  
 That thou art safe returned.  
 LAN. How knowest thou so,  
 Felicia ?  
 FELI. I had it from herself.



LAN. Then  
She knows of my arrival, yet avoids me ?

FELI. No.  
Thou shalt see her soon.

LAN. Felicia, I can read  
In this much more than thou wouldst speak—  
Thy advocacy, I am sure, 'tis so, has been—  
As unpropitious as my own—she fled  
On hearing I was coming.

FELI. And is that  
A proof of fruitless advocacy ?

LAN. What else ?  
FELI. What else ? sign of success. Yes, brother, I  
Am sure she loves thee.

LAN. And yet she fled me.

FELI. I am sure—  
LAN. But from herself art sure ?

FELI. In words  
She did not say—directly say, she loved,  
But looked confessingly. Another's fears—  
Not her's—forbid—

LAN. I see ; 'tis damn'd Marsiglio !  
FELI. Lanforne !  
LAN. Well, forgive ! 'Twas rash to speak  
So in thy ears.

FELI. My brother, friend !  
My dear, dear friend. Oh, couldst thou but acquire  
Some portion of his calmness.

LAN. Smother'd malice.—  
I know him dark, and crafty in his darkness—  
On me—I see it, feel it—from his eye  
He throws a causeless spite ; for he but thinks  
A wrong is meant, and ever makes that thought  
The fountain from which flushes forth a stream  
Of hellish meditation—long in't's course  
And black with its subdued and silent depth.  
Oh ! with such guarded smoothness does it glide,  
There's not a bubble breaks upon its face—

FELI. My dear Lanforne, do not speak of this—

LAN. There is an ugliness about that calm—  
Such quiet is deformity of soul—  
And then his voice—how bland each even tone !—  
Curbed with a skill he will not stop to learn  
Whose blood flows honestly : 'tis measured forth  
In small, light, gentle weights—a single breath  
Too much, thrown in the scale, would spoil the smooth  
Discourse—and courtesy would kick the beam.

Oh, courtesy ! that is the word which fools  
And callous knaves have forged for double-faced  
And damned hypocrisy. Whene'er I look  
Upon his lineless visage—on that brow  
Unfurrowed by emotion's touch, I see  
The fiend at work within.

FELI. My husband !

LAN. I

Torture thee, dear sister, 'tis affection  
For thee—wings out this violence—well, well !  
No more of it—but, Vanda, she is here,  
And knows of my arrival ?

FELI. Yes, but hearing  
That a stranger came with thee, she retired—

LAN. Ah ! then she knows there was a stranger—how  
Learnt she that ? for 'tis my earnest wish  
He should remain concealed—

FELI. And will be still,  
If you desire it.

LAN. That do I. Who else  
Has knowledge of his coming ?

FELI. Young Caterina :  
But I've warned her to silence, and she will  
Observe it strictly.

LAN. Be it so.

FELI. Who is he,  
If I may know ?

LAN. 'T were better thou should'st not—  
His being known will frustrate ends of justice.  
I saw Tedesco, the old artizan—

FELI. He is unhappy : most unhappy,  
For his boy.

LAN. Poor man !  
Poor man ? Proud man ! he shall be : such a son  
Will make him so.

FELI. My brother, even I  
Can taste the joy of this.

LAN. Well, but this stranger.  
He's an infidel, Felicia ; start not, love ;  
More honour and more truth there lives in him,  
Altho' a Saracen, than's found in some—

FELI. Is he your prisoner ?

LAN. He was—  
But is my friend, Felicia, now. Such I  
Think him, infidel as he is.

FELI. Thy friend ?

LAN. Yes. That is enough to incline thy thoughts  
To serve him—'twill be shewn in secrecy.

FELI. Oh, yes, it shall, but——

LAN. Others there are, who, for I call him friend,  
Would scarcely look with smiles upon him. Come—  
Come with me, or shall I, alone, approach  
Fair Vanda?

FELI. Nay, Lanforne—I'll not leave  
Thee now.

[*Exeunt together.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—ON LUNGARNO. RIVER SEEN, &c.

TEDESCO's house exhibiting appearances of recent neglect.—TEDESCO  
resting on a parapet looking into the River.—PIETRO speaking to  
him.

PIET. But, Signior, won't you hear? my Lord will be  
Much anger'd with this message.

TED. Well, let him

Be angry. I shall work no more.

PIET. He'll come  
Himself.

TED. Who'll come?

PIET. My Lord Diambert.

TED. He will?

With threats, and lordly frowns? they'll move me much,  
As thou dost or otherwise: perhaps—not move  
Me to compliance with his will. Tell him  
I'm sick—that's false. Yes, sick at heart, and that  
Will move his mockery. What right have I  
To feel! a poor dull-blooded artizan! "He feel I"  
Says he—"he sick at heart—the dotard." Ay.  
Go, tell him I will not—there take the truth  
And lose it not by the way. Do'st hear? I say,  
I will not: now deliver so.

PIET. How changed  
You are! I've found you ever kind till now.

TED. Well, well, forgive me, Pietro—'tis not thee  
That vexes me—but go.

PIET. Yes, yes.  
Here is my Lord.

Enter DIAMBERT.

TED. And frowning so!

DIAM. Tedesco, what is this  
I hear? Thou hadst command from me, long since,  
For that same tissue garment. Is't not done?  
Why not?

TED. I have not finished it, my Lord.

DIAM. Why not, I ask ?

TED. I could not.

DIAM. Could not ! thy hands

Are whole, and limbs too. What—

What then hinders ?

TED. This. [His heart.]

DIAM. Tush !

Let it be quickly finish'd, sent to me :

It will be needed for the festival

Which cheers the victors home. Thou'lt see thy son

March in the train of revellers : be that

Thy longing hope.

TED. My Lord—

DIAM. See it be done.

TED. Call back one month : and bid the thoughts and words

"He never left his father," live once more

Within the father's heart, and you may charm

Me into willingness of toil : do so,

My Lord !

DIAM. Talk not thy folly o'er to me,

And look I be not disappointed here.

TED. You may find others, I cannot.

DIAM. No : thou—

Remember, favours from my hand may cease,

And fortune look awry at thee, if I

Give bidding.

TED. Ho !

[Goes into his house—returning with a piece of tissue unfinished trailing after him.

Here 'tis, you'll take it so,

My Lord, or leave it.

DIAM. Insolent ! it shall

Be done.

TED. It shall ! ho ! there—

[Throws it into the Arno.

"Tis done, my Lord : the fishes now may dress

Themselves in tissue. Sir, invite them to't—

They'll join the dance, perhaps.

[Exit TEDESCO.

DIAM. Come back, I say.

PIET. Oh, my good Lord,

Forgive him—'tis of his son he's thinking.

DIAM. His son ! follow me—his son ! the dotard.

[Exeunt.

Enter SPECCHIO and VICENTIO.

SPEC. Swords are not ploughshares yet, Vicentio,

Nor has one Christian nation ceased to think

The ruin of its Christian neighbour brings

Profit and honour to itself.

VIC. But, Specchio,  
These are infidels with whom we war.

SPEC. Hem !

Sardinia's vales are rich : it is not there  
The war will end. Vicentio, there's enough  
In prospect for thy appetited valour  
To dine upon : be thou content, therefore,  
With loss of this one meal.

VIC. A meal—a feast,  
To answer in your figure ; where preside  
Lanforne and Marsiglio, I'd forego  
A hundred others for one feast with them.

SPEC. And die of surfeit, eh ? Is not that like ?  
These two so revel at the board themselves  
They teach the guests to disregard whole health.  
Marsiglio is a man fitted to guide  
The war. Lanforne one—

VIC. Your second is  
My first.

SPEC. What, rash Lanforne ! he ?

VIC. Yes, Specchio, yes, your second is my first.

SPEC. Had he Marsiglio's temperate tongue indeed—

VIC. 'Tis his honesty.

SPEC. His rashness—fiery haste  
Of speech makes foes where most he should find friends :  
His blood's a sea that never knows a calm,  
But every gust that skims the surface ploughs  
The depths up into raging billows.

VIC. Ay.

It shows itself and teaches all to suil  
Upon its clear transparent bosom safely.  
I love the crisp and foamy surge that splits  
Into a thousand sparkling jets when lash'd  
By tempests ; better far than that dull swell,  
That heavy sullenness, which toneless swings,  
Unrippled, like a pool of molten lead—  
Destruction brooding in its depths, unseen ;  
Much danger, and no warning is there in  
Such smoothness, Specchio, and it speedier brings  
Sea sickness on, the other is its cure.

SPEC. Vicentio, what a wit thou hast this morn !  
But see, who is yonder ?

[Pointing to TEDESCO, who has resumed his  
seat at the parapet.

VIC. Moody old Tedesco :—  
Now isn't he a man to be despised  
And honoured in a breath ?

SPEC. For what despised ?

VIC. That he, the father of a forward youth,  
Whose stirring blood disdained his humble race  
And aimed at brotherhood with glory's sons,  
Should for that boy's desertion of him grieve.

SPEC. How sagely dost thou read a father's heart—  
Good day, Tedesco.

TED. Thanks, thanks, Signior.

SPEC. Old friend, we shall have news to day—

TED. Of what ?

SPEC. Of thy—

VIC. Of wars and Victory.

TED. Defeat

To me is equal.

SPEC. From Sardinia ?

TED. Ay.

SPEC. News of thy son.

TED. I have no son.

SPEC. Guiseppe—

TED. No son of mine ; I've cast him off.

VIC. No.

TED. Yes, Sir.

VIC. O, churl to say so ; but I trust  
Thy heart reproves thy tongue.

[SPECCHIO goes up.

TED. Indeed ! my words  
Are echoes to its voice.

VIC. He's partner'd now  
With spirits who will grace the fame of Pisa.  
He'll shine with them : he cannot choose but soar—  
Where brave Lanforne leads—and he—

TED. When you  
Shall see a dribbling streamlet leap above  
The towering precipice whose spurning foot  
Throws the poor water from it, he will soar—  
You'll see a puddle climb a cataract  
As easily as such an one may mount  
To storied honour.

VIC. But the spray o'er mounts  
The cataract oft—and he—

TED. It strives to rise—  
But falls—and then is whelmed—what eye can see  
The thing confounded in the boisterous cauldron ?

VIC. Still churlish ! if he prove himself a son  
Of valour, they, the noble ones, who see  
His gleaming, will not let it pass, without  
Their honouring tribute.

TED. Humph ! yes. Will the stars  
Hold back their shine because a wick is burning ?  
Or will the sun draw round his face a thick

And darkening veil, when ~~marsh~~ fed meteors fly  
To light the world? When ~~these~~ things are,  
A low-birth'd valour may put forth with hope—  
Till then—

VIC. Thou wrong'st—thou slanderest many a one  
Whose noble nature scorns to blink true merit  
In those beneath their birth.

TED. Of the world's gaze  
They hold possession: and they'll keep it, Sir.  
They are the sun and stars—I wrong them not  
To call them so—nor slander them—they light  
The world.

VIC. At least they fed and warm'd  
One who repays them with his rude abuse.

TED. I work in tissue for the robes they wear—  
Their geer of show which marks them in the crowd—  
They pay me for it—so they let me know—  
When they *do* pay me: but it is not that—  
Oh, yes! that boy will be a star where they  
Are glittering.

VIC. I wrong myself to stay  
While thou with peevish tongue prates out  
Thy fresh stirr'd spleen. If thou canst not  
Be courteous, do be honest in thy speech. [SPECCHIO comes down.

SPEC. Adieu, Tedesco—now lad—offer thine.

VIC. He'll not accept it.

SPEC. Try.

VIC. Farewell, Tedesco.

TED. I thank thee. Yes, I thank thee—so, farewell.

[Exit SPECCHIO and VICENTIO.

Ha, honest! yes—well timed advice that springs  
From conscious overbearing. 'Tis a youth  
That smacks of goodness still—but too much tainted  
With that self-lifting humour which o'ercrows  
The whispering voice that told him what I said  
Was true. Ay, ay, Guiseppe, thou'lt mount and win  
A name: scathed limbs, perhaps, and gashes too—  
The scores which glory keeps her reckoning in,  
Will honour thy lithe form and fix their stains  
On thy fair face: poor boy! yes, they will be  
Thy portion of the glory—thy desert—  
Come back to me! ah! wilt thou? thou shalt find  
My heart is like thy former home—cold—void,  
And closed for ever on thee: noise! not for me.

[Exit TEDESCO.

Distant Clamour.—Procession—Warriors, Captives, Banners, &c.—  
DIAMBERT, first before the main body, enters.—MARSIGLIO, LUIGI,  
&c., &c., &c.

DIAM. Now, hearts of Pisa, lift your voices high  
 To hail your brave defenders as they pass  
 Upon Lungarno here ; and whisper thanks  
 To heaven, a grateful prayer, that it bestows  
 Such true men for your guardians—that to crush  
 Its foes, the pagan infidels, heaven's choice  
 Has fallen on countrymen of your's. They come !—  
 Victors and vanquished, spoils and captives throng—  
 In magnitude of numbers slowly move  
 To bless our eyes, and take our welcome cheers.

Enter ALL.

ALL. Hail ! Pisa's Warriors, hail !

DIAM. That banner, there.

Stand forth the man who in his honour'd arms  
 Clips the proud trophy—wave it high—let all  
 Behold it—then let all look here on him  
 Whose dauntless courage grappled with the foe  
 And tore it from his fierce defence. Marsiglio,  
 Hail !

ALL. Hail, Marsiglio !

DIAM. Oh, brave Marsiglio, look on these, and hear  
 Their outpoured voices, clamouring to thee  
 In love, and joy, and gratitude.

MAR. To all—

To all, if I could speak for all, my voice  
 Should bear to Pisa, thanks that rise  
 And swell in every heart, but find no tongue.

DIAM. A fitter time, for honoring thee, and these,  
 Thy bold abettors, shall be singled out,  
 And mark the brightest, proudest day that lives  
 Upon the Calendar, which unborn Time  
 Shall take to guide the dearest festival  
 That victory ever sanctified with joy !  
 Lanforne is return'd too : he will join  
 In honouring thee.

MAR. He is ? that is a pleasure  
 I expected not : it glads me much to find  
 His speed and intrepidity are one.

DIAM. Now, could he hear thee !—but I trust, my Lord,  
 It is not needed : impetuous as he is,  
 He's generous ; and the breach is heal'd already.

MAR. Oh, yes, my Lord ; I know of nothing keeps  
 It open—Specchio, friend !—you'll pardon me,—[To DIAMBERT.]  
 If, tho' surrounded thus with honour, I  
 Salute a private friend.

DIAM. Modest as brave,



Declining triumph's loud laudations thus  
To greet an humble friend !

MAR. Art well, good Specchio ?

SPEC. And happy thus to see my Lord Marsiglio.

MAR. Thy daughter too ?

SPEC. I saw her at Fontana,  
This morning, Sir ; and saw the Countess too ;—  
Lady Felicia.

MAR. Well ? Vicentio—tho' thy share  
Of triumph thou hast lost to day, despond  
Not, youth ; our Pisa's arm will stretch beyond  
Sardinia.

VIC. But I have lost this, my Lord.

MAR. Others will call, Vicentio, be assured ;  
If at their beck thou'lt follow me, well pleased  
No less than honour'd, I shall lead thee on,  
If mine direction be. Remember ! Now  
Farewell ! [Exit Warriors, and all except VICENTIO and SPECCHIO.

SPEC. "*Well ? Vicentio, and so forth.*" Is that all ?  
I told him I had seen his Lady.—" Well ?  
Vicentio"—and—she is dying—blighted  
And broken hearted ! and he knew 'twas so—  
He left her so !

VIC. That was his temperate tongue—

SPEC. His hollow, callous heart ! Vicentio, thou  
Hast schooled me rightly—well—and I  
Forgive the taunt, boy, freely !—thank thee too—  
And yet he is a brave and gallant soldier !  
This stamps upon the brave man's name a lie—  
Lanforne, hate him !—He deserves thy hate  
To overflowing.

VIC. Specchio !

SPEC. Yes, Vicentio, now  
I am thy proselyte ! Ha ! ha ! Caterina,  
I see thy meaning—poor Felicia's death—  
Then Lady Vanda may be wooed.

VIC. What ! what ?  
The Lady Vanda !

SPEC. Be thou silent in it.

VIC. She will not—

SPEC. She would not rather say thou,  
If her own wishes guided.

VIC. But, Lanforne !

SPEC. Oh, there's a tempest brewing !—let's along. [Clamour.  
More shouting ! something more is stirring

Enter PIETRO.

Friend, what is the matter now ?

PIET. Rare news, Signior.  
 Our gallies will not lack for rowers.  
 SPEC. How supplied ?  
 PIET. Sir, all the prisoner infidels are cast  
 For slaves, not one of them is to be ransomed ;  
 All must go, except a few who are to die.  
 SPEC. Art sure of that ?  
 PIET. 'Tis so proclaimed, Signior.  
 SPEC. [To VICENTIO.] Keep him awhile in talk, or lead him hence,  
 Vicentio.  
 VIC. Whether goest thou ?  
 SPEC. Ask not, why.  
 'Tis to Fontana, on emergency.  
 VIC. From this ?  
 SPEC. Ask not. Thou wilt see all in time.

Exit SPECCHIO.

VIC. So, friend, our gallies will be pack'd with these ;  
 Who'll tug the oars to bear the warriors on  
 To other victory-fields, on which will fall  
 Their brethren infidels ?  
 PIET. 'Tis so, Signior.  
 VIC. When do the excepted die ?  
 PIET. I learnt not that :  
 So please you I'll along with you, Signior,  
 And ask it.  
 VIC. Thanks to thee, friend, come on then. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE 2.—AT FONTANA.

Enter CATERINA and SPECCHIO.

SPEC. Speed, speed, good girl ; request the Count to give  
 Me audience for a minute : with all haste.  
 CAT. Why, father, is there ought that threatens him ?  
 SPEC. No, no—but ask no questions. Go, Caterina.  
 [Exit CATERINA.]  
 SPEC. 'Twill anger him, I know—but better that  
 Than grieve him, for there is some cause that makes  
 That stranger infidel, a man, whose death  
 Would bring Lanforne bitterness.

Enter LANFORNE.

LAN. Signior Specchio,  
 Thy Caterina's haste would scarcely give  
 Her breath to speak her errand ; but I caught  
 Enough to understand like haste was thine  
 To see me. What is it ?  
 SPEC. My Lord, you have  
 A turbann'd stranger here, concealed.

LAN. How knew  
You that ?

SPEC. Restrain your anger : you would not  
Have him condemn'd to death or slavery ?

LAN. No, no ! how learnt you there is such an one ?

SPEC. My Lord, I chanced to see him, as you entered  
Through the garden ; questioning my daughter,  
She told me he was one, whose presence here  
You'd keep unknown.

LAN. Hast thou to any one,  
Or one to thee, yet whisper'd this ?

SPEC. No. Not a soul.

LAN. Keep silent still. May I  
Be sure thou wilt ?

SPEC. Most safe—most certain, Count.

LAN. Thanks ! Now—slavery or death ! what meaning  
Hast thou there ?

SPEC. This, my Lord ; there's a decree  
Gone forth, that all the captive infidels  
Shall go unransomed : some to death : the rest  
To slavery endless as their lives.

LAN. Hal is this so ?

SPEC. My Lord, it is.

LAN. The demon then  
Fears his own work may shame him : this device  
He thinks will screen his visage. Shall it ? No.  
They are disembarked, our soldiers and—the rest.

SPEC. I saw them, and I saw Marsiglio, too,  
And spoke to him, and he to me.

LAN. How spoke ?

SPEC. I told him I had seen his wife, your sister,  
Count, and he threw me off with "well"—as if  
'Twere nothing.

LAN. And it is nothing to him !  
Or less, or worse than nothing. Sister—I—  
Here is a fire burns up my tears, else should  
I weep, and so find that poor consolation  
Which is to thee denied. Thanks, Specchio, thanks,  
I shall employ thy warning—mark, this man,  
This captive Saracen, my friend he is—  
Must not be sacrificed whate'er decree  
Be issued.

SPEC. He's safe for me, my lips are sealed,  
My Lord.

LAN. If I can e'er remember thee  
With stronger proofs than thanks, be sure  
I shall be grateful.

SPEC. In my thoughts, my Lord,  
Tho' grief and anger mingle there, I'll find

A recompense from you. None other ask  
Nor wish I.

LAN. [Taking his hand.] Specchio, fare-thee-well.

SPEC. My Lord.

[Exit SPECCHIO.]

LAN. Marsiglio's hand is here ! cold, cunning devil !  
And base as cold and cunning. I alone  
Will trumpet him ! Shall I be heard, or shall  
I be believed if heard. Ha ! watchful he  
Suborns his fools to back him ! Who dare doubt,  
When truth out-thundered from the heart, and shot  
From the eye in lightnings, smites a villain !  
I'll wreck him in his triumph ! Poor Felicia !  
How wilt thou bear it ? Dear one ! Better far  
Be so than dying every hour ! thy term  
Of suffering fill'd, thou fliest at once to bliss.  
Lingering—unliving, yet not dead !—to lose thee !  
Quite ! for ever lose thee : and Tedesco too ?  
Marsiglio, hear ! Pisa shall wither thee  
With one loud laugh, one universal glare  
Of scorn that wonders while it strikes thee.

[Exit.]

### ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Council : DIAMBERT presiding.—LANFORNE, MARSIGLIO,  
BRIGNOLI, LUIGI, REVERSA, &c.

DIAM. Well have ye triumph'd, my dear Lords ? To-morrow  
Pisa's Jubilee shall be. Lanforne,  
Speak : thou wouldst something urge. What is't ?  
All here bear witness to thy merit ; to thy bold  
Impetuous and fiery courage ; yet  
Thy brow is marked with discontent. What stirs  
It, Count Lanforne ?

LAN. Briefly : impetuous  
As ye call me, note if there be not cause  
For discontent. Why, at the latest hour,  
When the o'erwhelming blow which crowns the war,  
And stamps in golden impress every brow  
That look'd upon't with glory ;—why was I,  
Even as that blow was pending—why was I  
Sent off to Oristano, to receive  
The insignificant and unforced submission  
Of that fear-stricken garrison, and chief  
Already vanquish'd by the tongue of rumour ?  
And despoil'd—shall I not call it trick'd—  
Ay, cheated of my honour ? Why, I ask,  
Was I so mock'd, degraded ?

DIAM. Learn, Lanforne,  
Learn, if thou canst, I pry'thee, to subduc  
Thy violence—suspicion should not live  
In such a gallant bosom.

LAN. Let him school  
By answering me.

DIAM. Marsiglio, speak.

MAR. 'Tis to  
My brother : hear ! Our strife of war was over,  
And conquest was complete, save at one point,  
Of which I felt assured : and Oristano  
Called for a man whose bravery was clipp'd  
With skill and policy to treat, where cunning  
Wove its entangling councils. Such a man  
I deem'd Lanforne ; clear and keen in eye  
To see thro' artifice, with a bold heart  
To dare and master it, when seen. My Lord,  
Iv'e said.

DIAM. Most honourably ;—Lanforne, this  
Appeases thee, I'm sure.

LAN. Ha ! ha ! the rash,  
The fiery temper'd—he, the chosen one !  
The master politician ! good !—I'll tell  
Why I was honour'd thus—for lack of skill  
To deal with cunning—'twas that I might be  
Entangled, and so scorn'd. 'Twas in the hope  
That I should be delayed while he return'd  
With flourishes to Pisa ; and so reap'd  
The harvest triumph singly, ere I came  
To ask my portion, something from himself :  
But that same wind which frown'd his galleys back,  
Fann'd in my sails with smiling ! little he  
Was pleased to find my billow-steed at stall  
When his came capering in.

DIAM. I blush for thee,—  
Lanforne ! 'tis unmanly spleen thou bearest him.

MAR. Hear me, I pray thee—and—I know thou wilt  
If answer makest at all, most freely answer—  
And truly, too, as freely. 'Thro' the years  
That we have known each other—all the time,  
As comrades we have lived in league together—  
As soldiers in our duty in the field—  
As leaders to the warrior hosts that followed—  
In councils of the camp—in sports that task'd  
The temper to the skill of those opposed—  
In emulative trials at the joust ;  
Or manly game :—at jocund board—in hall  
Of revelry, or chamber's quiet freedom—  
Say, Lanforne, now—if I, in wiles—

Or rashness, peevish thwartings, or in looks,  
 Or cunning, or device, have spoken word  
 That blazed a thought of injury to thee :—  
 Proclaim it loud in all these noble ears,—  
 These Pisan sages congregated now,—  
 And so denounce mine honor as a thing  
 That's spotted o'er with infamy !

DIAM. There spoke  
 The soul of honor and the candid breath  
 Of honesty confiding in itself !  
 What answer would'st thou make him, now, Lanforne ?  
 Come, emulate that gallant dignity.

LAN. Dignity ? 'tis venom crusted o'er with ice.  
 Give me, I pray, permission *now*, my Lords,  
 To quit the council ; or assuredly  
 I shall offend it, and myself, beyond  
 Indulgence.—Well ?—

DIAM. You have our leave, my Lord.

BRIG. Lanforne, friend, be calm.

LAN. Thou dost not know——

[Exit.

DIAM. Oh, heed him not. Give him his course, and let  
 His peevish humours fasten on himself  
 Until they teach him prudence.

REV. This a suitor  
 For the timid, gentle Vanda : he may fright  
 A maid with rage,—and scowls,—but scarcely win her ear  
 With music tones of fondness.

DIAM. My daughter !  
 Wed her to an untamed panther rather.  
 But, Lords, and thou, Marsiglio, let not this  
 Rude interruption vex to-morrow's joy.  
 Here break we up and take the hours between  
 For rest, and expectation of its coming.

[Exeunt all but MARSIGLIO and DIAMBERT.

My friend ; we are alone. May we not look  
 A little into coming time, with hope ?  
 Felicia cannot live.

MAR. I grieve to say,  
 That is too true, my Lord.

DIAM. Thou knowst my thoughts,  
 Marsiglio ; with what pride they entertain  
 Themselves. I have a daughter—not for him ;—  
 Not for Lanforne, friend. My future son  
 I'd have in one for whom a father's heart  
 Might know affection ;—not a man whose hot,  
 Intemperate spirit threaten'd daily broils.

MAR. Ev'n in the thought I'm honour'd, my dear Lord ;  
 And will embrace it, as a friend that soothes  
 The present grief.

DIAM. Come with me : our discourse  
On this shall be continued where it may  
Be held without an interrupting voice,  
Within my dwelling.'

MAR. Be it so, my Lord.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE 2.

AT FONTANO.—FELICIA and VANDA.—Seats.

FEL. Let me sink down to sleep, my Vanda, dear ;  
With that one balmy thought that thou remain'st  
Behind unsorrored.

VAN. Nay, Felicia, let me hope—

FEL. It will not last ; but, Vanda, could I see  
Lanforne's wishes ere I die, with thee  
Securely blest, death would come smilingly.

VAN. My father does not think—my father says  
He is so headstrong—so impetuous ;—  
Indeed he chides the mention of—

FEL. But, list,—  
Does Vanda chide when my dear brother's name  
Is mentioned ?

VAN. No, not chide :—it is not that.  
My father says he is so violent.

FEL. And thou so gentle, love !—oh could there be  
A better hope of making smooth the path  
Of life. For him and thee, I would not urge  
This suit : thy mildly eloquent looks—  
Thy tones subduing in their tenderness—  
For, oh, he has a heart attuned to all  
That we can prize so greatly good in man—  
Would win him freely in his wildest mood.  
Is it the sister speaks with partial tongue,  
And veils his errors to deceive her friend ?

VAN. Deceive thy friend ! thy Vanda ? no.

FEL. Indeed  
I would not ; but I'd say how poor and dim  
The knowledge is that's caught from outward show  
Of such as he. His very storms are raised  
By truth deep-rooted and the wrath of honor.  
Not that poor honor which makes forms its guide.  
I school thee as thou wert a child, and I  
Thy mother ;—not as I most wish to be—  
Thy sister, sweet.

VAN. Thinkst thou, my friend, I feel  
This schooling's harsh ?

FEL. No, Vanda.

VAN. Yet I think  
It is a brother's eulogy his sister speaks.

FELI. Oh, I have scanned him with a stranger's eye—  
No, not a stranger's; but as one who looked  
Unlovingly to know him; and I've seen those things  
Which seem'd foul blots, till closer prying showed  
They were the rude excrescences thrown off  
By the great force of better feelings.

VAN. Too frequent and too visible—

FELI. Too visible!

I pry thee, from thee dash that thought for ever:  
How much of wretchedness should we escape  
If—

VAN. All were like Lanforne?

FELI. Marsiglio!

I shall learn to hate thee if I think—hence, hence!

[Pressing her forehead.

VAN. Forgive me, friend—'twas I—

FELI. Oh, Vanda, hear his suit;

And answer him in those sweet silvery words  
Which float thro' lover's lips in tones so rich  
Their melody makes faint the speaker's heart,  
And thrills the raptur'd listener's frame no less,  
With too much ecstasy. Oh, speak so, sweet.

VAN. What should I say?

FELI. This little tenant here, [Laying her hand on VANDA's heart.  
Which pants with words imprisoned, will direct;—  
Oh, love is skill'd in argument, altho' its words  
Be few.

VAN. Felicia, dear! what skill is thine

To sue, thus suing for another! Friend!  
How few poor maiden's hearts would keep fast closed  
Their portals long, if visitors should knock  
As thou dost. Ah, thou teachest me by this  
How truly, brightly rich thy heart has been  
In woman's fondness: my Felicia, now  
That heart is beggar'd—it gave all to him,  
And, unrequited, withers. If,—Signior!

Enter BRIGNOLI.

BRIG. Let ill news creep thro' forms, and grace his speech  
With ceremony: but the messenger  
Of joy may laugh while he flies on before  
The tongue which says "he's coming." Ladies, I  
Am one who hither ran with such a plea  
As shall transform your anger into smiles,  
If my abruptness call your anger forth.

FELI. If anger were so ready at the call,  
'Twould be a forward lacquey, which 'twere wise  
To give discharge at once: thy looks, Signior,  
Give title to thy coming thus unushered.



**BRIG.** 'Tis goodness ever guides thy tongue, dear lady.  
 To-morrow in the Duomo will the fair,  
 The noble, beautiful, and brave ;  
 The sage and joyous, gather to behold  
 The festival of honour—when the chiefs,  
 And chiefest of the chief, thy Lord Marsiglio,  
 Far, far above all others, will receive .  
 The thanks of Pisa : ye, sweet ladies, will  
 Be there to grace the hour, I trust. May I  
 Have speech with Count Lanforne ?

**FELI.** He  
 Is in his chamber, Signior : thou shalt be  
 Conducted to him.

**VAN.** But in what, Signior,  
 Is Count Marsiglio to be elevated  
 Above all others ?

**FELI.** Ask not that, my Vanda ;  
 He was, thou know'st, the leader of the armies.

**BRIG.** Hast thou not heard it then ? Mine be the joy  
 To glad thy ears with his great fame. His arm  
 It was—his gallant arm, that smote the fierce  
 And desperate infidel who bore the ensign,  
 The battle banner of our foes : his arm  
 Which won that glorious trophy.

**VAN.** Was it he ?

Enter a SERVANT.

**FELI.** Lead Count Brignoli to my brother. Thanks.

**VAN.** Felicia, is not this a joy to thee ? [Exit BRIGNOLI]

**FELI.** A joy ! O, Vanda ! on that banner rests  
 A tale at which my heart shrinks—'tis my death.

**VAN.** Thou terrifiest me !

**FELI.** I am resigned. The term  
 Of lingering doubt is full—yet, ere I go  
 I would,—thou know'st what 'tis—

**VAN.** Felicia,  
 Thine is a fate which teaches woman's love  
 In its own sighs to hide itself and die,  
 Rather than voice it in the ears of one  
 Who seeks it but to mock it. Studies to win  
 It to his grasp, then crushes it with scorn.  
 Oh, no—let mine so die. I dare not look  
 With thee before me, to the fatal hour  
 That so may wreck me.

**FELI.** Vanda, 'tis my brother.  
 Thou said'st my words have taught how brightly rich  
 My heart has been in woman's fondness. Hark !  
 He's my true brother—and as brightly toned  
 In love's profoundest gentleness, as in

His honour-guiding honesty he's known  
To be invincible.

VAN. In love for him  
Thou art his sister—an adoring one—  
Most worthy one—thou art his angel sister.

FELI. Be thou still dearer—  
This is too much.—I talk  
Beyond my strength. Vanda, thou wilt?

[VANDA does not reply but takes FELICIA's  
hand and presses it to her heart.

VAN. But——

FELI. Then I

Enter CATERINA.

Am happy. Good Caterina, lend thy aid.

CAT. The Count, your brother's coming here, and seems  
In most unquiet mood—more griev'd, I think,  
Than angry. Something at the Council, perhaps.

Enter LANFORNE.

LAN. I cannot thank this seraph as I would,  
For her unwearying kindness—all her care  
And watchful soothing of my dear, my poor,  
And grief-killed sister.

FELI. My Lanforne! [Taking his hand and looking at VANDA.  
Come Caterina. [VANDA crosses as going off with FELICIA.  
Nay, dear Vanda, thou'lt remain—  
Caterina's help is quite sufficient now,  
Then stay, dear girl. [Exit FELICIA.

LAN. Could I pour out the thanks  
With which a brother's heart—his grateful heart—  
Would poorly aim to pay thee, gentle Vanda,  
Thine ear would tire with listening: only this  
*I thank thee*; three short words to sum up all  
The debt I owe thee: but they rise from that  
Clear fountain which o'erflows three drops of dew  
Exhaled in breath, they leave the treasured deep  
O'erflowing still.

VAN. My Lord Lanforne—

LAN. Call me not so, dear Vanda, Lord Lanforne  
Thro' thy sweet lips throws discord on the voice  
And robs it of its music.

VAN. I would not  
Take payment, thanks, for that which is to me  
A happiness so dear, yet deeply tinged  
With grief of sympathy.—Oh, no—oh, no!  
Lady Felicia, while she teaches me  
How sorrow may assail the purest heart,

And steep the deepest of all earthly hopes  
In bitterness; unbalm'd by any sweet,  
Save its own gentleness in constancy—  
The enfeebling throbs of innocence alone  
To hold it still in being—

LAN. Yes, 'tis balmed  
By the affection of her brother: balmed  
By thy sweet soothing—by thy seraph smile,  
Which, when she's drooping most, most bids her think,  
And thinking, well assures her who shall be  
Her comforters hereafter.

VAN. Oh, she teaches me  
That truth—nor less to love her even to  
That point which monitors her death  
To be the harbinger of mine.

LAN. Vanda—  
Oh, while the brother's soul in rich delight  
Is glowing—sorrow chills the glow—to hear  
These cadences—they teach opposing thoughts  
To swell and strive together,—wordless bliss  
And thankful sadness. Vanda! wilt thou hear,  
Nor turn aside unanswering or averse  
In thought? Oh, Vanda! I am rash, 'tis said—  
Impetuous, 'tis said—ungovernable—no—  
No, no, a breath may lead me, and a word  
Subdue—if't be truth's finger leads, the word  
Unsoil'd by falsehood.—Vanda, such are thine—  
Thy breath—thy words would lead, subdue—ev'n when  
The hurricane was wildest—be thou then  
Sole mistress, ruling calm and tempest both.

VAN. I dare not hear, my Lord.

LAN. Yes, hear—oh, hear!  
And answer with one word—one word, sweet Vanda;  
My mind with many thoughts is fill'd, and tumult  
Reigns—or I could—would speak with that free voice  
Which—now I cannot use—a sultriness  
Is in my bosom—'tis the soul's sirocco,  
Which, as it blows, oppresses with a sense  
Of closeness—suffocation. Why need I  
Pronounce the word?—why, why?—thou long hast known,  
Dear Vanda, long, how deeply I have loved—  
Then speak one word—

VAN. Lanforne!

LAN. Yes, yes—oh, Vanda! Vanda, dear!

Enter FELICIA—stands a moment.

FEL. Vanda!  
Now bless thee, Vanda!

[VANDA goes to FELICIA.]

LAN. O that tone—that tone !  
 It came upon me like the full, free air—  
 The broad and beautiful day—the wide expanse—  
 Which bursting from his fetters, flinging wide  
 The black gates of his dungeon, spread themselves  
 Before the dazzled eyes of him, who stalks  
 Forth from his bonds and feels himself a world.  
 Vanda, my Vanda : dear Felicia !

FELI. May I not  
 Sink to my tomb contented now ?

VAN. Oh, no !

LAN. No sister, live—this med'cining draught of joy—  
 'Tis so, I know—my sorrowing one, will lift  
 Thy drooping frame.

Enter CATERINA.

CAT. Oh, Lady ! and, my Lord !—  
 And—oh ! joy, joy—now blessings on this hour !  
 For ever blessings !

FELI. Vanda, hear ! well, well !  
 What is it sends thee ?

CAT. I forgot it all,  
 Seeing this—but old Tedesco's here again.

LAN. I had forgotten too : dear loves, awhile  
 Let me speak with him. I can make his heart  
 Leap strong in pride : yet, doing so, I touch  
 It with strong grief. Felicia, Vanda !

VAN. Oh  
 Lanforne !

LAN. My dear love ! my sister !      [Exit VANDA and FELICIA.  
 Now,

Caterina, let me see Tedesco.

CAT. Come, come in, Tedesco.      [Exit CATERINA.

Enter TEDESCO.

LAN. My good old man !

TED. You take my hand, my Lord,  
 I do not wish such honour. I came here  
 Not to seek you. But you're alone : I'll speak.

LAN. Thy son—

TED. I have not seen him. No, he knows  
 Well, well, that I should spurn him. Sir, he feels  
 What cause he has given for spurning. Yes, and you—  
 All grace has not yet fled him so to feel—  
 But you, my Lord, whom I once lov'd, and thought  
 A bright exception—yes, your honour, Sir,  
 I thought was honest steel, and polish'd clear  
 By a most generous nature—a most kind one—

Others shew'd tinsel—things by they spread which  
 Their hardness o'er—and glisten'd ; yet, 'tis honour—  
 And smiles so blandly, when it hears a truth  
 That galls ; and tongues approval too ; the while  
 It plots destruction of the speaker. One  
 Of these I thought not you. I lov'd you, Sir,  
 Because I thought this : and I chided not  
 When my boy linger'd near you : and you praised—  
 Allured—and stole him from me—you !—Sir, Sir.  
 The old man's only child—his last !

LAN. Tedesco,  
 Hear me speak of this ; and calmly hear me.  
 Thy gallant boy—thy brave Guiseppe—

TED. Ay, ay.  
 A day, Sir, twenty-four long hours, have passed  
 Since your return, and he's not honour'd, yet,  
 His father with a call—the gallant soldier  
 Would so descend too far.

LAN. Let me speak for him.  
 Tedesco, such a son as thy Guiseppe  
 Would be the pride of any noble sire,  
 And age, parental, well might flash its eye  
 In triumph, as he spoke his blessing on him.

TED. Yes, if the heart still own'd its kindred, Sir.  
 From mine the roots are torn—no fibre clings,  
 Of parent love—nor idly clasps this lump  
 Of isolation. Let him be approved  
 Or shamed, coward or brave, 'tis equal here.  
 Yes, let him kneel to yonder wall, and ask  
 A blessing, such an one he'll have  
 From me ! no other !

LAN. No ? then what I have to speak  
 Will touch thee less than I had hoped it would ;  
 And feared it would too deeply strike.

TED. Is he ?—  
 What ? say on, my Lord, it cannot move  
 Me now.

LAN. He fell, most bravely fell, my friend,  
 In our first great assault.

TED. Gone ! gone ? what dead ?  
 My boy, my son—my brave, bold child. Gone ? gone !  
 And with a father's curse !—no, no ! I didn't  
 Curse him !—did I curse, Lanforne ? my Lord !  
 I did not curse my boy. Forgive me, oh,  
 Forgive me, if I did, Guiseppe !

LAN. My friend,  
 Thy son has gain'd such glorious name, as will—  
 Tho' not call back his life, emblazon him

IN PISA. He it was whose grappling arm  
Tore from the Saracen the proudest trophy  
With which the victory is honored.

TED. He ?

LAN. The battle standard of the infidels.

TED. My son, my son ! Guiseppe it was ;—he, he !  
The tissue worker's son—ho ! that poor boy  
Who laboured in his father's humble calling !—  
Lanforne, I can love thee as before !—  
It was my son—my boy Guiseppe ! He's dead !

LAN. Hear me, Tedesco, and, note what I say :—  
To-morrow in the Duomo will the Lords  
Assemble, to receive from the Archbishop,  
Before a crowd of Pisans, honoring thanks—  
Be thou among the people : when thou seest  
That banner lifted and its capture urged,  
Boldly claim thou, in thy lost son's behalf,  
The honor due to winning it ; and call  
On me—call fearlessly on me—for proof.

TED. Or will they wrong him ?

LAN. Ay, or worse than that—

But villany shall cower its head before  
The scathing flash of truth. Observe this well.

TED. My Lord, my Lord, can my son's merit be  
Approved ;—can we have justice for the boy—  
The dead one—by aught, other means, than such  
As will embroil, and must endanger you ?

LAN. Think not of me.

TED. I must, I must, my Lord.  
Some other means : your very goodness is  
A scourge to callous knaves, and they'd be glad  
Of anything that promis'd riddance.

LAN. I  
Shall on. Think what they will : I'm not so poor  
In all opinions, but my word alone  
Will hold unquestioned.

TED. Oh, my gallant boy !  
My noble son !—Guiseppe, thou'rt dead.

LAN. I had  
A witness—have him still—

TED. O, then, let him  
But tell it.—I will call on him.

LAN. No, no : his death is sure, if he be seen.  
He's now concealed, where search will—and, ere long—  
Be made : knaves are suspicious ever : they  
Have fox's wiles. In thy abode suspicion will  
Not think of prying.

TED. Let him come, my Lord.

Where ? when ?—this evening, when the darkness falls,  
I'll have him safe.

LAN. Tedesco, this man is  
An infidel.

TED. Ha ! is't he ?

LAN. Shun him not :  
He's thy son's friend ; and would, in spite of death,  
If I would suffer him, defy all boldly,  
In clamouring forth such evidence, as would  
Stun Pisa's ears with wonder, to avouch  
Thy son's true valour.

TED. Let me see him ! hear him !  
Where, where is he ?

LAN. Thou shalt see him. Again  
Note me, Tedesco, well : his death is certain  
If that his presence here be known. Remember !

TED. My Lord, he's guarded here, and my dead son  
Shall be the sentinel.

LAN. Come, then, Tedesco, come.

[Exeunt.]

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE 1.—AT FONTANA.

FELICIA reclining in illness : CATERINA attending her.

FELI. You saw your father, good Caterina,  
And spoke my wish to him ?

CAT. I did, dear lady, and he'll come with all  
Speed possible ; and sorely will he grieve  
To find you thus.

FELI. Caterina, when he comes  
I pr'ythee leave me with him a few moments.  
But be not absent long.

CAT. My father's here.

[Goes to him ; leads in SPECCHIO, and exit.]

Thanks, thanks, dear father !

FELI. Signior, thou, I'm sure,  
Art my dear brother's friend ?

SPEC. Lady Felicia,  
My grief at seeing you is soften'd, thus  
To hear you call me.

FELI. Yes ; I know thou art.  
I have a prayer to thee : a few weak words  
Will speak it. I am dying, friend ; but hear—  
Thou'lt go to-day to view the festival ?

SPEC. No, not if you require me otherwise.

FELI. Yet go—and mark: if there should pass between  
My brother and my husband, words which teem  
With anger or reproach—hear me—if when  
That banner—thou wilt know what 'tis I mean—  
Is mentioned, and my brother speaks, then come—  
Fly hither to me—I'll return with thee.

SPEC. You, Lady, you! 'twould kill you, madam.

FELI. Oh! I

Must go. It is my dying heart that speaks  
Imploringly to thee—My brother's death—  
And worse, my husband's—no, I cannot speak—  
Of that—hang on thy answer.

SPEC. Well, dear Lady,  
I will come—yes.

FELI. And I be thither borne.  
Now, let me thank thee, ere it be too late.  
And for thy Caterina, too—good girl, good girl!  
A poor bequest for all her care and kindness  
I have named; but something, unforeseen, may chance  
To thwart—my Vanda and Lanforne have the charge,  
But should—thou'lt give her this thyself, and these  
[Takes the cross and jewels from her neck, bracelets, rings, &c.]

Poor tokens of affection and my thanks.

SPEC. I cannot, Lady! no, I cannot.

FELI. I

Do beseech thee, Specchio! I beseech thee  
Take them.

[Offers them.]

SPEC. No, Lady—you, yourself.

FELI. Oh no—

She could not bear it—thou—[he refuses again]—it will relieve  
My spirit much. [SPECCHIO kneels and receives them.]

SPEC. God bless thee, Lady!

FELI. Thou wilt remember. Come, thy arm [Enter CATERINA]  
and thine.

SCENE 2.—THE DUOMO.—THE ARCHBISHOP'S THRONE.—THE  
BANNER, &c. &c.

MARSIGLIO, DIAMBERT, LANFORNE, &c.

ARCH. Ye Lords of Pisa, and ye warrior guards,  
In whose quick ears the battle music long  
And trumpet's burst have clamoured with the sounds  
That fledged your spirits to the fiery charge  
And cheer'd thro' death to victory: attend  
To other notes awhile;—an old man's voice  
May lack the strength to reach you, and his words,  
Through age treble-fritter'd, tiresome prove,  
Where clash and clang, and the redoubling peal



Outchorus'd from ten thousand vigorous throats  
 In one loud shout of daring, have become  
 As daily and familiar converse ;—if ye can  
 Catch the few words one proud and thankful heart  
 Would offer for a happy multitude—  
 Two hundred thousand thankful hearts, that throb  
 In unison of joy—accept them, they  
 Are yours.

[A crash of music and a shout.

Mothers and children, lovers, wives,  
 Mingle their prayers and praise with tears of bliss ;  
 And grandsires lift their bowed and snow-white heads  
 And shake their venerable locks with pride,  
 To think that they have lived to see this day—  
 Their second generations throwing round  
 Their country such a radiant glory-light  
 As shall outlast the monumental tombs  
 That rise o'er Egypt's unremember'd kings—  
 As shall continue blazing to her fame  
 While beats Etrusca's sea against her shores.

[Another crash, &c.

Singly to all whose hands have at the foe  
 The glittering falchion dash'd, I give the thanks  
 Of Pisa—of the one large heart—the one—  
 The one—the multitudinous compact.

[Loud music again.

Another duty still remains—one not  
 Less dear—less earnest in its quittance.  
 It is to thee, my Lord Marsiglio, thee  
 Whose guiding wisdom shone so brightly forth  
 In warrior counsel and the marshalled field,  
 As gleam'd thy valour when the sternest peril  
 Frowned with its ten thousand visages of death  
 In thy unquivering eye. It is to thee,  
 Pisa now speaks.

[General shout “ MARSIGLIO.”

MAR. My reverend Lord,  
 Nobles of Pisa, friends and countrymen,  
 Forgive that I presume to check this speech,  
 And pray the venerable father urge  
 This theme no further : as by singling me  
 For this great honour from the gallant men  
 Around me, he desertless praise bestows—  
 And takes from them the measure that is due,  
 Borrowing the light which equally should spread  
 On all, to splendour me, he casts a dim  
 And distance-marking shadow over them.

ALL. No, no.

[Except LANFORNE, TEDESCO, VICENTIO, and SPECCHIO.

ARCH. Nay, let me finish—let me speak  
 Pisa's full joy in thee. Friends, while the bolts,  
 The shafts and spears, destruction-splintered, girt

Our brave Marsiglio round, with streams of blood  
 And waves of fire—undauntedly his gaze  
 Flash'd round the battle's beacon, and his crest  
 Nodding on the signal "on to Victory,"  
 Was seen amid the storm.—In all, he moved  
 A marching Pharos thro' the smoky billows.

[Music, &c.]

MAR. My Lords, my friends, my countrymen, again  
 I must entreat your patient leave to speak,  
 And speaking, to deny my separate claim  
 To higher honor than belongs to all—  
 To each who fought, and fighting strove alone  
 With Pisa's glory in his heart—a flame  
 That not less brightly burn'd in each—and made  
 One blaze, which burst as an o'erwhelming fire,  
 From full ten thousand bosoms—unto each,  
 Each kindred ember of that fire, is due  
 An equal honor and an equal right—  
 If praise be due, or thanks be given from Pisa.  
 For all, and for myself, I speak : we reaped  
 The soul's rich harvest in the toil—nor need—  
 Nor ask—nor merit more—than those proud thoughts,  
 Which consciousness of duty full performed,  
 Brings the performer ever.

ARCH. Give me that banner. [The banner put into his hand.  
 Look on this, Marsiglio. Pisa ! [SPECCHIO alert.  
 Behold this evidence—this golden gleam

[A movement by TEDESCO in the Gallery, which  
 LANFORNE checks by laying his finger on his lip.  
 Of honor, which thy hand amid the rage  
 Of slaughter, wrenched from that fierce infidel  
 Who bore it as his country's rallying hope.  
 Speak : tell the tale to all these eager hearts—  
 To all these ears which strain to catch thy words.—  
 [General shout] "Marsiglio !"

MAR. Nay, nay, forbear !—'twould meanly deck the man  
 To speak in that which must perforce appear  
 His own eulogium. [Here LANFORNE lifts his finger.

TED. Here me ! I will tell [From the Gallery.  
 The story for him.

ARCH. The reverence of the place, old man, remember.

TED. My son !—my son !—my brave, my bold Guiseppa !

ARCH. Old man, be silent, or avoid the place.

TED. I will be silent when my voice has won  
 My gallant boy the glory that belongs  
 To him :—that banner there—

ARCH. What frantic man is this ; can any tell ?

VIC. 'Tis old Tedesco, reverend Lord, the artisan,  
 Whose only son, a froward boy, against his strict  
 Injunction, left him, following to the wars

In Count Lanforne's train, and, at the storming  
Fell, it is said.

ARCH. O'erwhelm'd, poor man, let him  
Be cared for. Now, proceed!—

[Two leave the place to ascend the Gallery.

TED. To that leave me—

'Twas my Guiseppe that wrench'd that banner from  
The infidel!

SEVERAL. How!

SEVERAL. What!

TED. I will be heard:

Thou venerable man, before these Lords,  
And Pisa listening here, I do implore  
For justice and impartial hearing, in my cause:  
My son, I say, it was, that, fighting, seized  
That banner from the foe.

DIAM. The old man's frantic.

ARCH. Take him hence—but calmly, gently, use him.

LAN. Yes, all is frenzy, that is strange, but let  
It cease to be strange: let it grow a thing  
Familiar, and it will be strait transformed  
To wisdom—out of falsehood, truth; and light  
May spring from darkness. This, my Lords, is strange—  
'Tis not familiar yet, and, therefore, frenzy,  
Although it may be true. Let him descend,  
And stand on even ground, to urge his claim.

ARCH. Lanforne, check thyself, I fear thy hate  
Has lashed in thy impetuous spirit such a storm  
As will subside not, till it wrecks thyself.

LAN. That old man's cause, my reverend Lord, if true,  
'Twill blacken Pisa's annals to reject—  
If false—to hear it, leaves them yet unstained.

MAR. Let him be heard.

ARCH. He shall be heard—descend!—

Assist him down. [TEDESCO descends.

ARCH. Now, on what plea hast thou so rudely broken  
The reverence due to this assembly? say?

TED. A father's plea, for his dead son.

ARCH. In what has he been wronged?

TED. I'll come to that, my Lord,  
So please you, soon—commencing thus: I claim  
A restoration of those rights, the honoring spoil—  
The glory which that captured banner throws  
Around the name of him who won it.

ARCH. Friend,

Be calm.—Lanforne, 'tis my grief to find  
Thee urging such a course, as must lead on  
To tumult wildness.

LAN. Or prevent a stain

Would rot in Pisa's core as long as throbb'd  
The Arno in her city's heart.

DIAM. What stain ?

LAN. Say on, Tedesco.

TED. In my slain son's behalf,  
I claim the honour due which you award  
In wrong to Count Marsiglio.

DIAM. Old dotard, peace !

REV. Be dumb, or death shall make thee so.

[TEDESCO retreats, and LANFORNE throws himself before him.

LAN. Thro' me !

Speak boldly on : I'll shield thee : who dare move  
To check thee ?—On—say on !—say *how* thou knowest this.

TED. It was Lanforne said it. [A general expression and confusion.  
Had he stamp'd

Upon my son the deepest brand of shame  
And infamy, I had believed *him* still !  
Lanforne said it ! and Lanforne's word  
Is sacred truth.

LAN. Lanforne said it—ay,  
Because Lanforne saw it. Hear——

[Exit SPECCHIO.

[The ARCHBISHOP shakes his head and waves his hand to  
silence, and in rejection.

My Lord Archbishop, call back that rejection,  
And hear a plain tale in a few plain words :—  
In the hot strife—the wild melee—the rush—  
When leaders mingled with the mass, and all—  
Followers and chiefs—forgot distinction, blending  
The general's with the private's blade—I saw  
That boy pierce the swarth banner-bearer's throat,  
Then lift the staff, and wave his prize aloft,  
And at that instant drop : a branded arm  
Flash'd o'er him, and I saw that arm was not  
An infidel's. The boy was dead, and yet  
That banner floated from a Christian's hand.

TED. My boy, my boy ;—my brave, my murder'd boy.

ARCH. Peace, old man !

TED. A Christian's hand ; ay, Guiseppe—

ARCH. Again—

We've heard too much ; this slanderous tale shall be  
Remember'd to thy cost, Lanforne.

LAN. Slander !

Ho ! let him on. Ho ! let him wind and creep  
Till he has reach'd the eminent, dazzling height  
That all may wonder at his name and deeds—  
"The great Marsiglio," some will say—even now  
Some *think* it—after years will shout it loud ;  
The proudest trophy that his 'scutcheon bore  
Was stolen.

DIAM. and MAR. Stolen !

LAN. Ay, from a low-born youth,  
The son of a poor artisan—a brave  
Bold boy, whose broken-hearted father stood  
Before his country's nobles, to demand  
That tribute to his name his gallant boy  
Had earned. Hear on ! and they, these noble Lords,  
These honorable Lords, conspired to rob  
The old man of his honest claim, and stopt  
His importunity with death.

REV. Shall we  
Endure this insolence ?

LAN. I'll on in death.

A carrion vulture stole an eagle's plumes  
And fix'd them on his own dull heavy wings  
In hope to soar : the plunder'd feathers were  
Pluck'd from the vulture, and his flapping pinions  
Droop'd and down he fell.

ARCH. Do not answer thou,  
My Lord Marsiglio—answer not ; 'tis Pisa  
Must reply.

MAR. Not here, not here, I'll answer ;—  
Except in this :—I throw with scorn, ten times  
As big as his hate, the imputation from me.

BRIG. My Lord Lanforne, I have ever loved  
And honored thee ; as a true soldier prized  
Thy valour ; as a friend I proudly own  
Thy friendship is as true as is thy valour,  
And I have felt it to the extremest verge  
Of trial : and thy generous nature, too,—  
Like thy impetuous spirit,—keeps no bound—  
Illimitable are both. In this, I know,  
Thou errest—art deceived—but not deceitful—  
Craft cannot live with thee—it is thine error.  
My still true friend, I saw Marsiglio wrest  
That banner from the foe,—upon my honor.

REV. Upon a soldier's honor, so did I.

LUI. Upon a soldier's honor, so did I.

ANOTHER. Upon a soldier's honor—and I—and I.

LAN. No honor seconds mine.

My own is first and last ;—alone, and all !  
Oh ! there is one—[Aside]—if that decree had not  
Gone forth—

ARCH. Lanforne, let thy lips be sealed  
Henceforth, and shame draw pointing fingers  
At thy name and presence.

LAN. Shame ! shame ? for truth !  
No witness—none ! Start up, ye marbles, start,  
And speak : ye columns and ye friezes, leap

From your fix'd stations and proclaim aloud,  
Till the roof shake with echoing the words—  
A tongue, thou circumambient air, a tongue,  
And let the void expanse with thunders peal  
To every quaking heart—ye lightnings flash  
The words of fire in every quivering eye,  
And brand each front in letters deep,  
Unfading, and eternal brand Lanforne's truth,  
Or he is stain'd for ever.

Enter MUGETTO—stands.

Back ! nor speak  
Thy own death sentence—back ! [MUGETTO throws off his cloak.

LUI. An infidel !

DIAM. Pollution in the hall !

ARCH. How came he here ?

DIAM. To death. [Two advance—LANFORNE stands forward.

LAN. His buckler I—his panoply,  
Or death shall reach me too—he must  
Be heard.

DIAM. And ring his knell with his own tongue—

LAN. For Pisa's glory—to escape the shame  
Will wither her proud annals—hear him speak.

DIAM. What would the desperate infidel before  
He dies ?

MUG. He'd justify his conqueror's truth :  
And this old man—look up—be strong. I'll speak  
That which shall make these, Christians, gaze on thee  
With other looks than scowlings, for the sake  
Of thy lost son.

ARCH. The infidel will speak—

MUG. He will, then go to death, say ye not so ?  
More freedom from ye I shall have for that  
Than speech, I know : for I am sure my speech  
Will not incline ye much to mercy, Sirs.  
'Twill sting, not balm, nor soften you—

DIAM. What would  
His bold audacity ?

ARCH. Speak first, and then—

MUG. Ho ! ye will list—old man, thy son shall have  
A name as bright as any here. My foes !  
My people's enemies—and would be too,  
Destroyers of the Prophet's children ! hear !  
That standard which ye lift in swollen pride  
Will cast an everlasting blush upon  
The man ye seek to honour 'bove the host  
Of Christian lords and warriors gathered round—  
Your Pisan prime and pride—Marsiglio, ho !—  
On him. [A motion, &c.] Ye will not hear—

MAR. Let him proceed.

MUG. I stood upon a broken wall, to wait  
The assault, for which my scymitar then burn'd  
With thirst : and cast my eye where, fluttering, waved  
That flag : it madden'd me to see a lad,  
A boy, on whose unbearded face, the sweat  
Of battle shone, one arm thus clinging round the staff,  
[Seizing a Soldier's spear.

With clenching palm, all blood ; strike in the face  
The turbann'd bearer who tugg'd with him—crossing  
Each other's grappling arms, they strove awhile,  
Then plunged the boy's red weapon in the throat  
Of his antagonist, whose death-struck arm  
Yielded its grasp, and down he fell—hear more !  
Or does this satisfy ?

TWO or THREE. Go on—go on !

MUG. Now comes the glory glittering like the sun  
That bursts thro' tempest clouds to shine on him.

[Pointing to MARSIGLIO in utter scorn.

Another turban stood upon the spot  
Where stood the former, catching at the prize  
Uplifted by that reeking lad. An arm—  
A Christian's weapon'd arm, with glistening blade,  
Fell on the boy's uncovered head, and with  
Continued sweep, smote down at once  
That boy and unexpected foe with whom  
The boy was struggling !—hear ! that blade and arm  
Were *his*. [Pointing to MARSIGLIO.

TED. My murder'd son.

LAN. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

MUG. I gazing there in wonder and in rage,  
Saw not the advancing rush upon myself,  
Led by my conqueror. I ask'd not life—  
He gave it.

LAN. Now, who's false—who slanders now ?

DIAM. Darest thou proclaim, base infidel, before  
The assembled majesty of Pisa's Lords,  
Her sages, and her warriors, this most black  
And damning falsehood ?

MUG. Sir, I've dared to speak  
A bold and sickening truth before a host  
Of my sworn enemies ! and I dare die !  
So slay me here, here on this spot which I  
Would purge of shame and foul corruption.

ARCH. What, ho ! a guard—the infidel.

[Guards surround MUGETTO.

This day of joy turned into clamorous rage !  
The infidel to death.

LAN. Stay for a word.

[To the Guards, then advancing to the ARCHBISHOP.

LAN. My soldiers' honor I have pledged to him  
That he, unransomed, should have leave to go  
Whene'er he would, from Pisa : by that claim,  
And add to it the debt of all I've earned  
In dangers for the cause—and half my wealth  
To Pisa's coffers which I'll yield at once—  
I here demand his life and freedom.—[Goes and kneels on the steps of  
the throne.]—Now—

Now, most reverend Lord—your voice may check  
The torrent of disgrace which else will burst  
And overwhelm the name of martial justice,  
And mark its honor as a thing at which  
The chained slave, the infidel will laugh,  
Aye scoff at, as he tugs your galleys through  
The waves, to other conquests of his brethren :  
He must be free !

ARCH. Pisa's decree outweighs  
Thy single pledge and promise—he must die.  
Take him away. Signior Brignoli, thine  
Be the charge—despatch.

[BRIGNOLI advances to the Guards to lead them off.

LAN. I cannot save thee, [To the Saracen.  
But yet I will avenge thee, yes, be sure.

ARCH. Take him away.

MUG. To death ! I scorn ye still.

Old man, and thee—farewell—thy son—

DIAM. Away.

[MUGETTO draws a dagger, elevates it, and goes off guarded with  
BRIGNOLI.

LAN. [To the ARCHBISHOP.] Mockers of justice ! counterfeit of all  
That glorifies the Christian's name.—[To the whole mass.]—Not one  
Of all these warriors round, that calmly hears  
His infamy proclaimed, without a blush—  
A glance to show the channels of his pride—  
His soldier's honor—but are corrupted  
With everlasting poison ! No, not one !  
But all abettors of a spotted cheat—  
As paltry murderous seconds—his defenders—  
The shields and bucklers of his villany !—  
While he, the infidel, in his one heart—  
One soul,—packs up ten thousand folded truth,  
Unflinching courage and unsullied honor,  
And whiffs his scorn upon ye as he dies.  
There is not one among ye all—not one—  
Tho' sealed your lips, but feels in his foul blood  
The throbs that say "*the Saracen is true !*"



REV. and DIAM. That he is false as hell, Lanforne !

LAN. I am a liar too—eat up those words !

[Drawing—rushing on them.

ARCH. Guards, quell this uproar.

[Guards advance—level their weapons at LANFORNE.

Enter FELICIA : supported by SPECCHIO and CATERINA.  
She staggers towards LANFORNE, who drops his sword and receives her.

LAN. Ay, send me with him.

FELI. Brother, hold ! hold ! Marsiglio ! death has struck,  
I feel its shaft ! Hear my expiring breath—  
I'm dying : this has killed me.

LAN. He it is  
That kills thee.

FELI. No, Lanforne—no, call back  
The charge. Marsiglio, speak—confess—no—no—  
My brother, say it is not so. Oh, say thou hast  
Accused him wrongly. Husband, throw it off !  
Avow it ! come, Lanforne—Brother !

[She attempts to lead her brother, but falls dead in his arms. The  
ARCHBISHOP has descended from the throne. MARSIGLIO ap-  
proaches FELICIA.

LAN. Stand off ! Felicia, sister !

ARCH. She is dead !

LAN. Marsiglio ! laugh ! she's dead !

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A STREET IN PISA.

Enter BRIGNOLI, SPECCHIO, VICENTIO, and LUIGI.

SPEC. What ? Banished ! Count Lanforne banished !  
Unsay the words, I pr'ythee !

BRIG. 'Tis too true ;  
This unproved charge against Marsiglio,  
And weapon bared, in challenge in the Duomo,  
Are the pretences.

SPEC. Pias's honor is a mock—  
He's cheated first, and then condemned  
To banishment.

BRIG. But not alone he goes—  
If he will take me.

VIC. Poor Vanda too, alas !

SPEC. Tedesco's mind a dark—here is Lanforne.

Enter LANFORNE.

LAN. Is there a foe of mine here? Let him speak,—  
 I have no weapon—speak! or are ye all  
 My enemies? Come on! I'll find a sword  
 From some crush'd carcase, which shall make its way  
 Thro' others—all—tho' each head multiplied  
 Ten times the Hydra's—I will cram the lie  
 Back in the throats of each from point to hilt  
 Of my red steel.—None? None? Who says? who dreams?  
 Breathes? thinks? or looks that what I said  
 Was false? Hear me, aloud—each hear. Marsiglio  
 Is a liar—paltry cheat—and double murderer.  
 Now—now—who doubts it? who?—breathe, whisper it,  
 Or think it, thou! or thou! or thou! speak thou!  
 [Going up last to BRIGNOLI.

Not one—d'ye fear? all fear an unarmed man?  
 Base Cowards!

SPEC. I, Lanforne, know thee  
 True to the core.

LAN. Hah! Specchio! sayst thou so?  
 Thou dost—thou knowest me—thou wilt own—

LUI. That thou art deeply injured, foully wronged—

LAN. I am—I am—thou feelest I am, Luigi.

BRIG. But ne'er canst be defamed, Lanforne. [Stepping up to him.

LAN. Hah!  
 Not? not defamed! ha! ha! ha!

BRIG. Lanforne, I now throw myself before thee,  
 Entreating that thy friendship, never swerv'd  
 In its dear course to me, will so incline  
 Thine ear that it may patiently attend  
 My words. I never, for an instant, doubted  
 What thou said'st, as birth'd in falsehood: No.  
 I did then think 'twas error—but so clear  
 It shines out now, it shows myself deceived,  
 And black and damnable the act which veil'd  
 The villainy. What I have spoken now,  
 I've much more freely spoken, to my cost,  
 (For I'm to be remember'd for it—which, indeed,  
 I hold as nought,) before the Council. Now, my friend,  
 Believe me, and forgive.

LAN. I thought I'd lost  
 Generous Brignoli, too! Friends, friends, my eyes  
 Did not deceive me; I as clearly saw  
 Marsiglio's arm stretch forth and grasp the staff,  
 Which poor Tedesco's son then clutch'd—I did—  
 As now the universe's eye looks on  
 And lights the world—I had not said thus much

To satisfy my foes—nor any one  
 Who questioned me—my naked hands, for they,  
 Oh yes, they have unweaponed me ! They pluck'd  
 Away the madden'd lion's talons, then  
 Let him go bleeding forth, awhile ! For I  
 Am banished ! Yes, they robb'd me of my sword,  
 Because I drew it in defence of truth :  
 I might have swept with their applauses still  
 Thro' murderous death, in any cause, with which  
 They stain great honor's name—but not for truth—  
 For justice—their reward is banishment  
 And shame eternal.

SPEC. Lanforne ! shame to thee ?

LAN. Yes, yes, did ye not hear the words ? they were  
 Made solemnly impressible by him who spoke—  
 The holy man, whose white head, as his lips  
 Did slowly drop them, waved. The multitude,  
 Awe struck, devoured the syllables. " Let shame  
 Henceforth—let shame draw pointing fingers  
 At thy name and presence ! " Pisa heard !  
 And Pisa is instructed ! Banishment  
 Else would be bliss ! For I shall bear the stings—  
 The scorpion stings, of knowing this, where'er  
 I go, to earth's extremest point : and die  
 With this gnawing my heart ! A foe ! a host  
 Of enemies ! all panoplied in mail  
 Come on ! and as ye flash your glistening blades  
 Before my face, look but a doubt of my  
 Deep truth, and, to my naked limbs, ye'll give  
 The strength of a hundred Titans ! Foes ! foes ! foes ! [He rushes out.

BRIG. And I, his friend, must see this noble nature,  
 This most worthy spirit, crushed by black  
 Device and damning wrong—yet still look on—  
 Gaping in silence, unrevenging him.  
 Let shame remain in Pisa. I'll away  
 With honor's star that leaves her.

SPEC. Let us not  
 Be thought avoiders of the man we've loved,  
 Because he's fallen.

BRIG. Fallen ?

[Exit BRIGNOLI.]

LUI. Not Lanforne.

VIC. I will not, come on't what may.

[Exit after BRIGNOLI.]

## SCENE 2.—DIAMBERT'S HOUSE.

Enter MARSIGLIO.

MAR. Concealment from myself ! a thousand eyes  
 Glare on my thoughts and light their caverns up

With lurid blaze.  
 A gloomy muttering batters in my ears  
 And 'dumbs the clam'rous uproar of the throng  
 Who hail me with laudations—curses! won—  
 Ha! how! that moment struck a blight upon  
 My soul! Why did the devil fling the hot  
 Temptation on my brain! resistless, why?  
 Unsought it came—sudden—a lightning flash,  
 And blasted me on the instant:—and for ever.  
 “And with continued sweep smote down!” [Remembering the Sara-  
 cen's language and action.] Ha—so!  
 What! what! be trusty to thyself, Marsiglio.  
 I will—Lanforne! ha! I'll hold to that—  
 My hate, at least, shall more than equal thine.

Enter DIAMBERT.

MAR. In thy regard do I unsullied stand?

DIAM. Unsullied? brighter, from the ordeal fire,  
 Thy honor shines. His malice has recoil'd  
 Upon himself and shaken every claim  
 Of generous virtue from him.

MAR. 'Twas a bold  
 And close device, my Lord, contriv'd with skill  
 So masterly, I did not think the rash  
 Lanforne's brain had patience for't. That thou  
 Look'st thro' it to my innocence—

DIAM. Is't that,  
 Marsiglio? Innocence? I see thee now  
 With prouder eye than e'er I look'd before  
 Upon thee. He who's life has been attacked  
 By banded murderers wins a deeper love  
 From friends when he escapes: but thou hast struck  
 The base assassins to thy foot, when life  
 And honour both, were sought for slaying.

MAR. This  
 Is justice which thy noble nature yields  
 My dearest Lord.

DIAM. And if thy wish meet mine  
 I shall feel honour'd in a dearer claim  
 On my regard. Let time and form have way  
 A little, and my daughter's hand is thine.

MAR. If my wish meet thine, my Lord? a wish  
 Too deeply precious to be questioned so.  
 But will the Lady Vanda hear—

DIAM. Thy suit? If I  
 Give bidding, yes. Her father's will, my friend,  
 Will bend her as the zephyr bends the flower.—

Like that her thoughts meet his authority.  
I have prepared her. She will hear thee speak.

[Exit DIAMBERT; MARSIGLIO alone.]

MAR. Ah, rock Mount Rosa with thy finger—stop  
The falling avalanche with whispering to it.  
No—no—thou'lt throw a hurricane across  
The placid lake, and from the calm profound  
'Twill lash the sleeping billows into fury.  
Authority avails not here. No—no—  
Much less will she hear suit of mine : she knows  
This festering tale too well—and credits it—  
I've held the prospect long—this sweeps it off—  
What then—Lanforne's she shall never be,  
Tho' I should add a death to the list by hers.

Enter DIAMBERT, leading VANDA.

VAN. Oh, father, do not bid thy child to mock  
Her conscience. Do not strain her duty beyond  
The strength of nature.

DIAM. I'll not hear thee, Vanda.

VAN. I've promised—I have vow'd, and nothing can—  
Nothing but death—

DIAM. Again! I bid thee hear him  
And receive his words—

MAR. Lady, your father's will— [She shrinks from him.]

VAN. Dream not of that—nor think—

MAR. Yet teaches hope.

VAN. He throws a gulph between myself and him,—  
Deep, dark—impassable. Kill me, father—  
Kill me to silence : in my heart, towards him,  
No other sense can ever dwell, than hatred  
And abhorrence.

MAR. [Aside.] I know it—mine will wake  
Requiting.—[Aloud.]—Have I such deserved?

VAN. Oh, mercy, father! mercy on thy daughter!

DIAM. Humour her girlish folly, mean'st thou?

VAN. Has this cold hypocrite then won so dread  
A hold upon a father's heart, that he  
Relentless offers up his only child  
A broken hearted sacrifice!

DIAM. Vanda!

VAN. Lanforne! oh, Lanforne, snatch me from  
This serpent's coil.

DIAM. In vain thou call'st on him.

MAR. If she the banish'd man prefer, my Lord—  
Be it so—oppose it not, but let her heart [VANDA clasps her hands  
Take its own guidance. before her eyes.]

VAN. Father ! [After a pause—looks at her father and rushes out.

DIAM. She'll return.

MAR. Lend me your sword, my Lord.

DIAM. For what, Marsiglio. ?

MAR. I shall restore it soon, my Lord ; but first  
I'll lend it to Lanforne. Pray you ?

DIAM. More honourable still : yet I would not  
Have thee so perilled.

MAR. Little peril : I

Am ever cool. My arm and eye are firmest

When they encounter rage. 'Tis easy.

DIAM. There.

[Giving the sword.]

MAR. 'Tis for my honor's stake, which this [his own sword] shall  
win,

Untongued by me.

DIAM. Success direct my friend.

[Exeunt severally.]

### SCENE 3.—A STREET.

Enter VANDA, meeting BRIGNOLI, VICENTIO, SPECCHIO, and LUIGI.

VAN. Is any here the friend of Count Lanforne ?

Oh ! gentlemen, in mercy speak.

BRIG. I am,

And will be, lady, to the last : and vouch

His honor stainless, with my dying breath.

VAN. Oh, is it true—oh, is it true ? the words  
Were howled into my ears with such a voice  
As seemed a demon's mock : the blood stood chill'd  
In every vein—while in my eyes the fire  
Struck hissing ! Is it true ?—it cannot be !

BRIG. Lady—lady ! calm thee !

VAN. Specchio, Specchio !

Thou didst love him once : thou hast told me so ;—

Once loved my own Lanforne—speak.

SPEC. Lady !

He is—he is—I fear the word—

VAN. He's banished !

BRIG. But, Lady Vanda, not alone he'll go ; for I—

VAN. Oh, blessed thought !—yes, yes—no more of grief—  
Tears—tears ! no more !—oh welcome, welcome word !

Which did so madden me ! Where is Lanforne ?

LUI. We seek him now :—we're all his friends.

Enter LANFORNE.

LAN. My Vanda !

VAN. Now—to banishment—Lanforne ! come !  
Let us fly ! no moment lost—to banishment—  
To peace—to heaven !

LAN. And have I caused this flower—  
This sweet—this stainless beauty—this pure spirit—  
Such black and blighting misery!—My love,  
My Vanda! Can my brain endure this shock,—  
My heart unbursting hold this agony?

VAN. Lanforne! what, what is it? I was told  
That thou art doom'd to banishment. Speak, love,  
And say it is so.

LAN. Vanda! Vanda!

VAN. Speak,

Lanforne, speak—or did my heart deceive me?

LAN. Love, it is true.

VAN. True, true,—then let us haste.

LAN. Thou, thou! my Vanda!

VAN. Wilt thou not?—thou wilt—

Oh, yes, thou'lt take me with thee, my Lanforne.

LAN. To banishment?—shut out for ever, love,  
From Pisa—from the world and from thy friends—  
Thy father;—lose, lose all?

VAN. Gain all, Lanforne!

I have no home, no friend, no world but thee!

No, nor a father!—No? not let me go

With thee?—then here I stay, unsheltered, ay,

To perish!

LAN. Know you, my friend, Brignoli,  
What 'tis—

VAN. This, this, Lanforne. I'm an outcast  
From my father's roof: and it was himself  
That drove me thence, for such a cause as chills  
E'en now, my veins, to think of.

LAN. What, what cause,  
Thou dear one, could so wrench a father's heart?

VAN. I would not hear Marsiglio's suit.

LAN. God! God!

VAN. Nor would I, at his bidding,—for I could not,—  
Banish thee!

LAN. Shall I so banish thee? no—  
Throw thee to—him? I would abandon all,  
And plunge myself in life-enduring woe  
And misery, most freely, could I think  
I had by that secured one hour to thee  
Of happiness: but thus to leave thee, Vanda!  
Breathing out life in torture, groans, and tears,—  
Which would most surely be thy lot,—would stamp  
Upon the name of love a mockery,  
And brand me as a wretch unfit to breathe,  
But in the sulphurous and eternal fire.

VAN. Still I am thine, Lanforne!

LAN. My dear friend, [to BRIGNOLI]  
Thy dwelling is at hand, and I beseech  
Thy kindness, may I lead this sinking one  
For shelter thither?

BRIG. Thanks, Lanforne, thanks  
For this one proof of confidence, and trust  
In friendship, late endanger'd; let us go.

LAN. We're banish'd, Vanda! but we leave behind  
Dishonour, falsehood, villainy; and shame  
At last will teach, all brows that can be touched  
With its hot blushes, how to feel its scourge.  
They drive us forth from pestilence to health.

[Exeunt BRIGNOLI, LANFORNE, and VANDA into BRIGNOLI's  
house; LANFORNE returns.—Exeunt VICENTIO, LUIGI, and  
SPECCHIO one way—LANFORNE another.

SCENE 4.—BRIGNOLI'S HOUSE.

Enter BRIGNOLI and VANDA.

BRIG. Safe, Madam, here remain, and if thou canst  
Be tranquil.

VAN. My thanks—

BRIG. 'Tis to me a joy  
That he I so much honor honor's me  
By aught that shows he thinks me worthy it.  
Be safe—be tranquil Lady. [Exit BRIGNOLI and enter LANFORNE.

VAN. Oh, my father!  
How couldst thou tear thy child's affection from thee—  
Thee I have lost for ever.

Enter MARSIGLIO, with DIAMBERT's sword.

VAN. What!—again!

MAR. Lady, it is not thee I seek—ha! here! [Sees LANFORNE.

LAN. What! creeps this reptile hither! Vanda, sweet,  
Thou shudderest at the creature—fear not, love,  
He shall not touch thee—nay—[she expresses alarm for him]—retire  
awhile.

Fear not—fear not—be calm—

VAN. But thou—oh, thou,  
Lanforne!

LAN. For thy sake, dear Vanda—I  
Will govern this—[laying his hand on his breast]—so—so—I'll come to  
thee. [Exit VANDA.

Now!—double weapon'd! whose the hilt has lent  
Itself to such defiling hand?

MAR. It is  
For thee to use; and for my honor's quiet,  
From Count Diambert.



LAN. Make these dead ears hear that—  
 And she will thank thee in such tones as would  
 Rob the celestial spheres of harmony  
 While she was speaking : no, no, no sound  
 Will ever vibrate thro' those lips again !  
 I am recalled from banishment. Hear, Vanda, hear !  
 My truth's confirmed, my name, my name burns clear—  
 Hear Pisa shouting triumph ! Thy Lanforne's  
 Not banish'd, love, not banish'd—we shall stay—  
 Glance through those lips one spark of light—one—one—  
 These words will fan it to a blaze—one—one—  
 And—and—

[Without.] Where is the brave Lanforne ?

[DIAMBERT speaks without and entering.]

DIAM. Lanforne wilt—canst thou forgive me ?  
 My child shall pay thee.

LAN. Ay, in death.

DIAM. Thus—thus !

SPEC. Now, now when joy and admiration run  
 Through Pisa—

LAN. Here is a sight to roll them back—  
 Felicia ! Vanda ! gone—alone—alone—  
 Upon a lifeless desert, limitless,  
 A column, crumbling in the hot simoom,  
 I am. Death—death !

[Falls.]

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY.

TWO CATHERINES.  
A COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

|                       |                     |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| SIR COLBECK THORESBY. | JACOB PEGGS.        |
| VINCENT THORESBY.     | CHAPPEL BILL.       |
| WALTER ASHDEN.        | IKKY SKARF.         |
| THOMAS COLVILLE.      | MITRE CASTER.       |
| EDWARD SHIRLEY.       | BEN. BARKER.        |
| SIMON BATTLEDORE.     | NAT. WALKER.        |
| ROBERT YELLOWLEY.     |                     |
| GIDEON SPARSHOTT.     | CATHERINE COLVILLE. |
| REUBEN PURFLEET.      | CATHERINE ASHDEN.   |
| THANKFUL SIMEON.      | RACHEL PURFLEET.    |
| CAPTAIN BROCKLES.     |                     |

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—A GARDEN ADJOINING COLVILLE'S HOUSE.

Enter COLVILLE and THORESBY.

COL. There's reason in it, Sir : the duck-pond blood  
Grew stagnant under Puritan restraints.  
Like frolic colts the youngsters slip the rein  
And fling their heels at random : kicking friends  
And foes, and damaging their own neat limbs  
And fetlocks in their sport.

THOR. Good Master Colville,  
'Twould wrong thy friendliness, to let thee think  
I am not like the others of my age,  
If they're in fault : I shun not revelry,  
But rather go to meet it.

COL. So thou shouldst.  
Resistance, Master Thoresby, makes a youth  
The stronger if he meet temptation's shock  
And master it. Would Shirley were like thee  
In prudence : yet I love him.

THOR. He's not riotous.

COL. Ha ! he needs the wherewithall to be so.  
Not riotous, but flighty—here and there—  
Skittish—runs thro' his tasks as if he wish'd  
Them o'er before they are begun. Now Yellowley  
Hangs o'er them all as pleasures.

THOR. Let my friend  
Not fall from thy esteem—good Shirley—

COL. No :

I do but fear he'll tumble down himself,  
Despite my propping up. There's wildness in him.

THOR. But temper'd with a heart that never beats  
With aught but generous nature : and his mind's  
With riches stored.

COL. Umph ! Better 'twere he had  
The riches in his purse ; figures and fancies are  
But poor replenishers of empty pockets.  
The finest figures ever struck on yet  
Are those we can cast up and make sum total.  
Arithmetic the fairest sonnet is  
Was ever sung. Two of its rules without  
Most studying poets ever know.

THOR. They are—

COL. Subtraction and reduction, Master Thoresby.  
Multiplication and addition are  
Too puzzling for their brains.

THOR. Thou'rt giving proof  
Against thyself ; for here have I been listening  
To strains of poetry for some half hour.

COL. From me ? 'tis poetry in thee that says it.

THOR. But see—who hither tripping comes, and smiles—

[Looking at CATHERINE COLVILLE, who is in the distance.

As if the morning's breath had kiss'd her lips  
With perfume.

COL. That's very pretty : is it not ?  
'Twas lost, tho'—for she could not hear it—eh ?  
Thou'dst let her hear it, if I'd give thee leave ?

THOR. No, Sir—I'd have her guess my thoughts therein.  
I'll think it to her, if you'll give me leave.

COL. But look another way the while. Does she, [Aside.  
I trow, respond in thought to this ? Well—well !  
No : Robert Yellowley befits my wish  
The better : I shall see.

Enter CATHERINE COLVILLE.

THOR. Good morrow,  
Mistress Catherine.

C. COL. And to Master Thoresby.

THOR. I'm answer'd ere I speak the words.

C. COL. What words ?

THOR. That held my hope of cheerful health—it beams  
Upon thy cheeks and in thy lips.

C. COL. I thank

Them—and I'll let my tongue be idle on  
That theme—if they suffice.

THOR. O, those are signs  
Least doubtful, and they best instruction give  
To him who'd learn.

C. COL. If he would learn the truth.  
And, Sir, they speak it, tho' dumb orators.

COL. When thou wouldst have a woman chatter, till  
Thou'rt patience sick, say "silence charms—and stint  
Of speech a maid's best emphasis of beauty is."

THOR. Why so?

COL. She'll rest not till she's given proof  
That thou, tho' wise in maxim, dost, in act,  
Show somewhat simple.

C. COL. Father do you think  
To bind my tongue up for the day, by thus  
Doling out counsel here to Master Thoresby,  
As checks on me. I'll pay you for it, father,  
In such a sort shall make you wish you'd been  
More chary of advice.

COL. I heed thee not,  
It mingles well with Yellowley's sobriety  
And steady gravity of talk. A youth,  
'Tis, Master Thoresby, whom our giddy sparks  
Of the day might take example from, and profit.

THOR. Yes, Sir, he is so—steady—grave—and—so forth.

[C. COLVILLE laughs.]

COL. Well, Kate, what art thou tittering at?

C. COL. My ears were tickled, Sir.

COL. At what—

C. COL. At something which I'll tell thee—if the tickling hold so  
long. Does Master Thoresby dine with us to-day?

COL. As it shall please him—he's no formal guest, but coming ever  
welcome—and he knows it.

THOR. I thank thee, Sir—not to-day—I've less inviting calls in  
greater words, sweet Catherine.

COL. And I have business too. Ho, Simeon, Simeon!

[Calling quicker.]

SIM. Your worship?

[SIMON without—then enter. THORESBY observes this with  
surprise.]

COL. Not my worship—my hat—cane—gloves—do'st hear me?—  
run.

SIM. Yes, your honor.

[Exit.]

COL. Ay, marvel, Master Thoresby—this is a sucking puritan that I  
have taken from his dam to wean, but this mischievous Kate makes it a  
toil.

C. COL. Oh, Thankful is too good a source of merriment to be all  
check'd. Call him Thankful, and my father's lessons are washed out  
of his memory.

Re-enter SIMEON, with hat, &c.

SIM. Here, Sir, cane—gloves—hat.

COL. That's right, Simeon.

SIM. And I'm to trot before your worship.

COL. Trot, ay, gallop if thou wilt to Master Battledore's.

C. COL. But, Thankful,—careful : holes and pitfalls may lie in the way.

SIM. And peradventure should they Mistress Catherine, I will take heed and watch my feet—

For he who runs his way will often trip,  
And into dens and dismal darkness fall :  
He who moves slowly need not fear to slip,  
But safely he will pass over them all.

COL. Pish ! Simeon, begone.

SIM. I'm gone, your worship.

C. COL. And, Thankful, look for the pitfalls.

SIM. Oh, fear me not, I'll walk with wary feet,  
And no backslidings shall my footsteps know.

COL. A colter, a rod, thy back shall know ; that will best keep thee from backsliding : off Simeon.

SIM. I'm gone, Sir.

[Exit.

C. COL. and THOR. Ha, ha, ha !

COL. 'Tis vain to lesson him while this mad wench is by.

C. COL. 'Tis water poured into a sieve.

THOR. Or wine in broken bottles.

Thanks for the sport. Good morrow both. [Exit THORESBY.

COL. Well, holds the tickling—Kate ? what caused it ?

C. COL. You lauded Robert Yellowley.

COL. Does he not deserve it ?

C. COL. Yes—oh—yes ! [Dwelling on these words in imitation of THORESBY.] While Vincent Thoresby stood beside you.

COL. Why not ?

C. COL. It set comparisons afoot between the two—and Vincent Thoresby was not lessened by them.

COL. Hem : Mistress was it so ?

C. COL. I thank you father—whenever you would have me think Robert Yellowley the paragon—do—do trumpet him while Vincent Thoresby's by to contradict you.

COL. How contradict ?

C. COL. By that same eloquence of which he spoke just now.

COL. His looks—mean ye ? [She nods.] Ah, Kate thou hast wit beyond me ! Young girls in teens can teach their fathers wisdom.

C. COL. Is that wit ? then wit's a very simple thing—and wisdom is as simple.

COL. Thou lovest him, Kate ?

C. COL. Love ! who ?

COL. This Vincent Thoresby—

C. COL. Lud, I never told him such a thing in all my life.

COL. And he loves thee.

C. COL. Well! does he? it is news—he never told me so in all his life—that I remember—and I think I should not have forgotten it if he had.

COL. I dare say not. No: Robert Yellowley for me, and thee, too, Kate.

C. COL. But you will give me leave to choose?

COL. Ah, waywardly;—but Kate, I've business calls me—dry law writings, unlike the charms that smile in invoices and bills of lading—Ledgers and day-books hold my magic tales—dear Kate.

C. COL. Come good humoured back.

COL. My darling Kate, I will. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE 2.—STAIRS NEAR OLD LONDON BRIDGE, ON SOUTHWARK  
SIDE.

EDWARD SHIRLEY discovered as waiting the arrival of a boat.

SHIR. Now cut across the eddy: well pull'd, skilful rogue: bend it to it, my boy! a treble fare from my poor purse: thou bring'st my heart a mine of riches: a few tugs more and her nose grinds the shingle. Ha! welcome! welcome! Kate—[boat appears]—dearest Kate! I'm here, Sir; spring ashore and leave your precious freight to me.

In the boat, ASHDEN and CATHERINE ASHDEN.

ASH. Catherine, do thou go first.

C. ASH. If it be your will, Sir.

[SHIRLEY assists her out and clasps her in his arms. ASHDEN steps ashore.]

C. ASH. In England, Edward.

SHIR. In England, Kate,—dear Kate! on English ground again. Sir, welcome from your exile.

ASH. Pleased to be so; and more, if quitting it be safe from peril.

SHIR. Fear not: secrecy and quiet for a time will secure all. I have prepared a place for your reception. *Wait here awhile, water-man!* We will proceed immediately. Some help to bear your trunks. Oh, dear Kate, there's in thy looks already, England's rose of joy and health:—caught by thy foot, it upward sallies to thy cheeks!—dear love! [Exit SHIRLEY.]

ASH. The green fields and glorious landscape beauties we must yet forego, my child;—concealment is necessary.

C. ASH. Am I so selfish, father, as to murmur? No, I should not see those beauties were they spread before my eyes, if the thought that my good, dear father were not in safety, threw its veil across my vision; and yet my heart is now so buoyant with delight!

ASH. Hold it, Catherine, till the veil's withdrawn; and thou shalt look on England's natural beauties with eye made clear by happier thoughts.

SHIRLEY returns hastily.

SHIR. Into the boat again!—quick—quick, Sir.

C. ASH. Oh, Father! Edward! [Clinging to her father.

SHIR. Bear up, my love; no harm shall touch him. They're here!  
—in.

[Without.] Who's first for a prize?

SHIR. Leave her to me:—into the boat! [ASHDEN embarks.

1st PURSUER. A traitor!

2nd PUR. A Puritan!

1st, 2nd, & 3rd PUR. A Cromwellite!—a Roundhead!

They enter—WALKER, an officer, with them.

WALK. Master Ashden.

1st PUR. He's in the boat.

WALK. I'll have him.

SHIR. Off! stand off!

WALK. I've a warrant to take him.

[SHIRLEY has slipped on a mask—and then draws his sword.

SHIR. Here's a warrant that he shall go. Look, Sir, this is a hornet's sting will tease you if you come near his nest. [Leaps into the boat.] Fear not—fear not—now off—out oars—away.

[WALKER lays hold of the boat's bow.

WALK. You're not off so.

SHIR. Let go the boat—give way, oars!—take that.

[Striking him with boat hook. WALKER falls into the water.

1st MAN. Ha, ha, ha! a cold bath for Nat Walker.

2nd & 3rd MAN. Well done, Cavalier:—scuttle along, Roundhead.

WALK. What ho! a wherry.

1st MAN. Ha, ha! seek one at ——; none's here.

[Exit WALKER.

2nd MAN. That spark's a rare one—off jacket, to it.

1st MAN. It is not the first time he's left Thames with a wooden spoon.

2nd MAN. She skims along like a mackarel.

[Uproar, shouting, and laughter.

Enter COLVILLE and SIMON.

COL. What's the matter? What has caused this uproar?

1st MAN. Ha, ha! well done!

COL. What is the matter?

2nd MAN. He'll be at Longreach before they can start a wherry.

1st MAN. Ho! Master Colville—your worship.

2nd MAN. Such a hunt.

1st MAN. After Master Ashden, your honor.

COL. Master Ashden?

1st MAN. But it's all up—they'll never take him.

2nd MAN. No, your honour. The catchpoles would have had him,

but that spark in the shirt sleeves knock'd the wit out of their pates.

COL. Who is he ?

1st. MAN. Ay—who is he ?

2d. MAN. He clapp'd on a mask, as I came up.

COL. Walter Ashden ! some puritan in the egg, may be ! Why did he come. Poor Fellow—[looking out]—he's off.

1st. MAN. Clean, wind and tide with them—and they're both spankers at an oar. I'll down to Wapping. [Exit.

2nd. MAN. He's off, ha, ha. How Walker blether'd as he swallowed his morning drops. [All go off except COLVILLE and SIMEON.

COL. Walter Ashden—thus to come ! Why ! how ? and who can it be assisted him on this emergency—who ? Simeon !

SIM. Your worship.

COL. Go to Master Battledore's and tell him I cannot come to him now. Ask him to send the parchments, or bring them himself—then come home. Dost hear ?

SIM. Yes, your worship.

[Exit SIMEON.

COL. Walter ! Walter ! heaven send he may get clear off. His poor daughter too—my niece—I love her tho' she is a puritan's offshoot.

[Exit COLVILLE by the way he came.

### SCENE 3.—AT SIMON BATTLEDORE'S OFFICE.

He and YELLOWLEY enter—BATTLEDORE showing parchments to  
YELLOWLEY.

BAT. Blanks—blanks—to be filled up with names.

YEL. What names shall stop those gaps ? whose, Battledore ?

BAT. Canst thou not guess ? 'tis Master Colville's purchase !

YEL. 'Tis for himself—a summer seat, perhaps.

BAT. The mud of Thames with barges wallowing in't ;

Fat bales and puncheons doxing on the quays

Are his dear lawns and verdures ! summer seat,

For him, indeed ! His daughter's husband, Sir—

YEL. Who shall he be ?

BAT. Robert Yellowley, may be.

YEL. Or Edward Shirley, rather.

BAT. No—

YEL. Why not ?

BAT. There's evidence that runs against him—

And, *prima facie*, he is poor—

Imprimus, these estates were long held his,

His in future—but they slipt away

Thro' his father's fingers—loyalty first crack'd

Them nuts, and left the shell, while it devoured

The kernel : thou art wealthy, or wilt be so

When Master Ashden's lands are sealed to thee.

YEL. Ay, when ? but will they be—



BAT. Why, Master Yellowley,  
Such is thy hope—'tis but to give thy uncle  
A Tyburn journey for them.

YEL. I would not.

BAT. No, thou wouldst not—he will find  
The way himself—then, look, what comes ; thy wealth,  
Join'd to the bags which he will give in dower  
With her's the mark he shoots at.

YEL. May he hit it.

BAT. Thy uncle, tho' his sister's husband, holds  
No love of his. The Puritan and he  
Could never draw together, long before  
Sir Colbeck's losses and suspected murder  
Snapp'd all the brittle threads that held them both.

YEL. Not in Sir Colbeck's death, I trust he's charged  
With truth.

BAT. 'Tis likely—force of circumstance—  
Good witnesses in court will swear so much.  
Sir Colbeck sent those valuables, 'tis known,  
And known that they were carried to his house.  
How carried out again is clearly guessed.  
Known that Sir Colbeck followed them himself :  
How he went out again is clearly guessed.

YEL. I fear there is some likelihood in't indeed.

BAT. Fear'st as the poacher who has set a springe  
To catch a hare, fears he may find one wired.  
And more, he aided the escape of Berksted,  
The Regicide.

YEL. And that in law is Treason—  
So goes the estate to the king.

BAT. Forfeit, proforma.  
But Master Colville's voice shall call it home—  
He'll tongue it as a Royalist right royally.  
A hot one he was ever known to be, when few  
Lipt out the words for safety—and his gold  
Loan'd freely in the cause, are arguments  
To strangle opposition.

Enter SIMEON in great haste.

SIM. Master Yellowley,  
Such news. Your servant, Master Lawyer.

BAT. Thy cheeks  
Are blown with it—'tis staring from thy eyes.

SIM. Rare news !

YEL. What news ?

SIM. Your uncle, Master Ashden's come.

YEL. Is he so ? when ? where ?

SIM. He's gone again—that is—he's come and gone again :

YEL. What, now?

SIM. They have not catch'd him, but he did come—

BAT. Blown out at once—grow leather cheek'd again and tell us how.

YEL. What dost thou mean by "he's come and gone again?"

SIM. Why soon as he set his foot on the quay the headles set—no, they tried to set hands on him, and a young spark came up and so laid about him.

BAT. What young spark was that?

SIM. He whipt the damsel up, as if she'd been a little baby—and jump'd into the skiff.

BAT. Damsel!

YEL. 'Twas his daughter.

SIM. And down they all four went.

YEL. What drowned?

SIM. No, down the river. And Master Colville wishes Master Lawyer would bring the parchments to him, because he can't come now.

BAT. I will do so—go home, Simeon.

SIM. Marry, will I.

[Exit SIMON.]

BAT. Haste, Master Yellowley—and watch the turns of this.

YEL. Should he escape—

BAT. Pooh, pooh!—he cannot—go.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE 3.—A TURRET CHAMBER—ONE DOOR IN THE FLAT—ONE ON EACH SIDE.

CATHERINE COLVILLE comes through one side door, crosses, and taps at the opposite.

C. COL. Kate, cousin Kate! come, come, poor bird! 'Tis I—

[Door opens, and enter CATHERINE ASHDEN.]

No fowler's here to net thee, love, 'tis I—

Poor cousin Kate, cheer up.

C. ASH. I would do so

If my poor thoughts would let me, Catherine;

But they're too dark to be illumined by

Thy sparkling tones.—My father! 'tis for him I tremble.

C. COL. Edward Shirley's with him, Coz,

And he's too true a friend to lack device

When friendship tests his wit. They have good steeds

He said—

C. ASH. 'Tis less that he's pursued than that  
The hatred of some foe has made a cause

For the pursuit, which grieves me, cousin; why

Did I e'er speak my wish to see dear England

Once again—'tis I have perilled him.

C. COL. Ah!

Rather say to see dear Edward Shirley,

And that's (to a maid like thee who loves him) worth  
A little peril.

C. ASH. 'Twas my father's tender care  
Of every thought of mine, that saw  
In every wish a yearning of the heart.

C. COL. Then for thy sake I'll love him as my own—  
And shall my thoughts bend towards him in a prayer  
That he may laugh at dangers all. He will,  
For thee he will—and who is with him?—think  
Of that—'tis one whom I could love, dear Kate,  
For loving thee so truly : Edward Shirley.

C. ASH. I trust him far as hope may trust a friend.

C. COL. As far as love may trust a lover, say.

C. ASH. Well then a lover, if you'll have it so.

C. COL. And that's thro' perils limits on, and back  
Again to safety, Coz.

C. ASH. But there are wiles,  
And Edward's nature is too frank to cope  
With cunning.

C. COL. Cunning oft entraps itself,  
Oh, often, Kate : and Edward has a wit  
Which cannot fashion cunning's schemes indeed,  
But can see thro' them at a glance. I remember  
When children at his father's house, how he  
Outplotted Master Yellowley—thy cousin, Kate—  
Not mine, I give heaven thanks, whose forward skill :—  
So silent, so demure—even when a child,  
An urchin, all deceit.

C. ASH. Has he grown bigger in it ?

C. COL. Grown rife, my coz ; he's mellowness itself,  
And Ned, I trust, will bruise him :—thou can'st smile—  
Ha, ha ! I'm glad if I can throw a ray  
Of sunshine o'er thy sorrow-clouded face.

C. ASH. The clouds will soon return.

C. COL. Nay, nay, I'll laugh  
Them all away, as Edward used to laugh  
When he'd in right outplotted any wrong—  
Oh Kate, I almost love thy lover—nay—  
Is that a cloud of jealousy ?

C. ASH. Not so.

I'm better skilled, and know if thou  
Didst love him as a lover, coz,  
Thou wouldst not speak so freely : knowing me  
To be such as I am to him, thy tongue  
Would talk disguises, not sincerity.

C. COL. Why, cousin Catherine ? where didst thou learn that ?

C. ASH. I taught myself that wisdom.

C. COL. Ah, indeed !

With Edward Shirley's help : it is profound

Philosophy ! what shall I call thee, Kate ?

Not Kate ! but Plato in a maiden's kirtle.

[Four knocks at the door by which CATHERINE COLVILLE entered.

C. COL. Who is it knocks ?

[CATHERINE COLVILLE opens the door—admits RACHEL with a letter.

RACH. I, mistress Catherine.

Have you forgotten ? three great knocks and then a little one to finish with ?

C. COL. But thou didst not : what is the matter, Rachel ?

RACH. Nothing to brag of if this be all. I'm sure there's not much news or love in such a little messenger as this.

C. COL. Ah, Rachel ! an acre of thoughts may be in a barley-corn of words, and wit that sets the town on fire may show no bigger than a candle spark.

RACH. To the blind—and such an one am I, Madam,—but is there such an acre and such a spark in that small piece of paper ?

C. COL. Cousin Kate, look here ?

To Mistress Katherine Colville—shall I break

The lock, and see what jewels are within ?

C. ASH. Ay, do so, if thou wilt.

C. COL. But with thy leave :

'Tis Ned's device—look, in the corner stands

An A.—look, 'tis a pretty sign that, not

Kate Colville, but Kate Ashden, may unlock

The charm.

C. ASH. From Edward is it ? and for me.

And of my father speaks it ? let me read.

C. COL. Good news, I'm sure.

RACH. Or would I'd given it to the fire.

C. ASH. Good news ! not quite, and yet the bitterness of bad is sweetened :—he has so far secured my poor father, and pursuit puzzles itself.

C. COL. What, are the cunning ones enmeshed ? then laugh, dear cousin, laugh—oh, laugh—but not too loud, lest thy merriment being overheard by some, it should be translated tears in the next page of the story.

COL. [without] Kate !

C. COL. That is my father's voice. In, in sweet coz, thy nest is now the place, no more of flying forth, till sunshine come.

C. ASH. Be it not long first—thou canst make it fair, dear Catherine, however lowering looks the sky. [Exit thro' open door.

C. COL. Run, Rachael.

[Exit RACHEL—thro' door by which she entered.

COL. Mistress Kate ! [Calling.]

C. COL. My father's coming here—he never before sought this part of the house—this fancy's new—what will become of my cousin, if he continue it. [Sings.

Enter COLVILLE.

C. COL. Well, dear father, soon returned.

COL. Ay—dear Kate—with reason—there was fright and fear in my heels. I've looked for thee: but what dost here?

C. COL. My birds—I keep my birds in this place—look thee—tho' the casement look—they hang to let the sun light laugh upon them while they are caged, imprisoned—I pity them, at times—but they are so beautiful, and I am selfish in my love of them.

COL. Well, keep them where thou wilt; sad news and grievous.

C. COL. What is it, father dear?

COL. It must not touch thee, Kate—why did he come?

C. COL. What is it father?

COL. Thy uncle Walter—

C. COL. Is that it? why should it be sad?

COL. He is pursued and may be taken.

C. COL. I hope not.

COL. And poor Robert! well, I wish he may escape!

C. COL. Will it be grief to Master Yellowley?

COL. His uncle? ay, poor boy!

C. COL. [Aside.] 'Twill stop the current of his fortunes. [Aloud.] Yes, he'll grieve right much—[aside]—if he escape.

COL. This unmerchants me. I cannot think of bills and bales to-day—come down with me, Kate—I need thy talk to cheer me. What ill wind was it blew him here? His daughter too, poor thing!

C. COL. My cousin Kate—no harm will ever touch my cousin Kate, I trust.

COL. Right—right good Kate—kind hearted Kate—though he deserved all. But she—she's my kinswoman, and Ned Shirley's betrothed. Well—a pretty match 'twill be—he poor—and she in danger of having nothing—

C. COL. No father—they love each other dearly.

COL. Ha! Kate—poverty chill's in a married house—Love cannot hang bare walls with tapestry.

C. COL. But I can help a little—and my father will do something to keep out the cold.

COL. Can I, Kate and, bless thee! so I will. I've something in my brain shall make a fire for them. But thou art not to know it yet.

Enter SIMEON.

COL. Well, I mean—well—

SIM. Oh, Sir—he's off—clean away, all but the mud.

COL. Escaped—hurrah! escaped—I'm glad.

SIM. Yes—Sir—he has—oh—how the horses went along: they be rare ones that can catch them.

C. COL. Well said, Thankful.

SIM. Yes, Mistress Katherine, both their steeds are fleet.

COL. Fleet thou; begone—

SIM. I'm gone.

[Exit SIMEON.]

COL. Escaped! well done—whoe'er the spark may be I thank him—I feared he might come here, and then he must be caught—for I—well—well—keep their heels light after—well, lad! thou shouldst be a gallant Cavalier, and not a Puritan's brave rescuer. Come, Kate, and prattle—laugh—the whole day through to me—come Kate.

C. COL. And laugh?—I will.

[Exeunt.

## ACT II.

SCENE 1.—AN OLD DILAPIDATED MANSION, COURT-YARD, WICKET-GATE, BUILDINGS, TREES, &c., ALL HAVING THE APPEARANCE OF DESERTION AND DECAY.—COAT OF ARMS OVER THE DOOR IN STONE.

Enter SHIRLEY.

SHIR. What, thus! my poor old home! no living thing,  
But bats, and rats, and mice, and half-starv'd owls  
Are dwellers here. No open door. Come, Master Ashden,  
Come on—all's safe—fear not—here's not a dog  
To bark away a thief, if one should come  
To rob an owl's nest.

Enter ASHDEN.

ASH. Safe, sayst thou?

SHIR. Safe!

The very rooks, whose ancestry have held  
A colonised possession of those trees  
A hundred years and more, are gone to seek  
For human neighbours. Nothing's here but wreck.

ASH. The mansion of the Shirleys', thus decay'd—  
This is to thee a melancholy sight.

SHIR. A little twinge it gives; but that is healed  
In thinking thou art safe even here.

ASH. I'm sick

Of being hunted; any lair is welcome now.

SHIR. This is an empty den thoult find secure.

ASH. They've run me out of trial. Since I set  
My foot ashore last night I've lived an age.  
But she is safe, my daughter's safe, poor girl,  
Thanks to thy nimbleness and skill, dear Edward.

SHIR. I thank myself in that—had Catherine hung  
Upon our speed, the hounds had fang'd us all.  
Their noses now will fail—this is no brake  
To beat for game in.—Look, Master Ashden, look—  
The Shirley coat worn threadbare o'er the door:

The Porkers' heads have lost their ears and snouts :  
Their bristles and their tusks are rubb'd to stumps.

ASH. What, Edward, make ancestral honors stuff  
To fashion jests off? Could thy house's sires  
Now hear thee, they would frown.

SHIR. Would one start up  
And offer hospitable cheer to thee—

ASH. Security is cheer enough to me.

SHIR. I'd thank him—old Sir Roger, thrust  
Thy iron hatted head thro' yonder casement,—  
Rate thy degenerate grandson, if thou wilt,  
But bid good Master Ashden welcome! do.  
I'll not profane, but blazon right thy coat :  
Hear me, shield-argent—that's moth-eaten stone,  
Three boars' heads erased—proper—ah, erased!—  
Batter'd by time—a Chevron—or—the Gold  
Is gone.—There's loyalty—a pennyworth  
My father had for his—

ASH. Well, let us in.

SHIR. Our horses, Sir—once stables were in vogue here.  
Sir, they shall neigh in concert to the squeak  
Of scampering rats—and the owl's whoop—I'll lead them—

ASH. I'll go myself—look thou some entrance, Ned. [Exit ASHDEN.]

SHIR. Forgive me if I made a jest of thee  
My early home! there's not a grizzled stone  
About you, but's a leaf to me, in which  
I read some history that draws my tears  
Of saddening fondness up.—A book is writ  
In every shattered casement, of old things  
Whose merriness remembered, sours to grief—  
Where all was wholesome cheer and healthy joy,  
And bustling freshness—moulder and decay,  
And desolation, sigh their titles forth  
To hold possession undisturbed—old home!  
Scene of my childhood's laughter—and such grief  
As slept itself to happiness in dreams  
And woke to its reality!—My poor old home!—  
Ev'n tones of chiding ring upon my ears  
From memory's echoes, as sweet music draws  
A listener's rapture—tears—[Enter ASHDEN in haste.]—Now!

ASH. They are here.

SHIR. How many of them?

ASH. Three—they've seized our horses.

SHIR. But they have left our legs. Dear Sir, speed down  
By the old dove cote; there's a path—or was—  
And brake and briar enough to hide secure  
A hundred runaways.

ASH. Why not within  
Find some recess?

SHIR. They will not leave a hole  
Unscanned, Sir—why they'd think you were concealed  
In a spider's nest. Ha, ha!—I hear them;—quick!  
That way.

[Leads ASHDEN off, and returns looking towards the entrance wicket.  
What are these hunters like?—so—two  
Are rude enough: and one whose coat appeals  
Him setter on and leader—who may he be?  
Soft—Master Ashden, curiosity  
Of mine must not be paid for by thy neck.  
Go in—search—set the rats in wonder staring  
At who shall venture here. [Exit.

Enter THORESBY, with BEN BARKER and NAT WALKER.

THOR. He's very kind to save us labour—in and search.

WALK. The door is fast.

BAR. Try it with a kick, Nat Walker—

THOR. Now in—leave no old cranny passed unsearched.

BAR. He may get off if he's wings to fly thro' the air holes in the  
roof. [Exit BARKER and WALKER into the house.

THOR. I like not this battering to pieces a door which I, a frolic child,  
have often passed, to frolic cheer, and welcome—but 'tis duty—so, by  
your leaves, old steps, I cross ye now with other thoughts than lift a  
friendly foot, yet not less reverential.—[The two come out.]—What  
now!—have ye found him?

WALK. No, Master Thoresby—but Ben Barker, passing by a broken  
casement in the back, saw him among the trees.

THOR. Away then!

[Exit BARKER and WALKER—OLD REUBEN looks through a casement.

REU. Ah! what's all this hubbub!—I falks they might let the old  
place tumble down of its own accord, without making all this clatter to  
shake it to pieces.

THOR. Whence comes that voice? By Royal Charles's brazen face,  
it is a venerable head!—Old Reuben Purfleet!

REU. Ha! Master Edward, is it thee?—Come to look at the old  
place—stay till I come down. [Goes in.

THOR. I am Master Edward, am I?—tho' I am half in love with  
myself at times, this is a transformation not unwelcome now—if it will  
hold—how long? As long as takes him to totter hither.

Enter from door, REUBEN.

REU. How do, good Master Edward?

THOR. Holds it still?—well, Reuben.

REU. Ha! adad, I knew thee—I knew thee—I did, the moment I  
set eyes on thee. I did.

THOR. There's much kindness in thy memory.



REU. My memory, Master Edward; adad! it's a rare one to an old friend—old friend?—no, young friend—old in memory and love, adad.

THOR. And so thou dost remember me?

REU. Why not? the picture of thy father, good Sir Edward.

THOR. Am I?

REU. As like him as two bottles of Sherries out of the same bin, adad!

THOR. But what dost here, old man? has't no one with thee?

REU. Alone I am, and merry too—why not? I'm the guard to keep away the thieves.

THOR. Thou the guard!

REU. No body else, Master Edward, adad! Master Colville would let me come, and I'm here quiet, all quiet.

THOR. Quiet, indeed.

REU. My Rachel wished to come for company—

THOR. Thy Wife?

REU. No, no!—my child's child—thou seest her every day at Master Colville's

THOR. Do I.—

REU. Ay, dost thou—the little fair wench with two eyes sparkling like the neck of a bottle when the candle shines on it.

THOR. Bottles of wine are favourites, Reuben.

REU. None here now—all the wine in this old house went to the wars.

THOR. Poor weapons, Reuben.

REU. They make men valorous—the cavaliers carried them under their doublets—adad. I remember when the hubbub broke out:—such whirl whirl, and bang bang, and clattering of hoofs, and scampering—and such swearing—Ah, Master Edward, the cavaliers were rare ones at that—and Master Ashden couldn't abide them, and off they went.

THOR. To Newbury was it?

REU. I can show it thee through yonder casement—wil't in, young master?—nothing's here now—the rooks that keep a cawing all day long in yonder trees, wont say a word now.

THOR. Well, Reuben, I should like to see— [REUBEN is going in.

REU. Adad! the old door's fall'n down—a bit on't's here—

What need of doors and locks—and Newbury field—

THOR. What will come of this?

Old Reuben Purfleet still retains, I know,

A leaven of his time worn reverence

For Master Ashden, and will lodge him here.—

And then—yet little relish I such captures—

'Tis but suspicion—fastening strongly—how!

It cannot be!—there is some knavery

Of plot—and hate—or worse.—I wish him clear.

[Exit.

Enter SHIRLEY.

SHIR. Where is this gallant that so briskly sets  
His limbs to work at what he thinks rogue catching?

Some vintner's 'prentice in his Sunday trim,  
 Tax'd by his master for an unpaid score,  
 I might decide him, but the runaway  
 Is Master Ashden : one whose scores ne'er paid  
 Would leave a vintner very little damaged—  
 Who's this comes tottering thro' the porch ? [Sees REUBEN.]

REU. Why dost not come in, Master Edward ?

SHIR. What, Reuben !

REU. Ay—a jug of mumming ale and a rasher on the coals—

SHIR. Reuben, good old man, is it thee ?

REU. Ay, ay, it will be ready in a minute.

SHIR. What will be ready ?

REU. Why, thy father's picture : and we'll see it through the case-  
 ment.

SHIR. Ha ! but what art doing here ?

REU. I'm guard, and keeper, and porter, and cook, and butler, and  
 housekeeper, and—ten offices all doubled up in one—and I have them  
 all.

SHIR. The single least were hard on thee—yet all will leave the lei-  
 sure now. [REUBEN going.]

REU. There's the old wall, and the old door, and the old porch, and  
 the old court, and all old now—and I am old, Master Edward.

SHIR. And all in ruins. Well—in, Reuben. [Exit REUBEN.]  
 The door beat down : it used to swing wide at every comer's knock,  
 invitingly to mirth and cheer ; but now the winds coldly sigh their sole  
 right of entrance.

Enter BEN BARKER.

BAR. Ha ! leaping into the trap. Caught, Master—ho !  
 Master Thoresby !

SHIR. Thoresby, he !—he on this gentlemanly sport !

Enter REUBEN.

REU. Come, Master Edward. [To BARKER.]

Enter THORESBY.

THOR. I heard thee call. What, Shirley, come to look at the old  
 rooks' nests once more ?

REU. Adad, another ! [Stands wondering and bewildered.]

THOR. Ah, Reuben, dost not know me ?

REU. I'm old—I'm old ; but I ne'er thought to outlive the memory  
 of Master Edward.

BAR. I've trapp'd the wrong bird—a hawk for a nightflier. I'll flit.  
 [Exit BARKER.]

SHIR. Strange sport for Master Thoresby—may I ask what brought  
 him hither ?

THOR. Ned Shirley frowning at a friend before his father's door !—  
 why, Ned !

SHIR. Ned! nedly: Sir, thoud'st have me such a thing, and take me by the ears.

THOR. Well—this is rare! will it please your worship say in what I have offended?

SHIR. Thou wert best offending no farther here.

THOR. Is it by trespass on thy land that was?

SHIR. Thou art savage in thy taunts and insolence. I've here a lecturer on decency, which I will call to thy instruction. Draw!

[Draws his sword.

REV. Alack! no, Master Edward!—no, put up, good gentlemen!

THOR. One word—to Master Shirley, for a gentleman—I'd speak. I've utter'd that in spleen for which

I am ashamed. I'll call it back—and ask Forgiveness for it. Hear me—when I touched Thy fallen fortunes, Sir, I struck a blow At nature, and she grieves for it—let that Be from the account erased—be blotted out Of memoried offence—I beg it may—

REV. Right, right! good gentlemen—do, Edward, hear!

THOR. Say that our quarrel—if thou'st one with me, Stands clear of that with which I've stain'd myself, And I am ready with my weapon.

REV. No, no, no.

SHIR. 'Tis Vincent Thoresby, still. Well, well, on that No more: but let me ask thee what it was Drew thee hither, Thoresby?

THOR. I was set upon By duty—tho', indeed, the way in which it sped I little relish.

REV. But come in—adad! A jug of mumming ale, and clash of cups, Be better than cross'd swords.

SHIR. Wilt in with me?

THOR. As cheerfully as e'er I went to laugh In lady-lighted halls—again, Ned Shirley! [Exeunt into the house.

SCENE CHANGES TO AN ANTIQUE APARTMENT—OAK WAINSCOTED—TABLE AND SEATS.

Enter SHIRLEY and THORESBY.

SHIR. There sat my grandsire, good Sir Jasper— Methinks I see him with his riding rod Poised in his mirth of anger—for it fell Not oft in wrath—and then 'twas oftener on The quiet one, smooth Robert Yellowley.

THOR. What, Master Colville's paragon, and Kate's That is to be, I fear;—no, no, sweet Kate At such a sugar'd crab, I trust thy lips Will cry out "sour" before it touches them.

SHIR. And so they will—nay, have cried out already—  
And I'm mistaken if a Thoresby pippin  
Be not to her more welcome fruit.

THOR. Good Ned—  
I thank thee, if thy wish a comrade be  
With that good thought.

SHIR. Why should it not ? it is.  
But where's my friend this while ?

THOR. Thy friend ! what here ?

SHIR. An old friend of my father's, who came here  
With me, to see the things that were. He's now  
Intent on gazing and reflection ; being  
A man of meditation.

THOR. Not of gloom,  
For thy sake, Ned, I hope. But have him here,  
Whoe'er he be,

[SHIRLEY going.]

SHIR. If I prevail with him  
To leave his musings for a while, to taste  
Old Reuben's cheer, his rasher and his ale.

Enter REUBEN with flaggon, cups, &c.

REV. Not going art thou ?

SHIR. I shall soon return.

[Exit SHIRLEY.]

THOR. Wilt not drink Master Edward's double health ?

REV. I'faith, I will—and single Edward's too—  
Adad ! why not ? no quarrel now, eh, Master Edward ?

[Drinks.]

THOR. Again ! I'm Vincent Thoresby.

REV. Thoresby ! Thoresby !—  
What, what Sir Colbeck : ay, ay—I forget :—  
Your worship's pardon.

THOR. No—no : I'm his son.

REV. Ay, ay : we lost him : we expected him  
At Master Ashden's : but he never came.

THOR. He did not come ? then he is not guilty !  
Sir Colbeck did not come to Master Ashden's house ?

[Aside.]

REV. Oh, often : often : friends in all but words ;  
Tho' Cavalier and Puritan.

SHIR. [Entering.] Come on.  
My friend—know him, Vincent.

[With ASHDEN.]

THOR. Mine if thine, dear Ned.

SHIR. Rusty and wrinkled with its age ; but yet  
Not altogether cheerless—with a batch  
Of friends, and blazing fire, we'd find a wag  
To wake old merriment from his long nap :  
Come, Vincent, fill, fill up, thyself, and drink  
To Master Dudston's health.

THOR. I do, I do.  
Right glad to be myself again—but more

To find bright Edward Shirley has cast off his gloom.  
I feared him when he spoke the coming on  
Of one to meditation given.

SHIR. Not so.

For opposites in temper, but draw out  
The spirit when they clash. Where both are dull,  
Or grave—is that the phrase? both fall asleep—  
Two lively talkers jangle with each other—  
But gravity to mirth is oil to fire—  
And Master Dudston has dispersed my clouds  
By mingling his.

ASH. Are they so heavy then?

I'll catch from thee and this thy friend, a breeze  
Will blow them off—if he will lend his aid.

SHIR. So wilt thou, Thoresby?

ASH. Thoresby, saidst thou, Edward?

THOR. That name is mine.

ASH. Sir Colbeck's son?

THOR. The same.

ASH. That 'tis rejoices me; thy father's friend  
I called myself—and felt I was his friend—  
Nor he less mine.

THOR. The meeting's happy, Sir:  
Altho' I scarcely knew my father—I can hold  
His friend as mine—tho' grief—

ASH. Not less grief I—

SHIR. But grief is not to be our partner now:—  
Or if he come intruding, we will drown  
His mopishness in double nut brown ale;  
And let young Fancy conjure o'er it, till  
She's changed it to bright sherries, or canary.

THOR. Let's grow familiar with it first: then try  
Her power upon it. She's laggard with her spells,  
Till strangership is banished.

ASH. Then she halts  
When loudest called for.

SHIR. Where she loves not.—

It is her humour, Sir—will ladies fair,  
Who're fairly fair, enrich'd e'en more within  
Than bright without, attend the rude command  
Of all, for favours? No—where Fancy loves,  
A finger's beck allures her, or a glance  
Of the eye, if turned entreatively,  
As lovers glance for smiles from mistresses;—  
Who ever throw dark looks and crooked frowns,  
Or run away when they're commanded "do it."

THOR. But of this ale, Ned—what?

SHIR. Coax it—pay it

Due deference and service—and how soon  
Will Fancy make it glorious in its beauty.  
But be not rough with it:—for, mark, it pays  
A rude caress with knocks, which give the pate  
To morrow's numb'dness.

ASH. Fancy's over fine,  
And like the froth on Reuben Purfleet's ale,  
We throw't away.

SHIR. Better the stuff beneath—  
More plenteous show the surface bubbles:—dive  
Where's no effervescence—dive?—no, dip—  
Bob in your nose—you're at the bottom, Sir:—  
No fear of drowning: 'tis an easy depth;—  
And you shall find sour dregs for sediment—  
Oh, there's no bubbling—no.

THOR. Fancy's thy mistress, Ned.

SHIR. If I desert her—Master Dudston, drink—  
How many thorns hath she, with gentle hand,  
And delicate fingers, from the bosom drawn,  
And balm'd the wounds with kissing! but for her  
Sweet surgery, the heart had bow'd, too deep  
In grief, to rise again; when other medicine came,  
But came too late to heal.

THOR. Rare Ned!—rare Ned!  
Let Master Ashden go. I little thought  
That my half hearted journey would become  
A whole heart's evening's rest and merriment.

ASH. You spoke of Walter Ashden?

THOR. Know you him?

ASH. I know he was Sir Colbeck's friend.

THOR. Indeed

He was!—and such a friend:—it may be false—  
I wish—I hope it is.

ASH. If I know right  
Sir Colbeck's character, there's nought attached  
To Walter Ashden's which would meet reproach  
From him.

THOR. What mean you, Sir?—is it in mirth  
You utter this?

SHIR. Why not?—let sorrow hang—  
This is no time or place for him to show  
His visage—Master Dudston thinks with me:—  
Sir Colbeck would, like him, have ventured much  
To save a perilled friend.

THOR. What can ye mean?

SHIR. Lisle was his friend.

THOR. The Regicide?

That—that's forgotten—think ye I would charge  
Myself with such an office? In this cause——

ASH. What other cause?

SHIR. I know of nothing else.

THOR. Have ye not heard Sir Colbeck's jewels—all  
That he in haste could gather from the wreck  
Which followed civil broils—to Ashden's hands  
For safety were entrusted?

ASH. Should have been——

THOR. And that he fled with them himself?

ASH. *He* fled?—

SHIR. He! with those jewels!—this is news indeed!

THOR. And more; Sir Colbeck's death—oh, may it prove  
Foul doubt in all—is charged to him.

ASH. [Rising.] Whence comes  
This monstrous lie?—it is not thine—I know—  
I see it is not thine. Look, Vincent Thoresby,  
I am——

SHIR. [Rising.] Master Dudston, sit thee down—be calm——

ASH. No, Edward, no—Sir—I am Walter Ashden.

THOR. [Springing up from his seat, &c.] What! thou!—my father's—  
No!—oh, no!—Edward—  
Ned Shirley!

ASH. Taxed with robbery and murder—  
Him too!—rob and murder him! Is't this?

THOR. Thou didst not—couldst not, Master Ashden:—no!—  
I hear it in thy voice:—I see it in thy face  
Which looks——

SHIR. The agony of innocence  
Accused most foully.

THOR. I believe it, Ned—  
I do believe thee free of this——

ASH. Free as the powers  
Which hear my adjuration. Sir Colbeck sent  
A fellow on before, in whom he placed  
His trust too fully; who, in silent night,  
Took opportunity to steal away,  
And with him bore that trust:—Sir Colbeck came  
Not to my dwelling: nor have I e'er seen  
Him from that hour—but I have hope he lives.

Enter REUBEN.

REU. Here be two knaves in greasy doublets and knot-mended rags,  
that ask for Sir Colbeck Thoresby.

THOR. Sir Colbeck?

REU. Yes, Master Edward.

[Going to THORESBY who points towards ASHDEN and SHIRLEY.

REV. Adad ! I see. [To ASHDEN.]

ASH. What, Reuben, hast forgotten me ?

REV. Forget thee, Master Edward ! no.

SHIR. Reuben, 'tis I.

REV. Ah, yes !

THOR. I'll see them, Reuben ; tell them so.

REV. I shall, Sir.

[Exit REUBEN.]

THOR. I leave you now—and, Master Ashden, hear,  
I counsel as a man whose thoughts acquit  
You of all evil charge : but must in act,  
Perforce, show otherwise : and to thy harm  
Or hindrance : here's no place of safety ; leave it—  
Your horses shall remain for you ; I'll so  
Contrive it ;—Shirley will assist :—I'll not  
Search farther for thee.

SHIR. Vincent Thoresby, thanks—  
And doubt not, Master Ashden's front will be  
One which thou wilt not shrink from.

THOR. 'Tis my hope.

SHIR. Thanks, thanks for that, my friend.

THOR. Remember, Ned,  
Whene'er—whene'er we meet, speak not to me  
Of Master Ashden.

SHIR. Why not ?

THOR. I will not put  
Thy faith to such a trial : tho' I think he's true,  
Yet are there perils for him :—now, farewell.

[Exit THORESBY.]

ASH. I will not hide, Edward, I will not hide  
To give suspicion links to make a chain :  
I'll forth and face it.

SHIR. Nay, with wariness  
We may unravel all ; but more by haste  
Entangle these foul webs.

ASH. No, break them all.

SHIR. Return with me : we have our horses, Sir,—  
In Master Colville's house I'll find security  
Awhile for thee—none will suspect it there.

ASH. There ? no, no.

SHIR. Dear Sir, 'tis best—Catherine's safe.  
Let her be sure thou'rt near ;—she trembles, Sir :  
And Master Colville shall not know. To me  
Leave the devices.

ASH. I am unfitted for them.



## ACT III.

SCENE 1.—TURRET CHAMBER—SAME AS THE LAST SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT.

CATHERINE COLVILLE and CATHERINE ASHDEN discovered.

C. ASH. How beautiful does freedom look when we  
Are locked in prison ! ah, poor birds, they're caged  
And would be free.

C. COL. And so shouldst thou be, Kate,  
Were there no fowlers lurking ; worst of all  
The fowlers is thy sober cousin—oh !  
That Yellowley ! thy father trust to him !

C. ASH. Is he so base as make that trust a snare ?

C. COL. Pray whose would be thy father's lands, were he  
Ta'en off ?

C. ASH. Oh, teach me not to think of any man  
So fearfully !

C. COL. Well, well, I frighten thee—  
He cannot do it—Edward Shirley's by—

[The three knocks, &c., at the side door.

Come in.

Enter RACHEL.

RACH. Oh, Madam, they are here—

BOTH. Who ? who ?

RACH. Hush ! hush ! not rogues.

C. COL. What, Edward ?

RACH. Yes, and I think Master Ashden is with him.

C. COL. Ah, my father ! where ?

RACH. Don't be afraid, Master Shirley sent me to see the way was  
clear—they're coming up the turret steps.

C. COL. Brave Edward—this is just the place : and these chambers  
are never used ; and none will come, but I and Rachel—and, hark thee,  
Edward.

C. ASH. Oh, let me see him !

C. COL. Well, well, thou shalt.

RACH. Should anybody see us now—three petticoats—two are enough  
at any time for mischief.

C. COL. A plot in Master Colville's house ; conspiracy to cheat an  
honest man out of the hands of knaves : well, that is loyal treason.

[SHIRLEY looks in through the door at the back.

SHIR. Kate, wilt thou let me see thy birds ?

C. COL. I will ;

If thou dost bring another to the cage—

SHIR. He's out of bush—I have him in the hand.

[Enter.

C. COL. Then bring him here for partners.

SHIR. Love! sweet Kate. [To CATHERINE ASHDEN.]  
 Droop not! he's safe—thy father's safe, dear girl—  
 C. ASH. But let me see him, Edward! Bless thee! Edward!  
 SHIR. Oh, bless me, Kate—thou dost—I feel it here,  
 Dear love!—[Crosses to door—enter ASHDEN.]—Come in, the nest is  
 warm and ready.  
 Look—you may whistle to the Kentish hills.  
 C. ASH. I tremble now, dear father, but it is  
 Unlike the thing which lately shook me so—  
 'Tis I have perilled thee—  
 ASH. No, no, my child.  
 Be tranquil:—come! all's well—'tis Edward's work.  
 C. ASH. Speak to my cousin;—  
 Speak to dear Catherine, father.  
 ASH. Speak to her!  
 I will in thanks, just now—and for her when I kneel  
 In prayer.  
 C. COL. Dear uncle Walter—  
 I cannot laugh—why not?—I cannot smile!  
 And yet I am so happy.  
 ASH. It is fear  
 That chains thy wonted smiles.  
 C. COL. No—no—not fear!  
 SHIR. What, tears in Catherine Colville's eyes!—good Kate!—  
 I will unravel what it is;—shall I?  
 [CATHERINE ASHDEN and ASHDEN are conversing apart.  
 Kind-hearted sympathy, that throws its pearls  
 Up to thy laughing lights of joy, that dance  
 When a dear friend has safely leaped across  
 The pit which yawn'd to catch him: good, kind Kate!  
 C. COL. That's Catherine Ashden, Sir.  
 SHIR. And that's her father.  
 C. COL. Well, talk to her, she needs a little cheering.  
 SHIR. Art thou to listen, Kate? and Rachel too?  
 And some one else? I have not wit for four.  
 C. COL. But thou and I will make dull weather, Ned!  
 SHIR. I've something for the ears of Vincent Thoresby,  
 When next I see the gentleman.  
 C. COL. What wilt  
 Thou tell him?  
 SHIR. Oh, thou'lt let me talk of that;  
 But its no matter: nothing.  
 C. COL. What is it, Edward?  
 SHIR. Shall we together make dull weather, now?  
 C. COL. I heed not what thou tell'st him.  
 SHIR. Yes, thou dost.  
 I'll tell him that he must contrive sometime  
 To see his Catherine when she has a tear  
 Swimming upon her laughing eye.

C. COL. Why, Ned ?

SHIR. She looks so much more beautiful  
Then, even than when her eye is all itself,  
A summer sun of cheerfulness.

C. COL. O, Kate !

Do, cousin Kate, come here and listen—Ned  
Is talking, and such pretty things he says  
Of thee——

C. ASH. And none to thee ?

C. COL. To me ?

ASH. Are we

So free from prying eyes, that this may hold  
Undanger'd ?

C. COL. Oh, no one comes here uncle ;  
This part's untenanted, except by my  
Poor cagelings.

SHIR. And Kate, who plays at bo-peep  
With her shadow here.

RACH. Mistress Catherine  
Have you forgotten who comes here ?

C. COL. My father !  
Yesterday——

ASH. Did he ?

C. COL. Oh, fear not that, Sir.  
But Rachel, go thou down—we're all too long  
Away together——

RACH. Madam—mind the knocks.

[To CATHERINE ASHDEN.]

ASH. What ?

RACH. Yes—three great ones and a little.

C. COL. The pass word for a friend.

SHIR. We'll hang all spies—  
'Tis soldier's law, and under siege must be  
Enforced.

C. COL. And, Edward, if thou canst, let thy  
Good wit assist thee, for my father is  
Much anger'd by not finding thee at home  
Since yesterday.

SHIR. If he could know of this :—

C. ASH. Dear father, may he not ?

ASH. On no account

May that be, no—not till the whole is cleared—  
Here, least of all, pursuit is like to come.

C. COL. True, true, dear uncle.

ASH. And elsewhere our course  
Would by impediments be choked :—Short time  
Will be concealment necessary ;  
With Edward's help here, shorten'd—but to him—  
My kinsman Colville, honourably known—  
Look what suspicions might attach, and blemish

Professions it has ever been his pride  
To hold :—and you know what cause was mine—  
Let all be tried, and all endured by me  
Ere his firm, honest honor be so tax'd—  
And ye—but do I not like ye with me  
In peril?

SHIR. Peril, Master Ashden? no—  
'Tis something keeps the wit in lively action :  
Kate, is it not?

C. COL. Ah, thy wit must not sleep.

SHIR. What, make a dormouse of my brain—my skull  
Its den to winter in, unfother'd! no.

C. COL. Enough to keep the ferrets from this den—

SHIR. Keep thou thy father from it ;—all the rest  
Will scour elsewhere.

C. COL. I will—dear uncle !  
Down first and cautiously—[to EDWARD SHIRLEY.]

SHIR. I'll go—  
And make my peace first :—doubt not then, I'll dive  
Into this matter till I've turn'd its depths up  
And see all clearly :—better—better! make  
Sure footing on the ground which now we tread  
While it beneath us trembles.

ASH. Kate, my child,  
Speak thou my thanks.

C. ASH. Edward!

SHIR. Dear Kate, adieu! [He goes to the Turret door and returns.

C. COL. Oh yes—thou'rt gone—well, now, what is forgotten?

SHIR. The letters!

C. COL. Oh, the letters. Well, be quick.

SHIR. Remember Mistress Catherine Colville with  
An A.—they're not for thee to pry in, Kate—

C. COL. A little peep.

SHIR. No—thou'lt betray the cause.

C. COL. A traitor thou the rather!—farewell, Ned.  
But don't tell Vincent Thoresby any thing.

SHIR. I tell him? No—Kate, no—not for the world.

C. COL. Cousin—that's Edward Shirley. Well—farewell!  
[Exit SHIRLEY by Turret.

[Exit CATHERINE ASHDEN and ASHDEN into chamber ;  
CATHERINE COLVILLE through the opposite door.

## SCENE 2.—AT BATTLEDORE'S.

Enter YELLOWLEY and SPARSHOTT.

SPAR. He's pink'd in the heel—dost see? the mode—and lined  
With taffety—the courtly wear for shoes :  
He looks a gentleman, and is one, Yellowley.

YEL. The foot that fills him is a fair one too !—

SPAR. Ha !

Do thou cast off,—note,—when I say cast off,  
I mean put off,—draw off : not pull, nor kick.

YEL. I shall observe thee, Master Sparshott ;—well !

SPAR. Nor throw,—these are ungentlemanly terms,  
The phrase at court is put,—put off—dost mark ?

That bumpkin shoe of thine : his clatter stuns  
A gentleman in the ears, and makes him start  
Aside, as if a dray horse struck with hoofs  
In jeopardy of his toe,—dost note ? When I  
Say jeopardy— I mean in danger—note  
The phrase—that jeopardy—a pretty phrase !

YEL. If I survey thee now from head to heel  
I shall much faster learn the pink of mode  
Than from thy phrase : 'tis like an unlearn'd tongue.

SPAR. But I'll expound—I'll give the glossary :—  
When I say glossary, I mean, I'll give  
The simple meaning of the courtly phrase :—  
I'll bumpkinise it : understand that word ?

YEL. It fits as it were made for me. Were I  
Like thee, the women—

SPAR. Demosels !—when I  
Say Demosels, I mean the Ladies fair.

YEL. None of the foul ones ?

SPAR. Pah ! look, Sir, wouldst win'  
With them take copy.

YEL. From the book before me ?

SPAR. And Mistress Colville will not look askance  
At Master Yellowley.

YEL. 'Tis worth the trial.

SPAR. Were I the suitor—

YEL. Like a pear she'd drop  
Into thy mouth alone.

SPAR. Thou hast a wit.

YEL. How else ! or time were lost with Master Sparshott.

SPAR. Let's make exchange—note, when I say exchange,  
I mean I'll take a little of thy weight of purse—

YEL. For thy still weightier head store.

SPAR. 'Tis light, i'faith, it is.

YEL. It is, i'faith !

Such as the demosels—is that the phrase ?

SPAR. Demosels—that is the phrase—

YEL. Would perch upon.

SPAR. Some grains of gold tossed on would allure  
Such birds : try Mistress Colville, so.

YEL. With gold ?

SPAR. Or jewels—note, they're snakes to the eye, and like

Them fascinate ;—the phrase ! note—when I say  
 They fascinate,—I mean they fix their gaze there,  
 And on the donor ;—note—I mean the giver.  
 They never fail with demosels—try, thou.

YEL. Look at this skeleton.

[Showing his purse.

SPAR. But thou knowst whence  
 To feed him up again.

YEL. I do ; and thou  
 Shall taste the viands, if the trial come  
 To proof.

SPAR. Some earnest ?

YEL. Well—this evening.

SPAR. Meet  
 We at the Mitre. Brockles will be there.

YEL. Ay.

SPAR. And he has sparkler's left : the residue—  
 When I say residue—

YEL. I understand  
 The phrase : what of't ?

SPAR. Of gifts collected when  
 He travelled.

YEL. Travellers' gains.

SPAR. Friendship's tokens  
 From Blackamoor kings, and—

YEL. Other juggler's ;—well,  
 I'll see him.

SPAR. At the Mitre :—eight :—note that.  
 When I say eight, I mean, one hour past seven.

YEL. Or minutes fifty-eight and two before  
 The clock strikes nine.

SPAR. Precisely so.

YEL. As I  
 Shall be.

Enter BATTLEDORE.

BAT. Now, Master Yellowley, with thee  
 Some earnest talk, and—

SPAR. None with me ? the parley—  
 When I say parley, Master Scribbleparchment—  
 When I say Scribbleparchment, I mean, Scrivener ;  
 And parley is discourse.

BAT. Oh—is it so ?

SPAR. Which thou hast not for me—

BAT. No—truly, Sir.

YEL. More useful than he looks : my teacher, Sir,  
 In a new science I'm about to learn.

SPAR. And he's my pupil apt.

YEL. The son of worthy "True to the Faith"—

SPAR. Well, eight !

YEL. Ay, one and seven.

SPAR. Precisely. Mark the phrase.  
Note well the book, my pupil Yellowley.

[Exit SPAR.]

BAT. No plea nor argument is in that brief :  
I've both in mine for thee.

YEL. Proceed ;—the court  
Is open.

BAT. Ashden is not caught :—I know  
Where his daughter is concealed.

YEL. Ha, where ?

BAT. I trust  
Myself with that :—they're loadstones each to other,  
And must meet soon.

YEL. But is there proof that—

BAT. What ?

YEL. Proof that Sir Colbeck did, as he prepared,  
Go to my uncle's house ?

BAT. Let Ashden prove  
He did not go. Thou knowst old Reuben Purfleet ?

YEL. I do ; can he ?—

BAT. Swear nothing ; or as much  
As nothing ;—he's non compos ;—memory gone :  
Or what is left but contradicts itself.

YEL. Or he might prove—

BAT. That which would keep the lands  
Of Master Ashden from thy clutch.

YEL. Ha, ha !

Old Reuben, if there be a spark yet left  
Of memory in thee, sleep it cold to night.

BAT. Short prayer—and earnest, too—but Reuben's cold  
Already in a court of law.

Enter SIMEON.

SIM. Oh, la, Master Robert ! such a hubbub !

YEL. What's the matter, Simeon ?

SIM. Master Colville bade me come and fetch thee :—such a noise ;  
—directly,—home,—he's red in the face and pale—

BAT. With what ?

SIM. All about some letters he has caught—I don't know what ;—  
all about Mistress Catherine and him.

YEL. Letters ?

SIM. Yes—and he says he shant stay in the house ; nor Rachel.

YEL. Who ?

SIM. Master Shirley ;—such a hubbub—as never was since Babel—

BAT. Helter, skelter !

YEL. Thankful—let not thy tongue thus gallop on.

SIM. For gabbling tongues all are the prate of fools :

Wise men all slowly do their words put forth—

YEL. Put forth thine—wisely.

**SIM.** Master Colville is angry man, and sends for thee, and Mistress niggers and cries as no pious Christian ought to snigger—and Rachel jouts—and the great dog barks as no Christian dog ought to bark—for the Master is not a thief.

**BAT.** But why, Simeon?

**SIM.** I don't know, Master Lawyer—it's all along of Master Edward.

**YEL.** Speed back, Simeon, I'll be there anon. [Exit SIMEON.]

**Ned Shirley** to quit the house—

**BAT.** And thou the hopeful partner in it, solely : with his daughter for a junior—I see beyond thee in this. Ply her, pave every step with surety—Ply her, she is thine.

**YEL.** Well thought ; the trinkets ! We have a wind, good Battle-dore.

**BAT.** Time has a forelock, seize it. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE 3d—as 1st SCENE—ENTER THROUGH TURRET-DOOR—

**SHIRLEY** and **RACHEL**, she weeping.

**RACH.** I can never forgive myself, Master Edward.

**SHIR.** How did he find the letter ?

**RACH.** He met me coming through the passage, and saw me with it ;—and I tried to hide it, that made him insist ;—and he opened it ;—and then—quite frightened me.

**SHIR.** But all will soon be understood—and thy trustiness rewarded,

**Rachel.** Some one comes.

**RACH.** 'Tis Mistress Catherine.

**SHIR.** Well, go thou and be comforted. [Exit RACHEL.]

Enter CATHERINE COLVILLE.

**C. COL.** Oh, Edward ! my father's coming here ; he has sent for thee ;—so go away,—and return—but do tell me—oh ! when it's all over what sport we'll have of this trouble—some letter—what was in it ?

**SHIR.** I pray heaven he may not read it calmly—for that will lead him to such conjectures as must lead to discovery : and concealment is now more necessary than ever ; or our opening plans are ruined.

**C. COL.** Then I am dumb—and my dear father may storm. What was in it ?

**SHIR.** What should I say to Catherine Ashden ?

**C. COL.** I see, I see—and he thinks it all is meant for me. I am sure I shall laugh.

**SHIR.** No, no—be careful—or he's lost.

[Exit through the door at back.]

Enter COLVILLE, with Letter and Parchments.

**C. COL.** I cannot bear to see him thus.

**COL.** And this

The bird loft where her father was forbid



To come :—ha ! Kate—with cunning falsehood too  
 To work ;—to blind me with that wily talk  
 Of Vincent Thoresby. What ! hypocrisy !  
 The worst, the worst ! and he betrothed to one  
 Whose sorrows, with an honest heart, had been  
 The chain to hold him when all others broke—

C. COL. Oh, if you will be patient, dearest father !—

COL. Mock me with “ patient ” too—’tis not that I  
 Am angry, for thy folly throws thee down  
 To poverty :—for thou hast marred my hopes  
 Of seeing thee matched equally, with honor.  
 Not these that delve my heart, and tug its chords  
 To racking ! no, thou know’st I taught thee from  
 Thy cradle up—made it my nightly warning,  
 And with my kiss I bade thee dream upon it,—  
 And ’twas the thing that gemm’d thy morning prayers :  
 Till, doatingly, I saw Truth was so fixed  
 In thee—that Candour, like a chrystal, shone  
 Without an atom speck, deceit, for eye  
 Or microscopic lens, to find a spot  
 Invisible to natural sight. Thus I,  
 In my fond thoughts, did place my child  
 Before my gaze in Truth’s bright isolation—

C. COL. Too proudly—for idly—was I gazed on, yet  
 I’m not so sadly fallen—oh ! not so.  
 This almost chokes me—but for others I  
 Will hold my spirits up, and smile, if smile  
 I can—when Edward comes, and—here he is.

Enter SHIRLEY—COLVILLE goes towards him, hastily holding a  
 letter out.

COL. What coinage, Sir, is this to pay me in ?  
 What coinage, Sir ? I ask. Thou answerest not.

SHIR. Kate smiles ; then all is not yet lost—  
 Or known.

COL. Master Shirley, dost thou hear me ?

SHIR. Sir—

COL. Is this thy faith to Catherine Ashden, Sir ?  
 Thy front’s abash’d—and shame hath chain’d thy tongue :  
 Not that the act doth smite thy conscience, Sir,  
 But that discovery has thrown wide the gates,  
 To show thy trickery—look here, Sir—here  
 The blazoning of a heart which I once thought  
 So flush’d with reckless humour, that the word  
 Falsehood ne’er sat upon it—nor a breath  
 Of cunning had pulsation there. See this,  
 The impress from a brain, which I believed  
 Would gender fires in torture of itself,

Ere it had given lodgment to a wile  
That might entrap a friend—or even a foe !

C. COL. Oh, Edward, let me speak, I cannot bear  
To see him thus—

SHIR. Oh, Sir—if I dare speak——

C. COL. Do, Edward, do—I will——

COL. Enough—the sum

Of speaking's here—away !—my house henceforth  
Is barred against thee—seek the wide world else,  
A beggar !—no !—my hand shall still dole out  
A pittance to thee, and—to her. Now drink  
The bitterness of thy deceit in one  
Great draught—this parchment, look—I meant

[Here COLVILLE shows the parchment.

For thee a gift—the Shirley manors—Sir,  
For centuries held by thy ancestors !

SHIR. Ha !

COL. This is cruel—I am savage grown.

C. COL. What !—did he mean those lands for Edward ! Now  
God bless thee, father ! O, that I dare speak,  
Edward, I will speak—

SHIR. 'Twill ruin all.

COL. There, Sir, there's thy wife—

I give her hand, but with her I can give  
No father's blessing—leave me now—for ever.

SHIR. Oh, Sir, I cannot take that hand—

COL. Without the dower !

SHIR. Nor with one, were the mines of Mexico  
Her portion.—

COL. Master Shirley—forth !—come forth !

SHIR. Sir, Sir !

COL. Is there pollution on it ?

C. COL. Father !

COL. 'Tis my daughter, Sir—come forth !

SHIR. My benefactor !

[Kneels.

COL. Abject !—this is not  
Edward Shirley.

SHIR. Yes, Sir !—

COL. Down to the dust  
And beg to it—not me.

SHIR. To thank—not beg,  
I kneel—not beg—unless it be a look,  
That speaks my thanks are heard. You found me, Sir,  
An orphan, crush'd by fortune—destitute—  
And yet I was the son of your dead friend—  
And on me smiled a second parent's love,  
With such affection gracing all your care,  
It seem'd a father's fondness prompted each

New act of bounty—ever gilding it  
 So richly with brightness, tintured thro'  
 With cordial gentleness, as might become  
 The doting father of his own dear child—  
 Thus I have felt it ever—feel it still,  
 And to my grave shall carry it—whate'er  
 The fortune be to which henceforth I'm doom'd.

COL. Ned!—Ned!—Ned!

C. COL. Oh, father hear him—

SHIR. In this

I am not guilty.

COL. Not?

SHIR. All other faults,

Offences, griefs, I've given thee; count up  
 And cast their sum upon me as I go  
 From this dear fostering home; but let not this  
 Stand in thy heart against me. There's a cause  
 On which I dare not speak, till time has cleared  
 Some fears away. Sir, Sir—for other's sakes—  
 Dear—O, most dear—

[A suppressed groan or scream is heard from CATHERINE ASHDEN.

COL. What's that—I heard a moan  
 There's some one in that chamber!—

SHIR. All is ruined!—

C. COL. No, Edward, all is saved.

[Door opens and CATHERINE ASHDEN nearly falls in.

COL. How!—what!—who's this?

C. COL. A bird of mine, dear father.

COL. Speak!

C. ASH. Oh, uncle!

COL. Ha!

C. COL. Yes, it is a bird of mine and thine,  
 And Edward's too. It is my cousin, Kate!

COL. What, Kate! my niece!—poor girl—sweet Kate—how, how?  
 At such a time—

C. ASH. I am the cause of all,  
 Dear uncle! I'm—forgive me, Sir—oh, speak,  
 Speak Edward.

C. COL. I will speak for him—he is dumb—  
 Dear father, this is Mistress Catherine Colville.  
 That letter full of love, and vows, and other stuffs,  
 Was for my cousin—see the superscription has  
 An A. beneath. I lent my name to her  
 For Edward's use.—'Twas his device  
 While she in secret lodged in yonder chamber.

COL. What! bless thee!—Kate, my cousin, Kate—not me—  
 What not trust me!—the little child!—oh, rogue,  
 I'll whip thee for the fright thou'st given me.

C. COL. But, father, dear, remember what a fright  
Thou hast given to me and her, and Edward there ;  
He's tongue tied with it.

COL. Gipsy Kate, I'll pay  
Thee for it. But how camest thou here, and I  
Not know it ?

C. ASH. 'Twas Edward brought me, ere  
He aided my dear father in his flight.

COL. What, Ned—was't thou, ha, ha ! come hither, Ned.  
Give me thy hand, Ned ; and forgive me. Well,  
Ye should have trusted me. 'Twas Ned then, eh ?  
The dashing spark, that—Ho ! a cavalier—  
I marvell'd who't could be—no marvel now !  
Here was the bribe, rogue eh ? I'll wish him safe—  
I'll not ask where he is—remember that.

C. ASH. O, uncle, bless thee, for those words !

C. COL. Did I  
Not say Master Edward,—did I not  
Tell thee 'twere better trust my father ? Yes.

COL. Not trust me ? that was wrong, Ned, wrong,  
Not trust me with thy—my Kate, Ned—well, well !  
Hard words I've used to both, but blot them out—  
And Rachel too, she is a trusty one.  
Come, daughter Kate, be merry—laugh—we'll have  
A junketting the whole day thro'—up here—

C. COL. Here, father ?

SHIR. Sir, it might—

COL. Draw fowlers,—true—  
Let bills and bales and ledgers roll in Thames—  
To-day, I'll not cast eye upon them, once.  
Let them all take a holiday excursion  
And come home when they're wearied.

#### ACT IV.

##### SCENE 1.—A ROOM IN COLVILLE'S HOUSE.

Enter SHIRLEY and THORESBY.

SHIR. Were it to do again, I might not, Vincent—  
Reject that hand again—it is a fair one.

THOR. I marvel how thou couldst rein in thy laughter.

SHIR. Oh, I was like a man upon the ice  
Who feels it cracking all around him—laugh !  
No—no.

THOR. Knows Yellowley that she is here ?

SHIR. No—nor must he.

THOR. Nor must he—hear me, and keep thy anger  
Chained—

SHIR. For him—I cannot be angry with Master Yellowley.

THOR. But he can be malicious—

SHIR. He has trained himself to it, and should be skilful.

THOR. And I think 'twas he set on the chace after Master Ashden.

SHIR. Indeed!

THOR. I saw him, ere it began, in close talk with the fellow who set  
the scent—one Brockles.

SHIR. Brockles! I'm sure I've heard that name, and 'tis link'd with  
my father's or with Master Ashden's.

THOR. The latter likelier. I know his haunt—it will be well to  
watch him—he's easily known when seen—a marvellous traveller, but  
keep thyself unknown to him.

SHIR. Look, Thoresby, Venus rising—no, Juno walking—no, Juno's  
too tart. What goddess is it? I forget their names.

THOR. Catherine Colville.

Enter CATHERINE COLVILLE.

SHIR. Better than any. Wouldst hold a little parley? eh?  
Summer is come again, fair Mistress Catherine.

C. COL. The winter was a short—but a severe one while it held.  
And how thou didst shiver in it!

THOR. Didst not thou feel the blasts a little too, fair Catherine?

C. COL. A little, Master Thoresby; but I was warmly clad—and he,  
too, had a well-furr'd cloak at hand, but would not put it on in spite of  
my entreaty.

SHIR. Thou didst counsel it, I own.

C. COL. Oh, I knew all was safe.

THOR. But why didst thou not tell all, Catherine?

C. COL. I wish'd, but Edward would not suffer me—and I feared—

SHIR. Her father might have killed her with one of his eyebrows—  
for there was a dagger in every hair of them.

C. COL. Poor father—ha, ha! well, I may laugh now 'tis over.

SHIR. Dost thou not wish me at the antipodes?

[To THORESBY aside.

THOR. Outside the door will do—and out of ear-shot.

SHIR. Dost thou not wish me at the antipodes?

[To CATHERINE COLVILLE aside.

C. COL. Farther! from me!

SHIR. Dead?

C. COL. Defend thee—no—in the bird loft.

SHIR. I wont go.

C. COL. Yes, do—

SHIR. And sing?

C. COL. And sing—not loud—a chirrup whisper will be heard—

SHIR. And here if I do go—oh! well, the birds—ay, ay. Thoresby,  
the field is fair for battle—speed in it—Victory is worth a little talking—  
speak a whole book in four letters—L—O—V—

THOR. Well, leave me to it.

SHIR. E—— I go.

[Exit SHIRLEY.]

C. COL. Light hearted as he's generous—is he not ?

THOR. He merits thy well-speaking, Catherine.

C. COL. I do love him—

THOR. Love him ! Catherine ?

C. COL. Why should I not ? for *he* loves——

THOR. Loves !—not thee—

C. COL. Oh, yes, he does—another better, tho' : 'tis one  
Who's father's perilled : she in sorrow for that father.

THOR. Catherine Ashden ?

C. COL. My cousin Kate, and he, my good, kind uncle.

THOR. But there's no danger.

C. COL. Peril is danger.

THOR. Not to hold long. I'm sure he's innocent.

C. COL. O, dost thou think so, Master Thoresby ? bless thee——

THOR. Speak on, dear Kate, check not such speech as that.

C. COL. 'Tis finished, Master Thoresby—

THOR. By thy tongue :

But in thy heart there let the words, dear Kate,  
Still vibrate.

C. COL. I would do much to free them from their fears.

THOR. Sweet, so would I—

C. COL. O, wouldst thou, Master Thoresby ?

THOR. Call me Vincent—

Kate !—hear ! I do not call thee Mistress Catherine.

C. COL. Well—Vincent.

THOR. Ah, dear Kate, I came with words

Lip fluttering from my bosom ; but they're gone—

C. COL. [Aside.] Oh, dear—I hope they will come back.

THOR. Sweet Kate !

C. COL. Sir !

THOR. Sir, Sir !—do lovers when they tell  
Their love, into the loved one's ears, and look  
Into her eyes, e'er study forms of speech,  
And have a tale by rote ? I could not do it,  
Sweet Kate. I should forget the lesson while  
I gazed.

C. COL. Perhaps they do not look——

THOR. So I

Should lose the inspiration—or the thoughts  
Would all be beauteous flowers, that urge a claim  
From many—each itself too sweet  
And pleasant to be turned aside : each first  
In pressing for acceptance.

C. COL. Is it, then,

So difficult to choose ?

THOR. Do thou choose for me : is it this ? I love thee, Kate !

C. COL. O, that's the sweetest flower of all.

[Aside.]

THOR. Dost hear ?

Dost hear the word ? didst see the choice I made ?

Wilt thou receive it, Kate ?

C. COL. Thanks.

THOR. For that flower ?

My Kate—be't so—not yet lift up those veils  
Down drawn upon the magic balls, which shine  
Beneath them—let them screen the chrystal thoughts  
Which glisten there. It is a maiden's pearl,  
Her purity of spirit holds them down  
Until the voice she loves shall charm them up  
To bless him with a ray, which speaks he's heard  
And is accepted—up, dear Kate—Kate !

C. COL. Vincent !

THOR. Catherine !

C. COL. Vincent, tell my father—

THOR. Shall I

Not, my Catherine—Kate—

My own dear Catherine ! every thought of joy  
The intelligence of bliss, in its great sum  
Is essenced forth in breathing thus thy name—  
Catherine ! Catherine ! Catherine !

C. COL. Vincent,

Tell my father !

THOR. Thus I seal the bond which holds  
Me to the telling—dearest Catherine.

[Kissing her.]

Enter SIMEON.

SIM. Oh, Madam, Mistress Catherine, here is a youth come to the house, whose garments are vanity ; folly flaunts in every shadow of his raiment.

C. COL. Whom seeks he, Simeon ?

SIM. Eh ! Mistress Catherine—never Simeon before. Must I speak heedlessly, as I speak to master ?

C. COL. As quickly—

SIM. He would speak with Master Yellowley, and Master Yellowley is coming here with master, in talk. [Exit SIMEON.]

THOR. Ha ! Kate !

C. COL. Then tell my father, Vincent ; he will not oppose.

Enter SHIRLEY.

SHIR. At such a time ! if ever man

[Affecting surprise—all mock formality—bowing and kneeling.]

Deserved a lady's frowns—or if her tongue  
Be justified for scolding one, 'tis now—  
If ever, Vincent, friend at friend might throw

A sharp rebuke—or deal out buffets, I,  
 For thus intruding, should bow down and say,  
 The buffets and rebukes, the lady's frowns,  
 The music of her scolding, are bestowed  
 Where they are rudely earned. The culprit prays,  
 Not for forgiveness, but that punishment  
 May be deferred, till he has pleaded cause  
 Which threw his discord presence in, when souls  
 In echoed harmony were pouring forth  
 Their notes of mutual song.

THOR. The cause? the cause?

False culprit plead.

C. COL. Or to the songsters, good

Or ill is it? plead, Edward Shirley, plead.

SHIR. One part to tell, and questions two to ask  
 I had—but one is answered—in a lady's eyes—  
 And answer'd to my wish.—Fair lady, thou  
 Hast thrown my fear to sleep—or I should say  
 There's danger in delaying: for a plot  
 Is now afoot between two heads, to engraft  
 A sugar'd crab upon a nectarine.

C. COL. Unriddle.

THOR. Thou, sweet Kate, the nectarine—

SHIR. And Yellowley's the crab.

The gardener, who?

[Going to her significantly.]

C. COL. Oh, Vincent, tell my father.

THOR. Love, I will.

SHIR. Now, to this chamber come the councillors—  
 So please you, madam, you'll retire, while I  
 Confer with this same trusty gentleman.

C. COL. Good Edward—Vincent!

THOR. Love—dear Catherine.

[Exit CATHERINE COLVILLE.]

Now say thy prayers, Ned, for thy hour is come.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

SHIR. Hold back thy spit, in mercy, I'm not yet  
 Trussed for the roasting; I would baste thee, first.  
 Mark, noble Sir, unwillingly I was  
 Eaves-dropping in my rambles, and I heard  
 The verjuice prologue to a scurvy play  
 Which will be damned, ere acted. Yellowley,  
 The speaker was, and Master Colville made  
 Sole audience, he wishing it might run  
 To curtain fall conclusion and success.

THOR. When actors do not like their cast, what play  
 E'er reached a happy end? and one of ours  
 Refuses, stubbornly, to act her part,  
 And I will hiss the other off the stage.

SHIR. One entrance and one exit—he will hiss himself



In acting. Thou, dear Vincent, wilt go thro'  
The play and epilogue. The prologue's o'er,  
I find.

THOR. Tho' feebly spoken—happily.—  
Oh, hadst thou seen her, Ned, when her fair cheek  
(The rosy blushes trembled into pale,)  
Bowed, toward her shoulder leaning—while her lips,  
Sever'd by sighs she seemed afraid would be  
Too loudly breathed—

SHIR. O, I have seen all this,  
And know the trick on't, well. Go on—but be  
A little quicker, Vincent.

THOR. Had I, Ned,  
Thy poet-skill, to paint how her dear eyes,  
Their glorious pearls within their cases shut—

SHIR. Her lids two oyster shells.

THOR. Now, hang thee, Ned.

SHIR. Why—look ! cases of pearls are oyster shells—  
What else ?

THOR. I'll talk no more.

SHIR. In poetry—  
But thou canst teach me, Vincent, other trade ;  
This Brockles, I must have him fast to-night.

THOR. I'll show his haunt, but I must not be seen.  
He knows, and would suspect me—but beware ;  
Attempt not capture, there. It is a den  
Of ruffians—worse than rescue follows it.

SHIR. Shall I go weaponed ?

THOR. No.

SHIR. I will carouse  
It with them. Paint me o'er this fellow  
That I may know him.

THOR. Oh, Ned—he'll do that  
To daubery. Hear him hold swaggering talk  
Of kings of Puttimly, and such wild beasts.

SHIR. I'll meet thee presently—my pilot thou—  
Then, Vincent, if successful—each of us a Kate ! [Exit on one side.

Enter COLVILLE and YELLOWLEY.

COL. Thoult note me well—she's free, herself, in choice—  
And if that choice be thee,—I trust it will—  
Or any—she will never choose unworthily—  
I shall not check her course, nor bid her pause,  
To my authority. Be open—fair  
With her ; use all the skill thou mayst ; be fair  
That skill, and win her, if thou canst. Thou lovest,  
Thou sayst ; and lovers have a power of speech  
More eloquent than speech : and lessons would

To them be stumbling blocks—I will not read  
A tedious essay on a theme, in which  
Wisdom is born at perfect.

YEL. If my heart, dear Sir,  
Could speak for me, 'twould thank thee; but my tongue  
Holds back its skill.

Enter SPARSHOTT.

SPAR. Now, Master Yellowley!

COL. What's this?

YEL. 'Tis one, dear Sir, of late transformed  
From sober life to— Master Sparshott, give }  
We leave, awhile, I'll speak to thee anon— } SPARSHOTT goes up.  
I held him in my friendship, and employ  
The right it won, to bring him back to that  
Fair course from which he's wandered.

COL. Wandered? yes—

Skip from the Pole to Guinea—there to burn.

YEL. 'Tis on that theme he visits me—a sign  
Of reformation's hope—

COL. Robert, again, I say

Win her and wear her—so farewell.

[Exit COLVILLE.]

YEL. Dear Sir—

SPAR. That is a very tart old gentleman—  
When I say tart, I mean he can, at times,  
Look angrily.

YEL. What lesson, Gideon, now?

SPAR. Call me not Gideon, pr'ythee. Gid is short  
And fits with Sparshott.

YEL. What's my lesson now?

SPAR. Thou hast had the rendezvous—note when I say—

YEL. With Brockles? well.

SPAR. And commerce passed—when I  
Say commerce—

YEL. What of it?

SPAR. And that same skeleton—

When I say skeleton, thy shrivelled purse  
I mean—thou show'dst to me—he has been fed—

YEL. His appetite was keen.

SPAR. And, Yellowley, look here— [Showing his purse.]  
A hungry fellow's this—my uncle doles—

When I say doles—pah! 'tis a vulgar phrase—

Learn thou not that—let it be deals—deals out

Such scanty measures of his trust to me,

He—look, this fellow here must starve, or seek

A meal from friends. Now, Yellowley, with thee

He'll breakfast, dine, or sup, whiche'er thou wilt.

YEL. A lunch, and he'll invite himself to dinner.  
There! [Giving him a piece of money.]

SPAR. Thanks—he blushes with his leanness still—  
Lunch let it be then : what strange thing is this ?  
What land unknown produced it ?

Enter SIMEON.

YEL. London growth  
It is—and Master Colville's man.

SPAR. Indeed ? a queer !  
Let him be rectified and—note—when I  
Say rectified, I mean rubb'd smooth—dost note ?  
There's labour for thee, Yellowley, which I  
Shall take no share in—so adieu.

YEL. Farewell !

SPAR. The mitre ?

[Exit SPARSHOTT.]

YEL. Ay. Now, Thankful, what's thy errand ?

SIM. The man of law and parchment, Master Battledore, the Scri-  
vener, would hold speech with thee.

YEL. I'm ready for him, Simeon.

SIM. I'll tell him so, Sir.

YEL. Stay, seek maid Rachel, give her this—[a packet tied with  
silk, directed]—and say it is my wish she gives it to Mistress Colville—  
do'st hear ?

SIM. It is Master Yellowley's wish to give this to Master Colville.

YEL. No, no ! Mistress Catherine, Simeon.

SIM. To Mistress Catherine, yes—Mistress Rachel is to give this to  
Master Yellowley : no, Catherine—so. [Exit SIMEON.]

Enter BATTLEDORE—SIMEON bows to him in going.

YEL. Well, Master Battledore !

BAT. Rare news for thee,  
And me too, Master Yellowley.

YEL. What is't ?

BAT. Too good for partners—thou and I must hold  
All to ourselves.

YEL. We are alone—all far  
Removed.

BAT. Sir Colbeck Thoresby—

YEL. What of him ?

BAT. Will keep thy uncle Ashden's lands from thee.

YEL. He will ?

BAT. He's coming home—

YEL. He home !

BAT. To-night. Look here, the pretty messenger  
That runs before with warning.

[Showing a letter, which YELLOWLEY takes and reads.]

YEL. Here to-night !

And here, to Colville's house : all's lost ! and we  
Are both enmesh'd.

BAT. Ay, both. But thou wilt lose  
The expected acres—I my fee and credit.

YEL. Oh, that some ague wrench had crippled him!  
Disease had pinion'd every limb! and clamps  
Had bound him to his bed!—I'm hot and cold  
At once!—what, what! Or had some friendly rock  
Dash'd its destruction fangs into the planks  
That bore him!—Battledore!

BAT. Or if he'd held his whim a little longer—he was ever more than  
half a madman—we might have seen a Tyburn procession, and—well;  
'tis but to give up all thoughts of the lands——

YEL. That—and a hell beside—is there no way?

BAT. None, that I see, save one, which——

YEL. What?

BAT. He's not here yet—no one knows of his coming or his being  
alive—except—[touching with his finger YELLOWLEY and himself.]—  
and when he comes he can be removed before——

YEL. Not murdered!

BAT. Master Yellowley, I'll stay not under roof with thee.

YEL. Oh, go not Battledore.

BAT. Thy tongue's too quick—to slander thus—me!—what! me  
particeps criminis—instigator, principal, or accessory after the fact—  
what hast thou e'er seen in me that thou dar'est,—Sir, I'm a man of un-  
blemished professional honour! Sir, as yet we are friends!

YEL. Forgive me, Battledore: I know thou wouldst not——

BAT. Would not——

YEL. And yet, wouldst have Ashden hanged?

BAT. Not I—the law.

YEL. And knowst he is innocent.

BAT. What matters that, if I can prove him guilty?

YEL. And wouldst remove Sir Colbeck?

BAT. To make my case, Sir.

YEL. Well——

BAT. 'Tis legal, Sir—and I act uprightly!—honor, Sir!—no blot in  
me shall e'er be seen—I'm a loyal subject, and pray for the King—up-  
right—he shall pay for it who dare say otherwise.

YEL. Well, I was thoughtless—now of him.

BAT. We can give him a free passage back to Flanders.

YEL. Ah! ah!—I see it—how?—and who'll engage it?

BAT. Thou know'st Brockles?

YEL. Yes.

BAT. He'll draw out the brief and other two will act: well fee'd—  
Remember that.

YEL. Be't so—command.

BAT. He will land after nightfall, at Redriff, as near to Colville's as  
he can, intending to surprise his old friend—umph, he shall be astonished  
—eh?—interest on his loan, as Colville would say.

YEL. I gasp not now, but breathe composedly.

BAT. How speedest with Mistress Catherine?

YEL. Well—and with her father's seconding.

BAT. We work to night—to morrow's free—ply her.

YEL. Fear not.

BAT. And Shirley Manors are thy guerdon—mine is one third of all,  
for holding fast the secret.

YEL. Sworn to it, Master Battledore.

BAT. To business now—it were better thou come with me and look  
to points and bearings.

YEL. Come, then.

BAT. We are friends again.

[Exeunt.

SCENE 2d as LAST in 3d ACT, &c.

ASHDEN and CATHERINE ASHDEN discovered.

ASH. My child, while dangers hover round us 'tis  
For thee, I fear: thy gentle nature cannot hold  
Solicitudes like these.

C. ASH. I will not murmur,  
Father, I'll grieve in silence: yet, my grief  
Will sit the lighter on my spirit, while  
I feel that thou art safe: it is for me  
Thou hast encountered all—for me!—we'll go—  
Leave England—leave—

ASH. Leave Edward Shirley?

C. ASH. That?—yes!

ASH. My child—my dutiful!—let hope  
Still cheer thee—doubt not, Kate, we shall return  
To smile at perils past: the way is clear  
Before me, and the cause which now bids me  
Thus tear thee from thy young heart's fondest wish  
Will free us to return.

C. ASH. Yet, father, if it could  
Be worked out here—

ASH. It cannot: and delay  
But swells the danger.

C. ASH. Oh, then, let us haste.

ASH. There is a fearful accusation  
Rests on my character—to death—

C. ASH. Father!

ASH. But I can clear it fully by a proof—  
One living proof—for 'tis in that—which shall  
Confound all charges—and it must be sought,  
Not here, in England—'tis Sir Colbeck Thoresby.  
He lives, I think—must find him: art content?

C. ASH. Content? content! dear father!—oh, I chide  
The thoughts which whispered my reluctance.  
This night, my father.

ASH. Yes—but, hark! some one  
Approaches—in.—

[Knocks.

C. ASH. A friend I'm sure it is.

[Exit to Chamber.

Enter SHIRLEY and RACHEL.

RACH. Well, Master Shirley, let the mischief come,  
'Tis thy own making.

SHIR. Frowning, pretty Rachel?

RACH. Who knows but some one saw you?

SHIR. What a trade

Would mirror making be—a thriving one  
Indeed, if all young maidens when they frown  
Would look in one!

RACH. How that could make it thrive  
I have not wit to guess.

SHIR. They'd break them every one—  
And new ones must be made—what would become  
Of beauty else if't could not see itself reflected—  
Would one were here that Rachel might convince  
Herself how frowns eat up her dimples—ho!—

RACH. Do they so? [laughs.]

SHIR. Now she should see how prettier far  
She is in smiles.

RACH. Ha! wheedling Master Shirley,  
This will not make me think the less how much  
In the wrong you are.

SHIR. A thousand times the trade  
Would flourish more! so charming looks a charmer  
When in good humour—mirrors would be hung  
All o'er the walls to multiply reflexes,—  
As making bright the chamber's gloom with eyes  
In pleasure sparkling.

RACH. That's called Poetry—

SHIR. No—poetry is fiction—Rachel, this  
Is honest fact—I simply say to thee  
That smiling beauty is the guerdon of good temper;  
Keep that in memory—a rule to win  
A husband by.

Enter ASHDEN and his Daughter.

C. ASH. Did I not say they were  
Our friends? Rachel, good girl, we go to-night.

SHIR. No—no.

C. ASH. Edward,

RACH. To-night?

ASH. And bear within  
Our thoughts thy kindness.

RACH. But, why go?

SHIR. Dear Sir,  
Let me seem selfish—thoughtless of your safety,  
While I entreat you not to go—but hear  
Entreaty.

ASH. Edward, danger every hour  
Increases while we stay—and going hence  
Not only lessens it, but hastens on  
Our hoped return in triumph.

SHIR. May I not  
Be partner of your travel? Yes—and good,  
Good Master Colville, will not hold—

ASH. Ere long  
Thou'lt join and journey hither with us.

RACH. Madam, I've waited to deliver this [The packet of jewels.  
From Mistress Colville.

C. ASH. Ah, her mirthful mood  
Will change, she [looking at it], what can this be?

ASH. 'Tis meant for thy inspection, child.

C. ASH. To Mistress Catherine Colville, with an A—  
The text is not her own—except—

SHIR. Sir, if I could  
Persuade you to delay but two days more,  
I've hope to find a clue by which the whole  
Of this dark business may be drawn to light,  
With Vincent Thoresby's aid.

C. ASH. What can this mean? [Having opened the packet.  
Look, father, jewels—Edward—

SHIR. Kindness in sport.

ASH. Sir Colbeck Thoresby's jewels!

SHIR. Ye will not go—no, no, dear Kate—ye'll stay,  
Ye will not leave us now.

ASH. Whence had she these? let me but find the man!—

RACH. Ye frighten me—

ASH. Dost thou know, Rachel?

RACH. I will ask—[going]

SHIR. I'll bring her here. [Exit SHIRLEY.

ASH. My child, my child, we shall not go! not leave  
Dear Edward—now.

C. ASH. Father! I'm wondering in it!

ASH. These jewels are the property of my  
Old friend—I am accused of stealing them.

C. ASH. It cannot be!

RACH. What knaves can they be?

SHIR. Come—[without, enter with CATHERINE COLVILLE.  
To trial, Mistress Colville.

ASH. Now, niece Catherine—

C. COL. Is it for joy! It must be joy. I'll have  
It nothing else.

C. ASH. Oh, cousin Catherine!

[In emotion, throws her arms round CATHERINE COLVILLE'S neck.

C. COL. Well—well—but joy does show itself sometimes  
This way. What is the matter?

ASH. Catherine!

These jewels—say, how came they to thy hands?

C. COL. Love powders from kind Robert Yellowley.

ASH. & SHIR. From Yellowley!

C. COL. As I'd no need of them,  
I sent them here in sport to cousin Kate.

ASH. My sister's son! good heavens! these jewels were  
Stolen from Sir Colbeck by his servant Brockles.

SHIR. Brockles! ha! Brockles didst thou say?—ha! ha!  
Now Vincent Thoresby, to thy trust—dear Kate  
It is thy lover leads the dance just now.

ASH. Let him not know of this awhile.

SHIR. Ay, ay—now Sir—dear—dearest Catherine—  
My own dear Kate! no leaving England now!  
This Master Brockles shall be housed to night  
In six feet thickness walls. He need not fear  
The wind shall batter. Jewelled he shall be  
With massive ringlets, each a pound at least.

ASH. Canst find him?

SHIR. I and Vincent Thoresby will.

C. COL. My Vincent!—

SHIR. Kate, if thou canst be sober—  
Love!—Catherine—[from one to the other in his joy]—Sir—dear Sir  
—good Kate—

I'll run for it—to cages, birds—and then—

[Exit SHIRLEY through door in the back: others go into  
the chamber.

## ACT V.

SCENE 1.—A TAVERN.—TABLE, DRINKING CUPS, HIGH CHAIR; LAMP  
SUSPENDED OVER THE TABLE.

BROCKLES, CHAPPEL BILL, IKEY SKARF, &c. carousing: great noise:  
SPARSHOTT in front.

TWO or THREE. Well done, Captain; go on, Captain.

JAC. By the mass—

BROCK. What papist have we here? whose mass was that?

CHAP. 'Twas Jacob Peggs.

BROCK. Eat up that mass of thine.

JAC. 'Tis swallowed, Captain;—but do talk: I love to hear the  
Captain talk.



BROCK. He cares not for thy listening.

SPAR. He's too modest: when I say modest, I mean he loves to hear himself talk.

BROCK. Sir, thou'rt a gentleman:—well, when I was out hunting with the King of Puttlemaloo——

JAC. How do they hunt there?

BROCK. On your bandicoot.

JAC. What sort of a creature is he?

BROCK. Ha! your bandicoot *is* a creature: he has six legs.

JAC. And does he go on all four?

BROCK. On all six.

SPAR. I beg pardon: when I say beg pardon, I mean explain——

BROCK. Explain? Mr. Civetmouth——

SPAR. Civetmouth?

BROCK. Well, Sugarchops: is that better? I'll not explain for any man! but so——Sir——so. [Tapping his hilt—rising.

SPAR. Oh, don't be choleric—— [Rising.

BROCK. Choleric! look to thy ears——

SPAR. I beg pardon: when I say beg pardon, I mean——damme, come on. [Drawing, and putting on defence.

BROCK. Sir, pardon is as much as any gentleman can expect from a gentleman.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

SHIR. [Without.] Where are the merry roysterers?—this way?—'ware shins—— [BROCKLES goes to door which is open, and looks.

BROCK. A bird from Barbary.

[Whistle, without] Pewit.

BROCK. Chappel Bill, I know him. [Apart.

Enter SHIRLEY with MITRE CASTER.

SHIR. Ha, rare hearts! Gentlemen, may I make one among you? Tap! a flaggon of the best.

CAS. A gentleman is always welcome here, if so be he——

SHIR. If he'll show a carousing spirit?—that will I. What sport's afoot, that I may help and have in it?

JAC. Will drink with me?

IKEY. Or me?

CHAP. Or me?

BROCK. A gentleman [putting them aside presents his cup] knows a gentleman's cup: here's mine.

SHIR. Here is mine for thee. [Having filled, offers to BROCKLES.

BROCK. Welcome to this good company—all loyal subjects—and we pray for the King. [Drinking.

SHIR. I read it in your faces. [Aside.] Rogue is burnt in every visage.

BROCK. No smouchers here——

SPAR. I beg pardon! smouchers!—what are smouchers?

BROCK. Ha, ha, ha!—a gentleman, and not know what smouchers are.

SHIR. Ha, ha! not know what smouchers are? What does this fellow here?—a ball of civet in a bundle of—pah!

SPAR. Of—if it's anything gross I'll abscond—

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

SPAR. I'll not stay—we shall have the rendezvous again. When I say rendezvous I mean good night—gentlemen—Sir, I take my leave—when I say take my leave, I mean— [To SHIRLEY.

SHIR. Thou'lt take thyself.

SPAR. Just so—but, Sir, pray pardon me—when I say pardon, 'tis not the mode to bow so—thus—[edging ceremoniously towards SHIRLEY]—mark you, Sir, as I advance—Master Shirley—stay not here—these knaves mean harm to thee.

SHIR. Ha! thanks—

SPAR. With the hat thus lifted—note—and then—

SHIR. Ah! so, I see.

[Affecting to imitate him.

SPAR. Just so. [Exit—a general ha ha ha! CHAPPEL BILL follows SPARSHOTT, returns and draws to the door after him—there stands.

SHIR. They guard the door, a good face upon it is the way.

BROCK. Is that gentleman gone?

JAC. Do tell about the king of Puttlemlyloo.

BROCK. Well, he had a row with the king of Barkostarfo—

JAC. But the Bandicoots.

SHIR. Bandicoots?

JAC. Yes—he's a horse with six legs.

SHIR. Ha! yes, I've heard of them in—

BROCK. Puttlemaloo.

SHIR. In Puttlemaloo—true.

BROCK. Sir, thou'rt a gentleman—well, he got the Dey of Algiers to back him.

SHIR. To back the Bandicoot?

BROCK. No Sir—to back himself, ha, ha, ha! against the king of Barkostarfo—and I said to the Dey of Algiers “old fellow”—he wears a beard down to his knee—

SHIR. And ties it round his head when he sleeps for a night cap—

JAC. What, his beard?

BROCK. Thou art a gentleman, so he does—this gentleman is a gentleman.

CHAP. Doesn't he shave?

SHIR. His beard, never—till the parish beadle has cut off his head.

BROCK. While I was there he never cut off my friend's head once—not once, while I was there.

SHIR. He feared to look his razor in the face.

BROCK. Sir, thou'rt a gentleman.

JAC. Let the Captain talk.

BROCK. Well, at it we went—I took a galley under one of his castles, and blazed away, till—

SHIR. Till the fire went out?

BROCK. No, Sir, till the water went out, ha, ha, ha! the tide, Sir—and left my galley lying in the mud like a barge here at Redriff.

SHIR. When the tide is out—

BROCK. When the tide is out—Sir, thou'rt a gentleman. What did I do then?

SHIR. Drew on thy mud boots.

BROCK. No—

SHIR. How falsely book-writers do talk! they say there is no tide in the Mediterranean.

BROCK. I've been all over it.

SHIR. All over the tide?

BROCK. No, the Mediterranean sea—ha, ha! Never contradict a traveller.

SHIR. In his privilege.

BROCK. I know it all, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Bermudas, as well as I know this can, or this hilt, Sir.

SHIR. I knew not they were in the Mediterranean.

BROCK. Thou know'st it now, Sir—your ship goes round the Cape to the East Indies—they lie east, and so the Mediterranean is—East, Sir, East.

SHIR. Thou liest at the Cape—well—having doubled it—

BROCK. Doubled it, Sir! I've trebled it.

SHIR. And put back—

[Whistle, without.] Pewit.

BROCK. A bird from Barbary!

SHIR. That is a rogue's signal.

[Aside.

BROCK. What says the clock?

CHAP. Nine.

BROCK. Od so, I've a business—time gallops in pleasant company—thanks for thine—Chappel Bill—help [affecting to be drunk in putting on his cloak] a gentleman's cloak to ride—[aside] look to him—keep him here, or he'll be on my beat at Colville's—thanks—[aloud] now I'm gone—let this gentleman be fairly used.

CHAP. I will.

BROCK. Good night, Sir. [Exit BROCKLES with MITRE CASTER.

SHIR. I must not loose him.

JAC. Oh I guess the Captain's business—mum, Sir—he's a favourite with them.

SHIR. Going on his travels—[aside] next trip to Tyburn—merry hearts—good night.

[Going, is met by CHAPPEL BILL.

Enter MITRE CASTER.

CHAP. But, Sir, don't leave us yet—

KEY. No, Sir, a little more of thy pleasant company.

JAC. Newly come, and part so soon.

CAS. We have a rule here, Sir, we make every new comer king of the company—Chappel Bill, keep thy squint to the door.

SHIR. King of the company, eh?—[aside] if that bludgeon were in

my hand instead of his.—[Aloud.] A sceptre for the King! King, say ye? Then a merrier King, King Charles himself would not be—[goes to the high chair]—so here's my throne—a roaring flaggon, now, to 'noint my royal pate withal! We'll have a night on't—and every subject of my realm shall drink till every eye can see in every candle, fifty suns—and then again, till every eye snuff out itself with goggling at the cups! Fill up! fill up! my hearts of brass—my red-gill'd subjects all.

ALL. Hurra!

[Flaggons stirring.

SHIR. Not yet, my loyals, till the king give signal that his health be drank.

JAC. Oh! he's a rare one.

SHIR. [Stands.] Now each true man with brimming cup in hand, arise, and rev'rent ready stand.—Well, are ye ready, all?

[Gets one foot on table ready for springing.

ALL. All ready!

JAC. This is rare!

SHIR. Then lift together—now—one cheer! hurra! [On the table waving his hat, contrives to extinguish the lamp—leaps over their heads—trips up CHAPPEL BILL, gets the bludgeon, and off.]

CAS. Chappell Bill, crack him on the sconce.

IKEY. I have him.

[Seizing CHAPPEL BILL—dark.

CHAP. He's off—

CAS. No.

ALL. Lights—lights.

CAS. He has not paid his score.

[Confusion and uproar—scene shuts in.

SCENE 2.—A DARK NARROW STREET—PROJECTED BUILDINGS, &c.  
NEAR REDRIFF.

Enter Sir COLBECK.

Sir COL. Ugly dark! if these blind alleys could see themselves they'd blush a lamplight—a broken neck's in every step—this is England; umph! I'll go back—if I can. England! here's a taste of it. I shall not reach Tom Colville's without a batter'd carcase—a surgeon fiddling about my crack'd shins, is my luck. I'll rate Tom Colville and go back. [Two men rush upon him.

1st. Ay, so thou shalt, free fare.

Sir COL. Hallo! rogues—this is England, is it?

[They bind his mouth.

2nd. Off with him to the skiff.

Sir COL. Hoooo!

1st. Silence—Master.

Enter SHIRLEY.

SHIR. One scent lost—another's found. Hallo—ha! down, down! dogs, down!

[Beats them off.

1st. 'Tis all up! to the skiff—

SHIR. Rather unpleasant promenading.

Sir COL. Hooo! [Pointing to his mouth.

SHIR. Gagged, too! conversation was not necessary to make it agreeable they thought—don't bite, Sir.

Sir COL. This is England is it—I'm sick already.

SHIR. Lately arrived, Sir.

Sir COL. Not quiet yet—and I've been away nine years. All blind alleys, and no lamps—and not quiet—I'll go back—thou shalt go with me, good fellow.

SHIR. I love motion, but I've a little business just now which I can't well postpone—

Sir COL. Business—shin-breaking—nothing else.

SHIR. Rogue hunting, Sir.

Sir COL. Try back.

SHIR. And thou art just arrived?

Sir COL. Ay, and too soon—a pretty neighbourhood Colville keeps.

SHIR. Dost thou know Master Colville?

Sir COL. I thought so once—plague I'll see him—rate him and go back. Can'st show me?

SHIR. I am now going there, Sir!

Sir COL. Then I'm safe—except for shins—what art like?—no lamps—no moon in England, I suppose—they've frighten'd her away—she'd get a broken pate among them—stay in England?—no—thy name, lad?

SHIR. Shirley, Sir—

Sir COL. Shirley, Shirley, Shirley! and going to Colville's! who was thy father?

SHIR. His name was Shirley—

Sir COL. No! was it? and going to Colville's?

SHIR. No, Sir, I'm going there.

Sir COL. A merry fellow, too.

SHIR. The boy whistled in the church-yard, when he was terrified.

Sir COL. Didst ever know Ned Shirley?

SHIR. I've some acquaintance with him—

Sir COL. Ay, a rare fellow—

SHIR. They say he'd be the better were he not quite so grave a young man—

Sir COL. What, Sir, Ned Shirley grave?

SHIR. Ah, you mean my father, Sir—

Sir COL. What, what, Ned Shirley's boy! and no lamps! Thy hand, Ned Shirley's son!

SHIR. Knew you my father, Sir?

Sir COL. Me? I know him? Come along to Tom Colville's—and thou shalt see if I knew Ned Shirley—come along—no lamps! 'ware shins. [Exeunt.

## SCENE 3.—AN APARTMENT AT COLVILLE'S.—TABLE, CHAIRS, &amp;c.

COLVILLE, VINCENT THORESBY, and CATHERINE COLVILLE.

COL. I'm happy in it, Vincent ; Catherine's choice  
I've ever said should be her father's—there. [Joins their hands.

THOR. I am too full of riches, here, to count  
Them o'er in words——

COL. Needs not—I see it—reason for it—  
Thou hast a ruler now, dear Kate ! God bless  
Ye both. Poor Robert—well, I'll find a way—

C. COL. Ah—poor fellow !

COL. Dost banter, Kate ? 'tis cruel to a lover who  
Must wear the willow.

C. COL. Father, do young ladies  
Ever lay wagers ?

COL. Ay do they, and win,  
From favour.

C. COL. I will hold with thee a wager.

COL. On what shalt be ?

C. COL. Within one week thou'lt bless  
My will that for itself in making choice  
Did heedless throw away thy proffer'd paragon.

COL. What, Yellowley ?

C. COL. Him, father—

COL. Why ?

C. COL. And in thy love for her  
Wilt thankful bow for her escape and thine.

COL. Kate ! what mean'st thou, Kate ? no more—or fully—

C. COL. Sir, within one week—

THOR. She means it, Sir.

COL. What ? what !

Enter SIMEON, with a large key.

SIM. Ho, ho, ho !

COL. What is the matter, Simeon ?

SIM. I ain't a bit frighten'd.

C. COL. So we see.

SIM. Such an ugly giant knave—O, Master Colville, O ! Master  
Thoresby, O !

C. COL. What is it, Thankful ?

SIM. Verily, Mistress Catherine, it is the man of darkness—

COL. Tell us, bring him to the light, Simeon.

SIM. Ho ! I saw him get over the wall.

COL. The wall !

SIM. And he did'nt see me—and he looked about with two eyes as  
big as porridge bowls—ho, ho, ho !

COL. There's some one on the premises !

SIM. Oh, no—he's in the coal-house.—Look, here—the coal-house key—I lock'd him in—I caught him—I ain't a bit frightened.

COL. More than one?

SIM. One great one—he peep'd about, and roll'd his eyes—and then went in—and I took off my shoes—and went *so*—and turned the key—and it made such a noise—but I ain't a bit frightened now.

THOR. I'll have him.

C. COL. No, Vincent—father, do not go—

COL. With valiant Simeon, too—

SIM. I ain't frightened! such a big one.

THOR. Simeon—the way. [Exit THORESBY after SIMEON.]

C. COL. Father, I cannot laugh, now.

COL. Why not? no better time, than when a knave is caught in his own snare.

SIM. [Without.] Come!—come along—ah, thou naughty one.

Enter THORESBY, SIMEON, and BROCKLES.

THOR. What, Captain Brockles!

COL. 'Tis Brockles. [Goes off and returns with a pistol.]

C. COL. Brockles, Brockles! father! joy—my birds!—

[Exit CATHERINE COLVILLE.]

THOR. Ha, Captain! on thy travels.

SIM. Tyburn! Tyburn! Tyburn!

COL. Simeon, go down.

SIM. Sir!

COL. Go.

SIM. Ha! Tyburn! [Exit SIMEON.]

COL. Vincent, wilt thou leave this fellow to me for a few minutes?

THOR. Alone with him, Sir?

COL. I've that to say to him which deeply concerns thee, yet 'tis not fit that thou shouldst hear it.

THOR. Sir, he's a ruffian.

COL. Look here—go, Thoresby, go. [Shewing he is armed.]

[Exit THORESBY.]

[COLVILLE goes down to front of stage and beckons, after calling.]

COL. Gilbert Brockles!

BROCK. Ay, this is my last voyage.

COL. Come here! and stir not, hand or foot!—what was thy purpose here to-night?

BROCK. Do you expect I'll tell you, Master Colville?

COL. For thy safety, yes—what was it?

BROCK. With a pistol at my head.

COL. There.

[Laying pistol on the table.]

BROCK. No hurt to Master Colville.

COL. To whom?—one question:—what dost thou know of Sir Colbeck's death?

BROCK. Nothing.

COL. 'Tis false.  
 BROCK. Do you expect me to put a halter round my own neck?  
 COL. It is so, then?  
 BROCK. I had no hand in his death.  
 COL. Tell all thou knowest.  
 BROCK. Without a bargain?  
 COL. What is it?  
 BROCK. I'm caught here—let me go, if I tell all I know.  
 COL. If every way innocent of his death.  
 BROCK. As thyself, Master Colville.  
 COL. Is that true?  
 BROCK. You'll not believe me, but it is. Now, promise.  
 COL. If innocent of that—  
 BROCK. I am, indeed, I am.  
 COL. Well—  
 BROCK. Well?  
 COL. I promise—now!  
 BROCK. Sir Colbeck did not go to Ashden's house at all.  
 COL. Then Walter is innocent!  
 BROCK. Master Ashden is.  
 COL. Thou must swear this.  
 BROCK. I am ready, now.  
 COL. In a court of law, swear it.  
 BROCK. What becomes of me, then?  
 COL. I've given my word to let thee go untouched.  
 BROCK. I'll swear it here—not there.  
 COL. Then Ashden's sacrificed!  
 BROCK. I can't help that.  
 COL. I'll count thee down a hundred pieces now, and two hundred more when he is safe.  
 BROCK. A shilling's worth of rope is higher bidding.  
 COL. I've promised.  
 BROCK. I'm to go, if I tell all.  
 COL. Tell all—where went Sir Colbeck?  
 BROCK. To Germany.  
 COL. He did?—oh, lives he? Oh, Walter! Walter!—where—  
 BROCK. Where?  
 BROCK. I know not.  
 COL. Swear, I say, in a court of law.  
 BROCK. Has Master Colville forgotten certain jewels?  
 COL. Well?  
 BROCK. I had them!  
 COL. Thou?—villain!  
 BROCK. Three hundred pieces—a shilling's worth of rope—no court for me.  
 COL. What became of the jewels?  
 BROCK. The last of them I sold, to-day.  
 COL. To-day?—to whom?



BROCK. To Master Robert Yellowley.

COL. Yellowley—ha! Kate—and Ashden's life in jeopardy.

BROCK. I came to get them back for him.

COL. For him!

SHIR. [Without.] Hallo! fly open doors—clear the way—a bonfire for a candle.

Enter THORESBY and CATHERINE COLVILLE.

THOR. & C. COL. What's the matter?

SHIR. Stay here a moment: do not come in till I fetch thee.

[Entering.]

COL. &c. Shirley!—Ned!—

C. COL. Why, Edward!

Enter SHIRLEY—bustling in joy, &c.

SHIR. Ha! what Captain—a bird from Barbary—dear Sir [to COLVILLE] Vincent! not Sir Vincent yet—no dead men's shoes yet—ah, Kate, good Kate, merry Kate, merrier yet—stay, rogues and honest people, a moment, stay—Kate, thy birds! [Exit at opposite side.]

COL. Why, he's mad—poor fellow!

THOR. He has found too great joy—and cannot carry it all himself—he must have our assistance.

COL. Oh, that Walter Ashden could share it.

C. COL. Father, he will—

SHIR. [Without.] Do come, come along—here they are, all friends! Kate look—Sir. [Entering with ASHDEN and his daughter—reciprocates, &c.—runs off again opposite.]

COL. Walter!

ASH. Brother Colville.

COL. Oh—Walter—Walter!

SHIR. Come, Sir—here—[enters with Sir COLBECK]—I've saved a dead man's ghost from being kidnapped and murdered.

COL. and ASH. Sir Colbeck Thoresby!

THOR. Father!

[Kneeling.]

COL. Walter, and niece Kate—now, heaven be thanked.

Sir COL. Ah, Vincent, lad! how art, lad?—hem! I'm not ashamed of thee, lad—a pretty prank I've played thee.

C. ASH. Father, Sir Colbeck's jewels—

ASH. Here are thy jewels [after having spoken aside with COLVILLE] which Brockles there confessed to his having stolen.

[Giving them to Sir COLBECK.]

Sir COL. Oh sparklers! ho! come back! that knave! and thy neck, eh—Ashden?—Ned Shirley's son—brave lad, good lad—here's a reception! I wont go back! who's this?

ASH. My daughter Catherine.

Sir COL. Ha! pretty Kate—and this?

THOR. My wife, Catherine—to-morrow, if it please you?

Sir COL. Who?

COL. My daughter, Catherine.

Sir COL. I wont go back!—here's a reception! and thou? Ned Shirley's Kate—eh? I see—there's for thee. Here's a reception! and Master Battledore has kept my secret—well, he's all alone in this wide world—there's not another!

COL. What? Sir Colbeck?

Sir COL. A lawyer—and honest?

COL. Did he know of thy being alive?

Sir COL. Ay, and of my coming here to night.

COL. Then a greater rascal never rode upon a hurdle.

Sir COL. Whew!—with a breath you have turn'd snow into soot.

C. COL. My wager's won: for I suspect Master Yellowley knew something of this.

COL. Stay! Simeon!

[Calling.]

Enter SIMEON.

SIM. Sir.

COL. Say, to Master Yellowley I would speak with him.

SIM. I can't, Sir, he's gone.

COL. Gone? whither?

SIM. Down the river in a skiff, with Master Lawyer: he came and took away a trunk—

COL. Simeon, sweep out his chamber—burn the desk at which he used to sit—throw the ashes with his pens and ink into the Thames—now, to night—they may go after him.

SIM. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

SHIR. And I suspect the captain was a partner in this business.

COL. Speak.

BROCK. 'Twas Battledore and Yellowley's business, and I helped—Sir Colbeck was to be put on board a Dutch dogger, and carried over to Flanders.

Sir COL. Away with that fellow—[Exit BROCKLES]—here's a reception. I'll go back!

C. ASH. No, do not leave England, Sir Colbeck.

Sir COL. Pay me for staying—[kissing her]—I wont go—and Ashden, how's thy neck? that's no joke.

COL. But why, Sir Colbeck didst thou conceal thyself so long?

Sir COL. You thought me dead? ha! ha! my prank—and Ashden's neck was near paying for it.

COL. and ASH. How? why, tell us!

Sir COL. Why, I'm ashamed on't now—but here goes—Monk was up in the North—and I turn'd short off to him, as I was going to Ashden's, in a grumbling humour, and I wish'd to stir him on to make things quiet; but he was shilly-shally—hum'd and ha'd—all smoke and mystery. I could not see into him—I told him my mind, and made him see me—so off I went—told Battledore a rogue! to keep secret. I went to Germany to smoke till ye were quiet in England—and laughed to think how you would wonder—and the longer I stayed, the more I laughed—and then I got hold of another prank—or it got

hold of me, to come back and surprise you—and I was surprised myself—two clumsy fisted knaves—Tom Colville, why dost not keep better guard?—and no lamps—they grappled and muzzled me, and Ned Shirley's boy came—and I've a mind to go back.

ALL. No, no!

SHIR. What makes my young Lady Thoresby, that is to be—so merry?

COL. Ay, Kate, what is it?

C. COL. I was thinking that Edward would make a play of the last three or four day's events.

ALL. A play!

C. COL. Oh, matter enough for plot—and his wit will fashion the dialogue. There is Master Ashden and poor cousin Kate rescued from pursuit by Edward—the hiding them with my birds—and the letters found by my father—which he thought were for me; and they so frighten'd him.

COL. Ha! rogue!

C. COL. And Sir Colbeck's jewels stolen—he thought to be dead—and my uncle's life in danger—and Edward marrying cousin Kate—and—

C. ASH. Vincent marrying cousin Kate—

C. COL. Yes—and—oh, how shall we finish?

COL. Ha, how!

C. COL. And then Sir Colbeck returns, and—

SIR COL. And a pretty kettle of fish you would have made of it, if he had not returned—and—

COL. Well, let us see the end—

C. COL. Sir Colbeck on returning is kidnapped—and rescued—and—

THOR. The Catherines are married, and—

COL. Well—

SIR COL. There ye are all fast—

COL. All at a stand still—

C. COL. Let the curtain fall—we can run and hide ourselves. Unless Sir Colbeck will speak—for he has caused the mischief.

SIR COL. Me! no, I'll go back first.

THOR. Then its all over—

COL. No, no—not yet—the best is to come—good Ned—

[Goes off.

SIR COL. What freak has Tom Colville got in his head?

C. COL. I can guess! [COLVILLE returns with parchments.

COL. There—Ned—look, good lad,—there the Shirley manors are Shirley's again— [Gives them to SHIRLEY.

ALL. What?

SHIR. Dear Sir, this bounty—

COL. No—no love for thee—dear Ned! love for thy good, dear, dead father—Ned—not bounty. We'll have the old house built up again for thee and Catherine Ashden—and all the brambles grubbed up—

ASH. And the rats all hunted forth—

Sir COL. I'll not go back—I'll stay to shake honest Tom Colville by the hand—and dandle my grandson.

THOR. Now for the epilogue.

C. COL. I hate epilogues—

SHIR. So do I—they are doses of laudanum given to a man when he's falling asleep.

C. COL. But something must be said to the spectators to finish with—to propitiate—

COL. Well, Kate, say it thou—

C. COL. Me—no! it's Edward's play—

Sir COL. Come, Ned—make haste, I'm hungry—save thy bacon, lad.

SHIR. Mistress Thoresby has a persuasive tongue.

C. COL. Thou say so—and Catherine Ashden beside thee? Speak, cousin— [Putting C. ASHDEN forward—who shrinks.

C. ASH. Oh—I dare not.

SHIR. Come, Kate, in mercy—

C. COL. Well, then, I must—now Edward, to save thee from — hem! [Goes forward.

C. COL. Ladies and Gentlemen—

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THE END OF THE COMEDY.

## HAZLITT'S CHARACTERISTICS.\*

A REVIEW.

*Sheffield Iris, January 10, 1837.*

FOR the publication of this efficient and admirable little volume, we are indebted to the new editor of the *Monthly Repository*, Mr. Horne, a gentleman whose far-searching intellect and well-stored mind, directed by his strong heart to integrity of purpose, dared to exercise, not only the liberty to enquire into the late Mr. Hazlitt's politics and philosophy, but the greater boldness of proclaiming his approbation thereof to the public, at a time when many, who secretly admired, shrunk from the peril of acknowledgment; it might have damaged their respectability of reputation; conventional order would have been shocked. The death of that bold, clear, and original writer, has stripped truth of some of its terrors; and the justice to his great talents, which was denied him while living, is in progress of award now he is dead. With the knaves who practice on fools, and the fools who chain themselves as servile dupes to knavery's car, his name, if it be heard among them, will hourly become more abhorrent; each added incense to his memory will be an increased stench of putridity in their nostrils.—Amen.

The man who thinks perseveringly and profoundly, feels strongly, and with an intense love of the truths he thus discovers, advocates them "through good report and through ill report," with confident eloquence and courage unflinching, must, even at this day, draw sustaining hope in his toil, from the convictions and affirmations of posterity. His age is not with him;—it stands before him a frowning barrier which he must boldly "o'erleap, or else fall down" at it. Brilliant as was the light which Hazlitt threw around him while living, it was only within a narrow circle that his genius and talents were appreciated, admired, and acknowledged; few were they who would or could appreciate his powers,—fewer still they who admired, and fewest of all were the *darers* to acknowledge. Heresy and sedition were the burs that stuck to the man who dared. The finger of death was required to extinguish the close scrutiny and expansive flash of his intellectual gaze; it was necessary that the power of his eye, and the active vigour of his brain, should be struck into a dull and senseless blank before the tens of thousands might open their eyes with a willingness to imbibe illumination from him, as they gazed. Now, indeed, the belief in Hazlitt's philosophically moral creeds is striding along, spite of the vituperative filths which have been heaped up in obstruction. The fabrics of venerated

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\* Characteristics. By Wm. Hazlitt. London: Templeman.

conventionalisms, where mind was imprisoned, and the spirit of man lay benumbed, enchained, or dead ; the fond delusions and rooted sophistries which blinded intellectual vision, and the blundering but knavish obstinacy, skilful only in trick and knavery, which held them up as religiously sacred ; and the union of these, by which fraud taught greediness and oppression to complicate and intricate their schemes in order to perplex and cajole the Millions who were thus made the prey of a Few, were struck at by Hazlitt, with the piercing and ponderous weapons of indomitable and scathing truth, with a force which it would be folly to expect knaves will either forget or forgive ; though, indeed, it is not to be doubted that some of the dupes are acquiring a little sensibility to the blows ; but they will take a good deal of hammering—they are tough materials to work at ; tough, though not expansive, but, while in their deluders' hands, as flexible as their deluders can desire.

This book is a capital three shilling's worth of four hundred and thirty-four maxims or sayings of Hazlitt. It is a compendium of wisdom, which a clear eye and a squadron of thoughts, which possess at once the faculty of diving deeply, and floating buoyantly and brilliantly, have drawn up from the well of man's heart ; and, so distinct, various, and multitudinous are the treasures brought up and exhibited, that every reader among millions may hear and see some duplicate throb, or echoing pulsation of his own heart : a bright and certain, though not always complimentary, reflex of his own thoughts and sentiments. And if, among the four hundred and thirty-four Characteristics, there is something in which it is difficult to acquiesce,—something, it may be, in which acquiescence is impossible, there is nothing which is invaluable in itself as a power of thought, or as a suggestion on which thought may flow, or as a text which sets the reflective faculties in motion ; nothing from which, indeed, a correct and perfectly Christian morality may not be deduced and inculcated with a hope of practical and practised utility. We may object to propositions here and there, but we must rise from a perusal, or from a casual glance, with the feeling that "this is useful—this is not wasted." However, by adopting the Editor's counsel (given in the preface), and reading beyond one proposition before we reject it as unsound in ethical principle, to another which illustrates and modifies it, and, thus combined, presents a truthful result. Again, all readers may not be gratified by the sharpness of his severity : there will be some flinching at his sarcasms ; his satire may bite : for our own part we like them all. We have revelled in them ; feeling convinced, as we do feel, that however fierce they may be, their fierceness is created by a just indignation : we see the sincerity of truth which draws them forth—though it is misery to know they are true, they stand in direct and bold antagonism of the sophistry, cant, and hypocrisy which would gloss them over, conceal them, or translate their vile attributes, "virtues, proprieties, and decorums." See No. C. for example : its application is "as broad and" almost "as general as the casing air" in England. "What passes in the world for talent, or dexterity, or enterprise, is often only a want of principle. We may succeed where others fail ; not

from a greater share of invention, but from not being nice in the choice of expedients." And, truly it may be added, it is success only which hides the baseness of an unprincipled scheme, and failure only which develops its moral turpitude.

Sharp and delving is the following; and its massive truth, though not every where seen and detected, is felt by millions :—

No. CXCVII.

"Want of principle is power. Truth and honesty set a limit to our efforts, which impudence and hypocrisy easily overleap."

But these may be tasted as unpleasant asperities: the little volume contains variety of deliciously palatable matter, suppers of excellent champagne, stout port, veritable claret, cooling hock, and not a few drops of brandy; nor are bonies and perfumes wanting to delight the olfactories and soothe the palates of those who love sweets and aroma. It is a feast at which all may find something to their taste. Try for yourself reader.

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LETTERS.\*

*Sheffield Iris*, November 14, 1837.

Campamento, Sept. 7, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,—A pint of goat's milk, two cups of coffee, and a bit of bread, have kindled my resolution to the labour of writing—for labour it is;—my desk is a sheet of thick pasteboard, resting on my knees;—my ink a few drops of vino seco (I believe this is the veritable sack of Falstaff,) poured upon the stuff called ink-powder,—the compound is a blue black gritty mud;—pens bad, and I incapacitated for the mending art; my knife is edgeless, and I am without strop or hone. I may contrive to scribble something, but I question whether what I do write now will be legible when it reaches you; for this I must take my chance, trusting to fortune and your good spectacles. Here I am fairly hutted, in a little road side Venta, in Andalusia,—three miles from Gibraltar—two from San Roque, and six from Algeiras;—over my head a roof of wattled reeds or canes; under my feet bricks—a barrel of wine with the cock and key in, just 27 inches from my nose;—a glassless window or port, at which I am sitting, for light, on my left hand; myriads of fat, luscious grapes within arm's reach; through the windows melting figs—purple to the very heart, Pomegranates, higo chumbo, i. e. rough figs,

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\* Extracts from letters addressed to Joseph Bateman, L.L.D., of London; Ebenezer Elliott, and George Henry Hobson, of Sheffield; Thomas Tunaley, of Derby; and other intimate friends of C. R. P.—They were written when he was on his health-seeking travels, of which some mention is made in the early part of this work, and most of them appeared in the *Sheffield Iris*.—J. F.

the rich fruit of the common cactus, alias prickly pear, swarming on acres and acres of land; lemons and oranges (not yet ripe); huge melons (water and musk), abundant; and, as the French boarding-houses promise their lodgers in the article of bread, all these luxuries and temptations, "*a-la-discretion*;"—and I am discreet enough to look at them and so be satisfied: the fear of a tertian, so prevalent here in the fruit season, teaches me this wisdom; and with sixty thousand ripe and delicious muscatels, *a-la-discretion*, per diem, I have the courage to limit myself to about one and a half daily. My expenses here are, for lodging, eating, and drinking, something like 13s. per week. In Gibraltar I shall about double this outlay, besides the casualties in both places. Here I intend to remain three weeks. Of the grandeur, magnificence, and extraordinary beauty of the scenery in which I have taken my position, forming altogether one of the most eye-grasping and noble panoramas in the universe, I shall say nothing now. Whatever glow of admiration Mrs. Roche may have displayed in her language of description,—whatever rapture of feeling her words may have breathed, when she wrote of "Gibraltar," if my testimony can add ought to bring to your conviction how glorious and wonderful is the aspect which nature here puts on, I will say she could not, she cannot write too brilliantly, too enthusiastically of the swelling and overpowering emotions and their cause, when the vessel that bore her hither entered Gibraltar bay. I see all now with a more discriminating and sensible eye, than I did when, nearly 30 years ago, my boy perceptions and impulses felt all the rush of realised romantic bliss, on the morning of April 8, 1808. I have coaxed my fancy several times since this arrival of mine, and strained and blown my imagination in the effort to recreate similar feelings—all in vain. I remember them well—and there is pleasure in the remembrance; but I cannot draw them into my brain and heart again;—yet I think my enjoyment now is greater,—I not only see all, the mass, more intensely, but I appreciate the whys and wherefores. I can now analyze and dissect—separate and unite details; combine the whole variety and detail of form, mass, minuteness, points, and particulars. Then I was unperceptive of the harmony, or rather the cause of harmony, in light and shade:—of how much of the magic power was attributable to colours only I knew nothing at all; this is now the most intoxicating source of my delight. On the whole, therefore, my present pleasure is much greater than my old one, though, indeed, I wish I could have just a little snack of it once more,—just one taste, a minute's renovation; but I may wish in vain—the nerves that made it are withered.

"Is your health improved at all?" is a query which you would put did we meet. Taking my body altogether, "yes" I should answer; but my rascal cough is not diminished, although all my old aches and pains in chest and between shoulders are gone. My passage out was a most wretched time,—18 days all, except two, stormy. Such vile accommodation—such harsh and indigestible food, with such paltry meanness in its distribution—such a ferocious bull-terrier biped—I thought



the whole breed of such sea captains was extinct; but he was alive to convince me of my error—such miserable ignorance—such brain baldness and eye mindlessness, united to astounding arrogance of superiority, surely never existed. To doubt *his* omnipotence, to question *his* omniscience, *his* (the *Captain's*) almighty power and limitless knowledge, was deep and most galling offence;—had these not produced so much of discomfort and suffering, they would have been admirable cause for roars of laughter. Yet even this creature was (is) not utterly naked and barren; his activity and skill (professional) on emergencies, such as sudden squalls, &c. are amazing. There are, too, symptoms of benevolence in him, but he so befouls a kind action by his mode of doing it;—by the offensive remarks or hints which accompany it, that all sense of thankfulness is utterly erased from the receiver's mind. But these odds and ends of evil were almost trifles with what else assailed me. The cabin was crowded with passengers besides himself and mate; yet he had the folly (dictated by avarice which was severely punished in the close,) to take on board three soldiers' wives and two children. I saw them only (in the cabin) as we were hauling out of dock. Remonstrance was vain; he said an appeal had been made to his humanity. Lord! Lord! *his* humanity! yet I believed him. But, oh! the stench, the mess, the sea sickness, helplessness in filth; squalling, screaming children; scolding, swearing, lying, cheating, and *flogging* mothers!—it was maddening! Spite of rain, breaking seas, &c. &c., the offences and dread of pestilence drove me on deck, and I received another layer of inflammation; this accounts for my cough not being cured by the voyage, as I foretold it would be. To cap the whole of our disasters, the two children took the small pox (one brought it on board), in its worst and most loathsome form; consequently the ship, on arrival at Gibraltar, was quarantined—oh, misery of miseries!—for twelve days; and all the expenses fell on the benevolent captain, whose roaring, tearing, bellowing, and cursing were let loose upon the women, Rock of Gibraltar, small pox, quarantine laws, &c. &c., like the fury of an unchained wild bull; but if he looked within he would find none but himself to blame. Heaven keep all gentle souls out of his way. But I am ashore; let him go. I intend to make an appeal to England on the subject of tyrannous sea captains, and the abominably slavish and brutalized condition of merchant seamen. They are *not men* who will submit to what I have witnessed. Such creatures ought to be hanged, ay, they more deserve to be so than does a burglar or a murderer;—their example of tame submission spreads corruption and pestilence through the whole system of society. But what are we to think of the merchants—the wealthy and honorable merchants of Great Britain, who know of, and in most cases foster these infamies?—Grist to their mill,—ha! get through the work, no matter how!—debase, degrade, brutalize, and give them Bibles, and coax them to the Bethel flag—the floating chapels; anything that will prevent their making the discovery that they are men.

I had oceans of "thoughts and remembrances fitting" that I wished

you would convey to my friends. One and all have been wrong in one thing, i. e., my exercise of my voice; three months' silence has wrought no good. My trachea seems to be like a stick of elder, crammed with pith. I tried this morning on the beach for 15 minutes,—mean to go on advancing to 30, and then 40, 50, 60, and so to two hours of exercise vocal. Read this, if you can, to all my right and most valued friends, and to one and all present my good wishes.

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*Sheffield Iris, Dec. 26, 1837.*

Gibraltar, 2nd Dec., 1837.

THE body cannot—thought can leap from latitude 36 to 53 in the tenth part of the time that it would occupy a flash of lightning to travel through such a space, and from this spot I am instantly in imagined grasp of your hand, my dear, good friend. Crowds of wishes and hopes and unclothed thoughts rush bounding and hurrying up to the gates of expression, and I know not which to indulge first: besides, the will is enchained: expression is fettered—this one sheet of paper is the petty space in which the vastness of will is confined. Well—there is no evil without some good: you will not have so much of labour in unravelling the intricacies and mysteries of an illegible scrawl, as you have hitherto had imposed on you by my customary fourteen or sixteen pages. Does health smile cheerily on your dwelling, and on all within it? Is anxious solicitude lessened, and are hope and enjoyment increased and increasing with you? Is your prospect of bettering the condition of humanity fairer and clearer than it was? I know your efforts are unceasing—have they broken through the pain of sympathy, and do they delight in a safe anticipation of approaching improvement?

The papers have informed me of the busy and malicious and hypocritical attempts to obstruct the designs of an exalted philanthropy, in the recent education meetings in Sheffield. It is painful to say it, but it is necessary, the circumstances of the case and of the times force the opinions, and the expression of them. Every friend to his fellow-man's advancement—every man who has a drop of true honest disinterested philanthropy running in his veins to prompt his efforts, *must* regard with suspicion the sayings and doings and pretensions and professions of that part of the community which makes *religion* the stalking horse; in short, he must know, feel, design, and act, in all his political, civil, and social dealings with them, with the assurance that he is dealing with cheats, swindlers, and rogues, or he will be frustrated and defeated. It is misery to think that charity of opinion is now subversive of the efforts of benevolence, and ruinous to truth; but it is so. The fair beauties of creation, and the bright reflections of God in man are blackened over and befouled by the mind-swindlers and heart-crushers who bellow and roar, and howl and whine in a mockery of defence of

God's power in a blasphemous assumption of aid and strength and wisdom, to be afforded by them to the Omnipotent !

Here is December—thought brings into contact strong, the character of your atmosphere and weather, with that with which I am at present blessed. Never do I bend my thoughts to matters of weather in England at this period of the year, but immediately I shiver in the cold and dark and dismal remembrances of last winter—to its long inveteracy of infliction, its crawling and clinging so deeply into the bowels of the murdered spring ; nay, into summer's beauteous life, I attribute the fixedness of my disease. I should have recovered, had bleak winter retired in decency. Now, I fancy myself, at intervals, as well as ever I was. Indeed, I am greatly bettered in generalities. My cough, I think, is as it was. I have an impression that nobody understands my complaint. The general notion is that my lungs are damaged : this, I am quite sure, is not the case. My ailment is a diseased mucous membrane ; or, perhaps, a damage in the bronchial tubes, which causes a most annoying and enormous secretion of mucus that can be expectorated only by the muscular effort of coughing. I eat, drink, and sleep well ; and two days ago scrambled up this mountain, and walked and crawled and leaped about—at the Signal Station and to St. Michael's Cave (a great curiosity and natural wonder) for five or six hours, and finished without the least distress of breath or fatigue of limb : a sure proof that my lungs are safe. The remarkable prevalence of easterly winds is against me. I did make arrangements for going into Africa for a month or two, but the apprehension of what quarantine, (there are rumours of cholera on the African coast) would inflict on me, induce me to alter my course. I shall go to Malta as soon as my second course of Lectures is terminated, which will be about the 10th of January. Perhaps I shall visit the Pyramids—Cairo, Thebes, the Cataracts of the Nile, &c., before I return—or I shall return in May next. I expect to be well. Of my Lectures—first and chief—that they would retard my recovery, in fact, make me much worse, I have proved to be untrue—though not one prophet in England spoke on the subject without foretelling mischief. I was frightened, I own, at first. I trembled lest I should break down ; but found myself in better stamina after talking two hours than before. They have—or the work and its accompanying agreeable excitement have improved my health. They were successful beyond my hopes, and have won for me much kindness, and rather too many invitations. My health and my caution compel me to decline many. Some bargain to give me a bed if I will come and dine, so that I may not be exposed to the night air ; and five nights, on these conditions, I have been absent from my lodgings this week. Yet I came here—I landed an entire stranger—unknown to man, woman, or child. They do not expect me to play French poodle when they invite me, but allow me to sit still—talk or read as it suits me. Indeed, it is real kindness. There is developed a bland solicitude for the convenience of an invalid, care to consult his fancies, and consideration even of his caprices ; which are at once agreeable and painful. It is pleasant to perceive and to receive so

much kindness : but I am oftentimes impressed with the thought that they, the givers and conferers, think me much worse in health than I feel or can admit myself to be : that they have or see causes for apprehension, of which I am insensible. However it may be, one thing is certain ; I shall not say my farewell to this place, and the community, without some very sharp regrets : without experiencing that depth of sadness into which one is plunged after saying "good bye, farewell," to those dispensers of kindness and sympathy whom we can have but scant hopes of ever seeing or hearing again. Indeed, I love the *place* also, notwithstanding its several offences. The swelling tone of its grandeur ; its massive volumes of mind-grasping beauty and power, so far from fading on acquaintance, or diminishing under a daily and familiar gaze, increase in their impressibility, and doubly infold one in the spells of their glorious magic. I do not intend to indulge myself, and perhaps fatigue you with a narrative of my daily doings, nor to yield to the temptation, which even now assails me, of giving a close, yet elaborate, verbal picture of the beauty and grandeur by which I am surrounded.

I shall probably write a series of letters from Gibraltar and South of Spain (or some better title), and send them for publication, perhaps to *Tait*. I have a notion that they will be somewhat racy. If I find any hesitation on *Tait's* part, or difficulty in publishing with printing types, I will be my own publisher. My voice shall be the *font* and press ; its accents and tones, the words : and, very likely, this will be more productive than the other process. It will certainly be less hazardous ; and what is better still, I shall not have to harass myself by correcting the proofs, nor shall I be sickened and maddened by the printer's delay, nor publisher's calculation. To this course I have but one objection : it will, if successful in a pecuniary sense, be a suggester to quacks and pretenders, who are the pestilent curse of England.

Numerous as the evils may be here in Gibraltar, thieves are few, and beggars there are none. The signs of poverty are scarcely visible : there is employment for all, and wages are such as to enable those who will work a little, to live free from all apprehension of a meal-less to-morrow. Of the working class, the most surprising number is engaged in the manufacture of cigars : one would think enow of these were made in Gibraltar, to supply all the smokers in the world. I buy eight for a penny. I have paid threepence each for worse in England : so, my dear friend, congratulate me on the *one* advantage I have made by coming here. I smoke cheaply. Wine and grog shops are "plenty as blackberries ;" always noisy and always crowded with customers, who may get thoroughly, blessedly drunk for threepence. Yet the only forms of humanity ever seen in that state are of England's growth, or may be "ould Ireland's" *jolly tars* ; or occasionally a soldier. It is curious to see Spaniards stopping to purchase fruit by the road side, when an Englishman's only search would be for the *Venta* (equivalent to our hedge alehouse.) But do not take this fact as evidence of the general superiority of the Spanish peasant or labourer : true, people of this

class are amazingly better than their "betters;" and but queer, degraded, sunken articles still: yet with qualities of frankness and kindly courtesy which would much surprise and gladden us to find in the peasant labourers of England. Look round you and speak to each of your hearth-occupiers my sincere wishes for their health and happiness—wishes made deeper by distance. Let me be remembered to all whom you may see or meet in house or way side, who have knowledge of me. Bless them all. To conclude: remember, in all your efforts for the bettering of the condition of man, you will be opposed by knaves and dupees, who will talk largely. Their sole aim is some sectarianism, or to make the many the serfs of the few. Adieu.

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*Sheffield Iris, March 6th, 1838.*

Gibraltar, January, 1838.

HAIL, hail! good friend! joy and peace be with you:—health, mirth, and hope be with all your house. Through this paper I wish them all to be reminded that there is one who thinks of them daily; that while he is rambling about this wonderful and far-distant place, and enjoying the exciting natural beauties and grandeurs of Gibraltar and the adjacencies in Andalusia—in his keen sense of the geniality of this climate and its valuable advantages to his health: and in his frequent comparisons of it with the slop, and sleet, and fog, and chill, and shiver of England at this time, he reflects with thankfulness and gladness on the happiness which you and they conspired to shower on him last June, and aforetime in November: he would remind them that he has not, before or since, been participator in any pleasures of a social circle that approached in strength, continuity, and moral purity, those which he found with you and them. I shall not leave Gibraltar, till about the 10th or 15th of January. From Malta I may proceed to Alexandria, thence to Cairo, the Pyramids, Memphis, Thebes, &c. Perhaps to Corfu and Zante. I have some notion of returning to England through France, via Marseilles.

My hope is to return to England in May next, or, if I am longer about it, I shall not venture back till the next Winter has exhausted its terrors. I refrain from giving you either a description of the glories, and wonders, and curious things in men and manners by which I am surrounded, or a narrative of my seeings, and sayings, and doings, and dealings with them, till I meet you in England. Even my recent trip to the land of Camels and Turbans, the Bastinado and the Bowstring, must remain unchronicled for the present. I was at Tangier only a few hours, but saw enough to excite a keen desire to see much more. I had fashioned myself for a month's residence at Tetuan, if I did not sufficiently like Tangier; but rumours of cholera being on the Barbary coast, aroused a dread of Quarantine Laws; the Cordon Sanitaire would have imprisoned me for some two months;—of this horror

I had a presentiment, at which some folks here laughed ; but this very day the Health Office has issued its order to interdict all communication with Barbary. Beef and chickens will rise in price, consequently ; and the Andalusian farmers and peasants will rejoice greatly, for Gibraltar's twenty thousand mouths will open to them, to be filled at whatever charges a Spanish conscience may desire : though, let me say, I do not think they are nearly so rapacious as our honest, plain, blunt, straight-forward English farmers would be under such circumstances. Oh, what a fat opportunity would such an event as this be to the "Agricultural Interests" in England ! and would not they avail themselves of it, eagerly and joyously and exultingly avail themselves ? Aye, indeed ! Oh ! let it be considered well—be it cut deep, deep into the heart and thoughts of all thinking sympathisers with humanity, "that such is the wicked, cruel, Christ's precept mocking state and frame of society, and the sufferings and hard necessities of one class, are the profit and exultation of another." Does not that frame of society require an extensive alteration ? Who shall dare say it is foolish or iniquitous to endeavour to effect a change when the misery of one portion of our fellow creatures is the advantage and fattening food of another portion ? Out with the cant and humbug that is frothed daily against those noble and pure minded beings who would "disturb the elements of society : " they are the dupes of the gorgers on humanity, who thus echo the greedy howlings and fears of the gorgers ; but great and right heavenly truths are working their way, spite of the opposition. What piece of humanity is so indifferent and deaf and dead to passing events, as not to have been impressed with the mighty fact, that during the present agitation of the necessity of some grand educational system, the most vehement and virulent opposers of any plan or proposition that tends to make men Christians indeed—practical living Christian-helpers, friends and lovers of their fellow-men, are the bigots, the loudest bellowers for religious instruction ; the most incessant and persevering ranters and whiners, roarers and canters about the blessings of Christ's Gospel. Plain, oh, plain is it that a practical Christian tendency in society, is their abhorrence. Plain is it that their only object is to win a host of professing fools, and dupes, and hypocrites, who shall make them (the converters and bellowing proselyters) the idols of worship—to teach the dupes to be observant and decorously submissive to all *their* injunctions of "submission to the powers that be"—just so long as "the powers that be" are—themselves ;—to make the many the serfs and serviles of the few, is all the aim of their "religious instruction." Oh, yes ! "to save their souls." The mightiest engine that ever the well nurtured capacity for evil in man has yet invented for the debasement, degradation, and demoralization of man, is now in intensely earnest operation in every part of Great Britain—bewildering in a tenfold vapour of corrupting mystery, the glorious beams of imagination—blasting the fructifications of intellect, and crushing the nobly warm pulsations of the heart, beneath the ever teeming and falling masses of dark superstition and malicious craft ;—that engine is the

pulpit; its momentum priestly ascendancy, and the grease which keeps it clear of rust, passages from the Bible, "corrupted to their ends that select them."

How I have flown off from the subject of my letter! What a length of tangent! and I have so much to say, and so little space to say it in; but when the string was touched by a reference to the necessities of Gibraltar as an instance in proof that one man's damage is another man's gain, as we are now fixed in society's frame—it *would* vibrate, I could not help it: and you will forgive it. There are features in the degraded character of the Spaniards—for it is but too true that they are miserably degraded—which one would be happy to find in England. There (i. e. England) you can scarcely look over a man's gate, or peep through his hedge, without a gruff warning to "be off," and a particular care to impress on your mind the very important fact that his leave must be asked before you set your foot on "his grounds," or "his premises;" notice to trespassers and threats of "prosecution with the utmost rigour of the law" meet you at every turn. Here you may enter freely, unquestioned,—walk about freely—look where you will about the grounds, gardens, and buildings without exciting the least offence, or surprise at your daring to intrude. You break no law of courtesy by so doing, nor turn the owner out of his current of kindness. The more I see and observe, the more evidences do I obtain that in the whole civilized world there are no "gentry"—i. e., gentle-folks, aristocracy, and its offshoots, so insolent, overbearing, selfish, and tyrannical, where their *sports* are interfered with, as our "true born Englishman." The legality of a matter they *will* regard; but the moral justice or humanity of sympathy that may be disturbed by their enjoyments, touches them not, or if so, but in few instances of not-yet-killed beauty of Nature.

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Gibraltar, January 12th, 1838.

I HAVE lived six weeks among the Andalusians, at Compomento and San Roque; and I have had one trip over to Africa—to Tangier. Gibraltar itself is a wonder; the more I see it the more I like, what I like in or about it. From the Terrace, through the window at which I am writing, I have a view unmatched, I verily believe, for grandeur and impressive beauty of magnificence, in the wide world. Besides, my dear friend, I have *Shakespeared* here to some purpose:—by only two courses of lectures I shall earn sufficient to provide board, lodging, &c. here for twelve months, if it were within my arrangements to sit down quietly so long—but that must not be—I must be going and going—and this "going" is a very expensive affair. A week ago, if I had written, I should have spoken despairingly of my health—for I was then worse than I remember to have been since May last. Now—oh, how I rejoice to say it! I am rapidly recovering. The improvement was sudden and magical. Laborious as my lectures are—physically as well as mentally so—I really feel heartier, livelier,

and (which are the best evidences of returning soundness) hungrier and more elastic after them. Before I began, I was somewhat apprehensive that I should break down ere I had reached half through the first one. I have, in addition to health and cash, earned no little kindness and honest courtesy by lecturing. My lectures are delivered at mid-day. I have some notion of going on to Egypt, &c. : but if my health continue this rapid improvement, I shall be in England by the end of May or the beginning of June.

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*Sheffield Iris, March 27, 1838.*

Gibraltar, 6th Feb., 1838.

I AM sure you need something to alleviate your wintry misery. The newspapers make me shiver with cold as I read them. They tell me of the dismality of your "fine, sharp, seasonable" weather. I do not read of noses and toes bitten off by the frost, it is true; but the aforesaid papers say enough to justify the belief that you all walk or ride in dread of such a catastrophe: that there is scarcely a nose in England that is not as red as raw beef; and has its tip decorated with a succession of single, little, shaking, shuddering wet beads: that nose napkins have more work to do than they can well manage; that every toe is aching and every finger tingling; that the noisy and dirt making coal scuttle, and shovel and tongs, and poker, are rattling and racketting and clanging and clattering all day long, and more than half the night; that you are simmering roasts on one side and cakes of ice on the other: that if you dare thrust your head out o'f door or window for an instant, you are cut to the bone by the "beautiful fresh air," which comes at you, villanously keen and cold, as if it were the stroke of a scythe: that men, women, and children seem to be all puffing out of their stomachs huge whiffs of tobacco smoke as they walk along—while in fact they are not so fortunately warm; but are, by their very breath, making tassels and radiations of icicles for brows and eyes and noses and chins: that you are all obliged to coax the pump with a little hot water before it can be persuaded into the charity of yielding you a little cold to drink, or to cook the "taties" and turnips, which, when cooked, you throw away—you can't eat them: the frost has nipped into their hearts: that every thing, which three or four or five months ago, was a smart, inviting, verdant, and flowery, smiling—aye, laughingly gay, garden, looks now like a filthy, dirty lot of old rags—which beggars and bone-pickers have scrambled for and rejected, and left to be scattered by the winds: that the hedges which were once leafy and green, and full of fret-work lights and shadows, and turfy lanes under them, so dreamy and fairy-like and fascinating—Oh! God bless the beloved English lanes and hedges!—are all now shivering and black and stumpy; or like millions of confused, ragged, jagged, jangled, and tangled bristles, trying to stand on end with horrid fright at the cold weather, &c. &c.



&c. &c. &c. &c. and every &c. a dismality, an ugliness, a misery maker, a pang giver. I must shew you something to make you understand—perceive, conceive, guess what “comfort” is—not your “comfort”—“fireside comfort!”—that phrase “exclusively English.” Ugh! that thing “exclusively English,” called “comfort!” Examine it without your English spectacles:—look at it through some other medium than the contorting one of my grammy’s habits and prejudices—through some other glass than a dingy-blanketty fog, or a blinking sleet, and, assuredly, you will see that this “peculiarly English” blessing (mind ye, I don’t assert that England is more comfortless than any other country) is nothing else than a partial neutralization of atmospheric misery. Partial, mark me—partial, only, I say—for in spite of all which will be, *in selfish triumph*, pointed at as proof against my assertion, by individuals—with the people—with the millions—the “bigger half” of the misery remains in tact: aye, and with many of those who scorn to be thought of the people, it is but partial, in spite of all your baizings, listings, and leatherings; your carpetings and ruggings, and draperies and knackeries. “Fire-side comfort!” Pooh! pooh! nonsense! Don’t tell me! Fire-side comforts, indeed! There! how the blast comes fiercely whistling through the key-hole—shrill and sharp as a hungry hawk’s pouncing scream; and cold—hooh! ugh! piercingly cold—slicing ear, cheek, and skull, through and through—no razor, no, not one of Rodgers’ best, half so keen: or you have it swishing and whining, roaring and howling under the door.—Don’t you see how it sets the carpet all of a wobble? and every hair and thread in the rug is quivering in the pain of chill misery. How it shrieks and whizzes, and plains and groans in all the corners and round the window frames! Fire-side comforts! Humbug! None of your fire-side comforts for me! Give me a country to live in—aye, and die in too—for I should catch an ague in an English grave. Give me, I say, the country in which fire-side comforts are unknown, and unknown only because there is no occasion for other fire-sides than the cook’s or the blacksmith’s—yet I have an old, silly, foolish fondness,—a childish prejudice for this half comfortless England, that I can never away with—it sticks in the linings of my heart like birdlime: it is glued, as it were, to the soul: wedged and dovetailed in the spirit. There are here—here in this Gibraltar—some spectacle-eyed English, who ape their “home comforts” of England, and flare up a bit with their “fire-side;” and a pretty mess they make of it! but even so, I declare—(I am quite severely serious at this point, not bantering a bit)—it is much better, every way more “comfortable,” really, than your fire-side in England. Off again into the checked strain, now, and—that country for me which gives and receives atmospheric comforts from January to December, through the glorious warm sun—(aye, though for the last three weeks the atmosphere has been thickened and mistified by rain clouds)—the vaulted heavens for a canopy—rocks, hills, and mountains, plains, and valley sides for my parlour floor and walls and ceilings. Oh! such rich carpets—such gorgeous hangings—such magnificent curtains—such splendid windows

by day, and such intensely brilliant and sumptuously ornamented, sublimely suspended lamps by night, have I here! In England your moon is a greased cheese hung up to shine: here it is "the bright and beauteous orb"—aye, or crescent either: a sleeping gem, floating on a deep blue, serenely calm and sparkled sea;—a golden coloured crystal; bright!—oh! how beautifully bright!—and no fire—no coal scuttle—no hideous cinders—no suffocating ashes. Daily, more and more, do I find occasion to rejoice and be gratefully glad that I did leave England for a while: and glad, indeed, am I that I came to this place. I am every way better, body and mind, or, at least, heart, are mended by my visit and sojourn. I have more strength, stamina, capability of endurance—and for appetite! beware of your beefsteaks when I return! I eat a pound thereof, good stuff, too, *per diem*—a letter from bright minded, clear minded, and strong hearted Junius Redivivus, contained advice to prefer that food, with bread, to any other—and he bade me ride horses, mules, donkies, dromedaries, camels, as much as I could; and, oh! to be sure, I have obeyed him as far as horse, camel, and dromedary riding is in posse. My cough is not quite gone; but I am pretty confident I shall, "can" that is, be able to write from Malta, "it is gone." Yes, I daily find, and feel cause to rejoice; and while I am enjoying, to sympathise with those who cannot and do not enjoy as I do.

Three days since—no, two—I scrambled up to the summit of this mountain, in all the rich and gracious warmth of a summer day. I saw the wide, blue, deep blue glory of the Mediterranean—the Atlas chain, and Mons Abyla in Africa; the Sierra Ronda and Sierra Nevada on the European side; and, on the culminating point of the Rock, 1,439 feet above the sea's level, I sat, for a heavenly hour, basking in the hot sun; and in ascending and descending I inhaled pure, health-giving oxygen, or snuffed up wreathing volumes of perfume from the wild lavender—here so abundant, and so beautiful in leaf and flower:—bees humming over and diving into the blue coronals:—then, also, there are many other richly aromatic plants; and marigolds, wild, in millions—Narcissi—squills—"periwinkles"—daisies, &c. sat smiling into me at every step. The trees are green again; some had been naked only for a week or two; others have put on their fresh, new dresses—oh! so very clean and neat—before the old green is gone brown. All these things are on the "rough and ragged rock of Gibraltar"—all these I saw and felt on the 4th of February.

Here, fresh out of my lodgings' garden,—which is all a hushed flood of green,—and buddy, leafy, and blady and perfumy as any lawn in England after a soft shower in June—here on my table are now sitting, or reclining on the rim of a glass, with their feet in the water, a pair of exquisite, young, but full blown roses—a rich scented Narcissus—a Gemini of scented violets, blue as the sky over the portals of heaven—a crop of mignonette—a bunch of thyme—and a little yellow flower, the name of which I do not know—but he has thousands and tens of thousands of brothers and sisters here, all alive and merry now, and is

the prettiest, softly smiling, delicate beauty that ever was crowned in golden petal. This is February; I could have said as much in January;—here they are in all their loveliness and liveliness of fresh purity and beauty, like graceful, innocent, unsophisticated, frank, and confiding boys and girls; or as blooming little—little children that have been permitted to be, not taught to be, good: little children that have never been whipped, nor scolded—never coaxed nor cheated—neither have they been cantingly prated into “being good,” and “behaving properly,” and being “submissive to their betters;” nor have their “tempers been conquered,” nor “their wills broken:”—(all and each of which are of the Devil’s creed and its articles;)—like little children that have not imbibed, nor have been parrotted into a squirting out of, any of that nasty scum—that dirty dish-slop—that rank reek of foul garbage—foh! and pooh! and phoo-pho-o-o-o-phoo-phoo!—which the petty or malignant craft of soulless hypocrites gives and takes as a practice of piety, and blasphemingly calls Religion. Such “being good,” means being sillily sulky, and cunning and suspicious, and decorously spiteful; and is early indicative of a future prudently swindling, and cautiously lying knack, and capability of “getting on in the world,” and “becoming respectable,” or “supporting the dignity of their birth and station.” No, these flowers are like little children who have not, by the folly or knavery of their teachers in making them “good,” according to their notions;—have not had the Angel squeezed out, and the Devil thrust and rammed and jammed in. And yonder is Apis hill (Mons Abyla.) I see in it the shelves, crags, streaks, &c. as clearly as you can see the trees on Sparken Hills, from the Bridge over the Canal as you enter Workshop. Let any English—mere English—eye look towards it, and to measure the distance—it would swear the distance was not a mile, and stare in derision of the madness or idiocy that would say “it is fifteen miles.”—Five or six weeks ago—(there is snow on many tops of mountains now, there was not then)—I saw the Sierra Nevada, beyond Grenada, *a hundred and thirty miles* distant, and this with naked, unaided eye, and without hunting through space and atmosphere for it; the mountain stood staring at me with a fine full countenance. The separation of snow from rock, and the dark streaks of mountain ravine, gushing through the snow, were quite distinct. How many “mere English” can you persuade to swallow this hundred and thirty mile matter? Very few, I’m sure: it is, nevertheless, true. The clear medium—the sharp shadows—the brilliant and glowing lights—the wondrous and glorious colouring which is thrown over earth and water—verdant and billowy undulations of ground, over the bold and majestic hills, and rugged and precipitous walls and crags of rock, produce effects to the eye which are bewildering and bewitching to the senses; and cannot be conceived, cannot be conjectured, not guessed at, though aided by the most skilful effort of the painter, or ablest tact and talent of a descriptive writer, by one who has never seen other than English scenic effects. Yet in England are exquisite bits, which cannot be matched here. Here the characteristics and features are altogether different.

*Sheffield Iris*, Nov. 6, 1838.

\*Southampton, October 24th, 1838.

At four o'clock to-day, I embark, per steam, for Havre de Grace, thence to Paris, or to Marseilles, to Malta, to Alexandria, and conclude, for a while, by a sojourn to Grand Cairo. I mean to recover my health perfectly—to return and work with new life. I have found out the grand secret which shall effect my restoration—viz. living in the open air, where the temperature is sufficiently high to make muffling up in cloaks, great coats, &c. unnecessary, and to take as much *passive* exercise as possible: so Egypt and its asses shall be my doctors, together with a little benefit of counter irritation from the plagues which Moses created to tease the subjects of Pharaoh. I am sure I shall get well: I am so much better the two past days—but, oh, I have had some severe mauling—my cough comes on spasmodically and almost tears out my vitale. \* \*

How will England live through the winter? I am trembling, at times, when I think how much is to be endured: and were it not for my firm faith in human progression, the massively ponderous obstacles to a course of truth, humanity, and justice, which class and caste selfishness have reared up, and with a murderous stubbornness, band and buttress, I really think I should sit down, and, covering my head in the darkness of abandoned hope, die.

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*Sheffield Iris*, Jan. 1, 1839.

Malta, November 18th, 1838.

Among the last words of the last letter I despatched to England, (which was from Marseilles, just a week since,) were the following:—"I fear I have done my health, and my frame, serious, and, as far as the retention of life can make it so, permanent, injury, by the fatigue I have undergone in travelling through France to this city: my cough is greatly increased in frequency, and in the pain attending its muscular compulsions; and my debility of frame so wretched, that the effort to struggle and crawl up a single flight of stairs, results in utter prostration or syncope." I felt that I was committing a most rash act by embarking in the steamer, in such a state, for Malta: yet it seemed as if it were my destiny, and embark I did. My first night on board was very, very wretched, and rendered double in its misery by the sense that I was a disturbance and annoyance to all my fellow passengers. But, delicious change! renovation how joyous! how great! and, more than all, how strange! Within twenty-four hours after quitting the port, I was possessed of a new existence—or rather, my old life had come back to me. I was elastic, buoyant, cheery: coughing only by easy units at

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\* He had returned to England, and after a few months' struggle with his painful disease, was again seeking the milder climate of the South.

long intervals, instead of convulsive fifties, incessantly. Yet I could not walk—my legs would not work. I had suddenly grown enormously fat at the ancles; so much so that my stockings felt as a painfully tight bandage: boots or shoes I could not persuade my feet to look at: so encasing them in soft flannel slippers, I submitted to a change in the order of nature—my legs no longer supported and carried my body; but on my head, shoulders, and trunk, was now imposed the labour of dragging my lower extremities hither and thither: it was in vain that I tried to make the machinery work “orderly;” every order to “go” and “do,” which the motor nerve gave to the muscles, was instantly answered by the sensitive nerve “I can’t;” yet was I not discontent—by no means disheartened or depressed by this new affliction, because I was so much bettered in every other way—and in two days my ancles fell into their ordinary state of leanness! Did I not say to you that I could learn nothing by experience in this queer illness of mine? That I was constantly perplexed by any changing and varying effect, and irritated and vexed by vain efforts to discover causes for these recurrences of effect? It is true, I can learn nothing certain of the cause of what “*is*” from the most vivid recollection and analysis of what “*was*.” The conclusion arrived at yesterday, is overturned by the experience of to-day. From my own examination into the symptoms, causes and fluctuations of my disease, I can deduce nothing as warning or instruction to others—except so far, as I am always easy, free from pain, and, for several hours together, untouched by mucous irritations or provocations to cough when passive, in the open, fair, warm sunlight. But the caprices of change, because I can find out no reason for them, annoy me sorely; even, I think, so far as to retard my recovery: the perplexity is like scratching my whole net-work of nerves with a curry-comb; and they, as you know, are sensitive and touchy to the full of sufficiency, without any stretching or other stimulant. Why I am always better in health at sea, than on land, I think I can account for, or rather why the sea “agrees with me” thus: I passed that interval of my life, in which we may suppose the bodily habit or physical constitution settles into a tone—that is, from 17 to 24 years of age, in tumbling and tossing about, for thousands of leagues, upon the broad salt water: so that, truly, I believe the sea is my element. Here I am, on shore again—more perplexity: my cough has returned to me with virago-like fury, as if with spiteful wrath to pay off the score; but, depend on it, I will manage the rampant vixen yet. An ulcerated sore throat has, with most apt cruelty of purpose, united its stings and stabbings to her savage graspings and grapplings; so I am “in a most blessed condition,” am I not? Yet I am cheerful, from a confidence of recovery. A friend here, a true one, though I never saw him or heard of him till last April, congratulates me on my choice of locality and climate, as the very best which judgment and discretion could have selected for my case. He is a clever, medical practitioner, long a traveller in Egypt, and positive as to its efficacy and salubrity: spite of the Mosaic plagues of lice, and bugs, and fleas: of the power of which he gives very interesting and pathetic accounts. To free me from an expense, which I find would

be otherwise unavoidable, and of which it is rather fortunate I was ignorant in England, (for there a heavy sum would be necessary to purchase them,) he insists on my taking his travelling Egyptian furniture. He nurses, medicates, advises, watches me with most kindly solicitude: houses, feeds, tends me with as much frank cordiality of affection, as if I had been his brother for the last 45 years. \* \* \* \* Oh, let me come back to England, stout and strong; and see if I don't—ay: by the glorious blue sky above me, I will! And I'll bring up the arrears for the silence to which for the next 18 months I am bound.

In what an atmosphere of genial glow am I breathing here! gloriously blue and beautifully grand, is the blessed canopy over my head. I sit in the open air, basking in the glad sun—or in open balconies—or with wide thrown doors and windows, and so enjoy the day: and lie down unblanketted at night. Ah, my dear friend, the change is most exquisite—most welcome; and, I am already sure, very beneficial. I am saying so on the 25th Nov., seven days after commencing my letter, yet this peace of mind, this consoling and cheering condition and improvement, is subject to heavy misgivings; cloudings of thought, drear and dismal, roll in upon the bright and cheerful pleasant, as I sit thinking. Memory, perception, and imagination are busy in the North, with me. Shivering winter has blown his bitterness round the poor man's hearth—and the want, which I saw in the perspective as I quitted England, the miseries of cold and hunger are in the fore-ground of reality established—settled for the ensuing six months; and in addition to the actual suffering of my fellow-creatures, I fear the progression of humanity will receive a disheartening check—disheartening to those philanthropists who look not into remotenesses for the mighty good they contain, but, in the sensitive kindness of their natures, feel too keenly the present and positive misery to be enabled to estimate the after consequences. Yet there will be mischief perpetrated by the unphilosophical and false notions of morality, and the ignorance of man's natural organization that are so prominent in the prayers, sermons, advices, and counsellings of the soul-curers: the religious teachers, par excellence. Certain it is, that in the endurance of cold and hunger, both the intellectual and moral faculties suffer—not merely in the sense of physical pain, but do actually undergo a deterioration: the clearness of the one is darkened; the preventive and stimulus of the other are partially neutralized; and sermons and psalms won't mend them: their buoyancy and elasticity are stultified:—intelligence in hunger and want, though “sharpened,” moves only in feverish leaps, or in ferocious impulses. Useless it will be found, as it ever has been, to preach “be resigned, content, submissive to the will—decrees, &c.” Strike a discord on the belly and all the harmony of thought and feeling responds a fitful howling. Pinch the toes and fingers with nipping frost, and the melody of a healthy heart and mind will “jangle out of tune and harsh.” My greatest fear, next, is that knaves will employ this season of distress, in making dupes. Oh, that the people were wiser. My next will be from Egypt: as the weather is here so very delicious at present, it is not at all unlikely that I shall

prolong my stay in Malta, till the middle of December—that is, for another packet from England to succeed the one due on the 28th inst. If the letter, which I want and expect, do not arrive by the first packet, I shall be compelled to, remain till 12th December, then go I shall, letters or no letters. The exquisite weather—the paradisiacal season of Malta continues till nearly Christmas: then it commences a wavering—a blowing of ugly winds.

Nov. 27th. Packet from England in, no letter nor newspaper for poor me! By the bye, I did not tell Friend Bridgeford that post-office, Malta, would be a careful recipient, go wherever I would. Letters or newspapers will follow me to Alexandria and Cairo. From the Pyramids, you or some one near you shall receive a line or two wrapped up in most offensive smelling paper, for it has to pass through a purifying process to free it from the plague, &c. Till I have set my foot on my place of sojourn, (which will be either at Cairo, or 400 miles further up the Nile, at Siout or Thebes,) I cannot estimate my expenses: but when fixed in a spot, I can live in Egypt, I believe, for about £3 per month, without grinding in economies, or grinning in privations. The four or five days' passage thither from Malta, will cost as much as would 4 months' residence in the country of the Nile. I shall be bitten a little for a day or two at each Inn, at some two dollars a day, I am told: and very much every where by the Mosaic plagues: and in going up the Nile, I find, that I shall be in constant collision and combat with legions of huge rats. Crocodiles I shall not see till I reach Girgeh, or else at Diospolis Parva, now called "How." I shall be crammed with crack-jaw names by the time I elevate my voice in your ear again. My paper is full, and I have omitted all that I thought was too important to be neglected. I shall think of it again when my letter is gone. Queen Dodger not arrived, expected here on 30th of Nov. or 1st Dec. Folly and flimsiness are wide agape on the occasion. There is to be a general illumination. I shall spare candles: i. e. save them. I do not, and I cannot respect her—and I am sure I won't act a lie on her account.—Love to all.

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*Sheffield Iris, February 12, 1839.*

Alexandria, Dec. 27, 1838.

REMEMBER, my dear friend, that this is Egyptian Alexandria, the child, though but a ragged and rather beggarly one, of old Alexandria, the magnificent, the proud, the vast, the voluptuous, the Cleopatrian and Ptolemaic Alexandria—Nile-neighbouring and gorgeous-templed Alexandria. So don't permit the romance of the locality to sink into the mere common place of "Alexandria, a sea port and town on the Mediterranean coast of Egypt." Remember that this is written on the site of old wonder, of ponderous grandeur and beauty, massed in magnificences—in the dominion of Osiris, the land of Cheops and the Pharaohs

—the Moses-plagued and priest-mystified, the pyramid-immortalized Egypt. All this I think it necessary to remind you of, lest you should forget to estimate correctly the honour due to me as a great and “interesting” traveller;—and do not call these my allusions to the olden Alexandria, the language of exaggeration. That it once was worthy the adjectives I have bestowed on it, it is impossible for the mind to doubt, if the eye or the foot will course over even one-half of the visible ruins: they are, in truth, amazing: and scarcely less amazing has been the toil of devastation that has been employed upon the vast, huge, and massive fabrics, which are actually smashed, pounded up into minute fragments, and are collected in hillocks for miles and miles in continuity. I yesterday rode in one line for two hours, at a good smart donkey pace —(oh, that you had been there to see me “witch the world with noble assmanship,”)—and yet saw beyond and beyond signs of architectural ruin. Yet spite of the perseverance in destruction by time and earthquake, the pounding by savage warrior vengeance, and the besotted bigotry, or call it the mistaken zeal of the early Christians, evidences of magnificence and the excellencies of sculptured art, are almost daily turning up from the depths of their tombs, into the sun’s broad light: and I question not that treasures of genius and skill will yet repay the efforts of the perseveringly curious who may search among the world of rubbish. Every thing of beauty in art which the early Christians of Alexandria could see and seize, they devoted to ruthless destruction—yet there may be thousands of specimens, which, escaping misdirected zeal, lie hidden fathoms deep among the ruins of the palaces and temples which they adorned. There is a solemnity in the contemplation of the scene that strikes deep into the spirit; and in turning from it to the modern town, the contrast is as strong and impressive—painfully impressive as contrast can render two places:—though, indeed, the energy of despotic enterprise, which so largely distinguishes the present Pacha of Egypt, is producing changes here which make the contrast less violent. Here is a newly laid out Quadrangle—a fine open space, with buildings of commanding and respectable aspect—his newly erected palace and harem—the naval storehouses—dock yards and offices, do much in giving to Alexandria an imposing appearance; but oh! the town as it was six or seven years ago, was a jumble of filthy, narrow lanes, crammed with buildings, ragged and unsightly; looking like the veriest dens and passages of pestilence. Yet Alexandria is considered a healthy place: it does not deserve to be so; its specimens of humanity take no heed of filth, and seem dead to, or ignorant of, its consequences. I enjoy much pleasure on donkey back—hiring one, with an attendant Arab, at the rate of five piastres (equal to one shilling) per day; but I am preparing for my journey to Cairo—thence to Thebes: to be about which I am rather impatient, for several reasons. In the first place, I cannot, here, find economical accommodations in lodgings, and am therefore compelled to endure the pang of thinking that I am living beyond my means; this of itself is enough to prevent health’s improvement. In the newspapers I hear nothing respecting



Upper Egypt's climate but the most charming and inviting accounts of its salubrity, accompanied with assurances that I cannot fail to re-establish my health by a few months' sojourn there; and again, "it is advisable, nay necessary, to have the voyage up to Thebes completed before the Khamseen (the poison winds) sets in," or I shall be detained in Lower Egypt through the summer. A friend is making interest in my behalf for a passage to Cairo, in the Pacha's steamer; she promises to sail to-morrow—most devoutly do I hope he will succeed, for I have a chilling dread of the trouble that must be undergone in bargaining for a canal boat—disembarking at the junction of the canal with the Nile, at Atfee, and bargaining, i. e. bothering, again for another boat to Cairo. I shall be alone, too, with not a word of Arabic in my possession, and that is the only language spoken except by accident. I shall have the less work for my lungs, which the doctors tell me ought to be as idle as possible; respiration being quite labour enough for them. Well, my thoughts must talk to one another, and I will endeavour to make their conversation agreeable. Great is the comfort I derive from Dr. Laidlaw here—a genuinely kind and liberal thinking man—when he tells me I may eat (or drink) milk as often as I please—for milk is ever delicious to me; and the buffaloes are in abundance; from them I shall derive my sustenance chiefly, with rice, bread, and, occasionally, a fowl, just to buttress up my debilitated frame. What with a fresh cold caught on board the steamer in passage from Malta, and a most stinging sore throat, I landed at Alexandria (last Tuesday, Christmas-day) in worse bodily condition than ever. I am somewhat improved; but the ugly sore throat tortures me, especially in eating or drinking. I am somewhat consoled by the Doctor's assurances that it is nothing to fear, and will leave me without pill, or draught, or plaister to hasten it. I wish *it* would make haste and be off. Here comes some delicious coffee and hot milk—I almost dread to touch it, much as I long for and like it: the appetite's pleasure will be torn into bits by the irritable sore throat; faith, I begin to think myself very hardly treated, to have two such friends as cough-violent, ceaseless cough, and sore throat tearing, scraping, tugging, and lacerating me with all their might, at one and the same time; but, bless you! I have the consolation of blue sky and warm sun; and they, thank Heaven, make me cheery through all—except in those intervals, which, I confess, are of painfully frequent occurrence, when the thought that I am not doing my work—that I am baulked in my most anxious, most zealous, and most heart and soul gratifying wishes and efforts, reaches into my mind. Oh! for ten years of health and strength! I do not covet life, for the mere sake of living—but that I may have my shoulder to the wheel; that I may say my say; do all my little in pushing, urging, entreating; and in ripping away mystifying cobwebs, tearing away masks and cloaks, and all deceptive coverings, and show realities and truths, and set them bubbling, boiling, and then rolling along on their resistless and immortal currents. Would to God I had known the mighty minded, deep and clear thinking, noble souled Fox a dozen years ago! how much of solitary suffering

should I have escaped—how much more aptly would my energies have been directed! I think I shall re-establish my health. I strongly hope to be strong when I return to England in April or May, 1840; but it is indeed serious, heavy grief, to be cut off from my doings till then. And again, the thought of the wide and sharp misery, the benumbed and aching bodies, and the chill of the heart, which the multitudes in England are now enduring and will continue to endure through the wintry inclemencies; and the fear that political knavery, or pulpit craft, will be busily and successfully exerted to inveigle, blind, and dupe the sufferers, and delude them from their efforts to compel attention to their just demands—all distress and irritate me. Oh! no war! no war! loud is the cry—villanously vigorous are the appeals to John Bull's vanity and cupidity—and his *honour*—to plunge him into a contest with Russia. Ha! scoundrels! it is the repeal of the Corn Laws—the call for enfranchisement—for political emancipation—that you dread:—not Russian aggression, nor Russian dominion.—“ Hitch them into a war, and that will give us twenty years' grace,” is the hope of the political swindlers.

You will see a great number of my friends—to all of them present my remembrances; say to them that I am sure of recovery—that I am generally cheerful, or at least free from all apprehensions of worse than my present condition. Hurrah to all my young but strong hopes at Worksop.—Adieu.

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*Sheffield Iris, April 2d, 1839.*

Misr, i. e. Cairo, properly Qaherah, 17th Jan., 1830.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND,—“ My necessities are embarked,”—to-morrow I start for Thebes, and thence to the Cataracts of the Nile. My canja is manned by six people, all Arabs: and I am to entrust myself for two months to their mercy or their fear. Fear! how can six strapping fellows fear the one poor dilapidated thing I am, in such a far off part of the world, as that for which I am destined? Oh, but they do fear!—they live under an absolute despot, whose will is a whirlwind that would sweep them to destruction, should either their treachery or their covetousness o'er-master their fear. Alone I am going, add one Berberi servant to cook, scrub, wash, &c.,—he is my valet, my housemaid, my laundress, washerwoman, boots, chambermaid, errand-boy, and my interpreter, with only a small smattering of Italian between us to get through 20 dialects of Arab, and if my physical energies were not withered, I would do without him. They tell me here I have “ pluck” being so ill as I am: the truth is, I go unarmed, and am for that reason less likely to find danger. One circumstance does give me uneasiness: it is decided unanimously by all the English travellers and residents in Egypt, that it is impossible to prevail on the Arab boatmen to move, but by stern threats and severe blows: that they will find

hourly excuses for idling and delay, on the river; being paid by time: that they regard kindness or indulgence as folly, or the result of a want of spirit; that to feelings of thankfulness or a sense of gratitude, they are utter and entire strangers: that they cannot be dealt with successfully, but by tyrannous authority and the scourge. Will you credit me when I say that I have not found one solitary exception to this opinion of the fellahs and boatmen? No, not one who could perceive or acknowledge or recognise the least quality of virtue, the most minute pinch-of-snuff goodness in any of them—and that I must thrash them daily, or I shall never reach Thebes. Well, now, I won't thrash—I won't rail—I won't scold—and yet I think I can get to Thebes, and I think I *shall* find *some* virtue, some beauty of humanity, in them; or I will turn back: and that will be hard too: after all my toil, and my well-fed hopes: for every voice rings a peal deliciously pleasant, on the charming and salubrious climate to which I am bound: and I am so nicely prepared. Master of my own ship and crew, my own country's banner (my own property, too) fluttering over my head, and defying the Pacha's officers to touch her with unsanctified or invading hands, I am to be King for awhile. I am already full to the crown of Egypt and its wonders and its strangeness, but must forbear to set forth in this letter.

I landed at Alexandria on Christmas-day. I saw the Pyramids, and stared my way into Cairo on New Year's-day. I was struck aghast and sickly on touching the filthy soil of the Alexandrine beach, and riding through the rags and rottenness of its narrow camel-and-donkey-crowded and humanly-foetid-narrow-lanes. Every thought and every touch of memory, and glimmering of romance, were a hundred fathom drowned, by one plunge into the reality of the present; but when I sat (donkey-back) under the far-renowned column, (Pompey's Pillar, as it is misnamed,) and gasped as I gazed on the mighty obelisk, and its 4000 year old hieroglyphics,—as I rode for miles along the ruins of the once glorious city, through the debris of ponderous magnificence, the ashes of splendour, the rubbish of elegance and beauty: threw my eye over the resuscitated lake, Mareotis, that then laughed in the life of a silvery ripple; and as I crept and pored, torch in hand, in the solemn recesses of the once vast, now crushed, Necropolis, and looked on the puny vestige of the Pharos—that “eighth wonder of the world,” memory, or its impressions, flooded in upon the thoughted vision, the activity of a rebuilding spirit, and a resuscitating or recreating imagination, had old Alexandria, with its temples, towers, and palaces—its two-miled streets, its schools, its arts, its Cleopatras, and Ptolemies, and Cæsars, and its 600,000 humanities, all in full life, all to be dashed dead again as, donkey-backed, I looked at and smelt the thorough debasement, filth, and wretchedness of the huddled Arab styes through which I rode. But as Alexandria was only the portal to wonders, the gate through which I must pass to the fountain of my impoverished health's hopes, it were better to hasten from it, with all the speed I could: on to Cairo first. How? how? ah! here I felt the strength of my body's

weakness—no coach offices, no booking for a place, and thus ridding oneself of all further anxiety or trouble about the matter. A boat with men to carry you first to Atfee by canal, then discharge yourself, find and bargain for another boat and men to Cairo per Nile: and poor I with legs that would not carry my body half a mile—or a body that could not carry my legs so far—and no friendly help, except through an agent who could not feel reluctance at drawing purse strings which were not his own. I, too, most strongly advised to lose not an hour in seeking the haven of health, Upper Egypt; “rest to recover from the effects of your voyage from Malta, for a day or two,” said a noble-souled medical man, Dr. Laidlaw, whose acquaintance I had the good fortune to make, “then get away without delay,” and while I was sweating with the thought of difficulties in starting, just about to lie down for a sleepless night, he came to my bed-side with the happy intelligence that the Pacha’s own private steamer sailed for Cairo, “tomorrow or next day,” and he would apply to the *great* secretary (I know not his title exactly)—but he is called Boghos Bey,) for a note to the great Admiral, and so for a passage! huzza! wasn’t I alive that night? Cased in iron and mahogany (the steamer is iron) I should be carried comfortably on cushions, unfretted by fleas, and unbitten by bugs. (News for the naturalists. This is the original country of the latter pestiferous rascals. Bug—the g a guttural—is the Arabic for bug, and is I dare say, older than the oldest of the Pyramids, by some centuries: or did Moses call them into being?) And I should travel all up the western side of the Delta—which, as far as I have seen, is the most beautiful part of the Nile, from its mouth for about 40 or 50 miles, through forests of palm (date,) vivid verdure, luxuriant brakes, and jungle intertangled by its own rapid fatness of growth. All this, and Rosetto into the bargain, travellers lose by going the usual dull canal route. This was cheering enough: the order was promised readily, but Turks do things tardily, and the boat was likely to be gone before his highness had shaken off his drowsiness, “well then, go on board at a venture,” said the earnest Dr. Laidlaw, “say that the order was promised, but had not reached you: the Reis may throw no obstacle in the way, or he may refuse to receive you, but the Turks are more courteous and good natured than we supposed them to be; so it is as well to make the experiment: you can but be refused. As he advised, I *did*—and was welcomed unhesitatingly and unquestioned. Seventeen days I have been in Cairo, and every day have had sight of the world-wondered Pyramids: but I have not visited them: I am too feeble to endure the necessary toil and fatigue of a donkey-ride ten miles to, and as many in return from them. I reserve this gratification of my curiosity till my return from Thebes; and shall then take up my abode in one of the tombs, perhaps for two or three months. With some mats for the floors, and a little trimming and brushing, I am told a snug lodging may be made of them. One advantage I shall certainly gain—the escape from the palate-tickling, tempting, and luxurious mode and matters of dining that prevail in Cairo. The Egyptian

(or am I to call them Arab?) cooks, are limitless in their varieties and irresistible in the productions of their skill and fancy. I think I could match them against the universe of cooks. Many, many of our belly-worshippers, knew they what miracles are performed here, would rush to this paradise of the palate, fearless of fleas, and in gallant defiance of all other pests: it is only on the spot the heaven can be enjoyed: the materials cannot so well be had elsewhere; and how speedily would their disgust subside and their abhorrence vanish at the "filthy fashion," if they dipped their fingers into a dish of mish-mish (dried apricots fried with chickens or mutton, and *so* sauced!!!!) He who can resist must be a strong man indeed. It is vain to say to yourself, as dish after dish makes its appearance and vanishes—"I have had enough—I will not, I cannot eat a morsel more." Lift off the cover of the dish, and its contents laugh at your resolves and coax you with such an aromatic smile, such an overpowering eloquence of look and all features of lavish and lovely allurements, that you at once plunge, knuckle-deep, into the heart of it. So I shall do right to live in a tomb, milk and rice, bread, chicken twice per week, pigeon occasionally, tea and coffee, my staple provend. With the Pyramids, such near neighbours, I shall be on constant visiting acquaintance, living, as I shall do, next door to them: but what man did they ever admit to terms of familiarity? Oh, what a land is this, where a thousand years of age, in a building, is the modern thing of to-day—two thousand but the youth of antiquity, and to reach up to hoary venerableness, you must trace back four thousand! and stranger still, the greater the age, the fresher and more vigorous looks the life! To the new comer and mere street traverser, Cairo is a heap of rubbish. All the magic of *Grand* Cairo, the creations of the "Persian tales," and "Arabian nights," are smothered rags and dilapidations, if they did ever exist: but let him *see*, and think he sees, and every where the fragments of what he has imagined are visible—the elaborate tracings and carvings in stone and profusion of really tasteful ornament, yet feebly live in the general rotten dirt and raggedness. Mosques, houses, and porches of exquisite workmanship and bold and delicate style combined, are cased in the filth of the centuries in which the present masters have held Egypt. Let him mount to the citadel, and, with one burst upon his vision, he will pronounce Cairo to be the grand, the unrivalled—the beautiful. There his olfactories imbibe no stench, his eye penetrates none of the recesses of rubbish and rottenness: all is minaretted beauty—Nile blessed verdure—pyramid wondered, and desert bound. Oh, what a magnificent picture did I see there! But my close and only purpose in this land is, the recovery of my health: to this, all other considerations and all other desires must bend in entire submission. I shall gratify no more of my curiosity, nor spirit of enquiry, than lies directly in my road to that one goal—Thebes, and Luxor, and Kamak, and the tombs of the Kings, even though I dwell in their heart for a while, I shall examine not, if the examination do not promise help to health: therefore research of mine will add very little to the knowledge of Egypt: but I can see and look

into living men—and profusion of excitable strangeness will throw itself under my observation hourly, and I shall return teeming with matter, and, I do confidently believe, half a new man. From the day I left Malta, 19th Dec. till the commencement of this week, (I must confess it) I have endured more, have been much worse than at any other period of my past two years' illness. Easterly winds and exposure to them in the steamer from Malta, and a few days of bitterly penetrating cold weather here, prostrated me. Mark—here the sharp and cutting winds blow from the south. With body coat (fleecey hosiery shirt underall) thick and lined pilot coat and cloak, I have shivered in the merciless wind: and here we are 21 degrees south of you. The degree of cold astonished me. I thought, at first, that it was my sensitiveness only—but I found or saw every Englishman shivering and complaining in like manner. 19th January: Just have heard that the mail is to be made up now: so conclude unwillingly and abruptly. So many preparations are required by my Nile trip, that I cannot start till to-morrow morning. With a severe sore throat, a chronic and distressing cough, and something like a tendency to dysentery, I am about to leave all chances of medical aid, and civilized help: yet I go full of confidence.—Present my affectionate regards to everybody.—Heaven bless you all.

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*Sheffield Iris, May 7, 1839.*

Thebes, in Upper Egypt, Feb. 18, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—My bones will ache before I have filled this first page of my paper—what matters that? I am at Thebes!—Thebes! the once mighty and magnificent. Thebes, the for ever mysterious and wonder-exciting. My osseous articulations will be wrenched, and their ligatures twisted into torture by the position and toil of writing—but write I will, because it is at Thebes that I can write—because, look ye, a letter from Thebes is not to be had every day at Sheffield:—this is the traveller's vanity. I will write because I know that a letter from me, come when it will, and whence it will, will bring true pleasure to you and “all that are in the house.” You will gladden at the sight of it. Ho! look ye, (again) ninety-nine in every hundred, who have all their notions of other people's motives ready cut and dried, would call this (this assertion that I know my letter will be gladly received,) self-conceit, vanity in the superlative:—you, and some others, well know that it is the avowal of a strong faith in your kindness of heart—a confidence in the benevolence of your sympathies, with, and towards myself. (The world, I trust, will, by and by, take off its prescription spectacles, which are now so apt to turn every thing askew. Although I am amid wonders, mysteries, and magnificences, my letter must be a very humble one;—were I to enthrall myself by an attempt at describing any one of the stupendous temples, columnar magnificences, ponderous masonry, or those awful Colossi, eternal guardians of the Theban plain

(as they seem to be; though 4000 years are but a stroke of time in measureless eternity,) or the incredible wonders of one of the tombs of the kings :—or were I to set down the results of thought—the copious and outspreading forces of suggestion which the sight of them set in motion, I should require ten times the space which a sheet like this affords. If I recover my health—(if?)—I think it is likely I shall have the satisfaction of talking, either to your sight or hearing, somewhat largely on these things and on Egypt. But to what is already known I shall add nothing by discovery. My researches will not increase the knowledge of which the world is in possession, respecting Egypt and its antiquities. I shall express my thoughts—I shall expand on the suggestions of reason and reflection from viewing these wonders; but there may not then be visible one thought or one suggestion that has not already found utterance from others, and placed in the world's knowledge stores. No; to discovery I shall add nothing: my researches will be nothing. I am bound to sacrifice all considerations to the one grand object; the re-establishment of my health—I must avoid all things—I must do nothing, wittingly, which can, immediately or remotely, or even probably, retard the return of strength. To examine, to explore, as I wish, among the wonders, strange things, mysteries, and grandeurs which now surround me, I must do as all who so explore necessarily do—creep, crawl, bend, stoop, twist my body, in getting through caverns, crushed halls, rubbish-filled and encumbered chambers—descend to depths, awkwardly stepping among masses and fragments, and clambering up with muscular toil—than which I could devise few things more likely to lay hopes of recovery prostrate: but I am defended against this by bodily incapacity—ten steps upward take from me all power to move, till I have panted myself down to easier breathing.—From the earliest of my ramblings, till this hour, an ardour of curiosity to see and examine all accessible things, has stimulated exertion, and carried me through obstacles and difficulties with so much earnestness, that I have been scarcely conscious of the difficulties. Never in any of my many voyages, journeys—my courseless wanderings, and wide ramblings, have I had curiosity, desire to know, to see, to explore so intensely stirred as now—now encompassed as I am with wonders that are almost incredible—with human productions that seem impossible to human power and skill—with vestiges, ponderous, immense, stupendous, wonderful vestiges, that of themselves bewilder one with astonishment, compared with which all else, the greatest, is as babyism and toys: vestiges of an antiquity so remote, that make all other antique remains the yesterday's demolitions of things that stood in their pride of flourish only half an age since. I had read, certainly twenty, descriptions and notices of these things—had examined plans and diagrams—had caught the enthusiasm of enthusiastic writers, and warmed my own imagination at their fires—but no descriptive writing, plans, diagrams, or enthusiasm's colourings and glowings of light can possibly convey to the reader or examiner of such things, a true—a true do I say?—no, not even a faint and feeble—a mere undefined series of outlines of the reality.

They must be seen—the reality must be under the eyes. How often have I put the wonders of which I was reading into the creative, re-creative re-building, resuscitating fires of imagination, and all have again stood up before my mind's eye in their substantiality of life and ponderous magnificence. I look on Luxor, on Karnac, on the Medineh Haboo (one of the Theban temples,) into the tombs of the Kings, and cower under the conviction of the feebleness of my perceptive powers. The colourings of intense rapture, wonder, or enthusiasm, and the language of admiration and astonishment cannot define correctly to the perception of a reader—the voice, added, may do much, if the phraseology be apt—and accurate description, measurement, regularity of arrangement, strictness of outline, and positiveness of filling up, fail even more than the former; for they omit the overpowering truths, the moral and intellectual grandeur and daring—they hold, contain nothing of the poetry, nothing of the awful, the sublime, which no one who looks on these temples and tombs can fail to be impressed with. The sky above them, the air which encompasses them, the plain on which they stand, the graceful, the venerable, the land-blessing Nile, which for ever marches by them in majestic and magnificent tranquillity, has each its own working and beautiful influence on them, while all combine to impress the human faculties with amazement, wonder, delight, as the eye ranges over the masses, or the fragments of these 4000 years old antiquities, which look as if the mason's and sculptor's hands had been at work upon them up to the minute in which your eye first beheld them. Perhaps they are gone to dinner—wait and you will see them returning to their work. How long will you wait? How long? Oh, much longer—much, much longer than the 4000 years they have been gone to dinner—or to be dined upon; yet if you will search among these thousands of excavations and caverns that border the Theban plain, you may find the embalmed heads, arms, or legs—the mummied remains of some of them; but can you distinguish them from the rest? Oh, no! But of other matters now!

I left Cairo on the 21st of January, detained one day by the worst of Egypt's annoyances, a storm of dust—the whole circumambience was one thick, rushing, whirling dust cloud—blinding, suffocating, half-maddening. My passage up the Nile was slow—wind and current to contend with by polling, tracking, and towing the boat—hard labour for the men. My comfort, or hope of it, destroyed by the inconvenient stooping—bending and constrained positions of body which the low roofed cabin occasioned. I suffered much from this; though had I been in health, I should have felt no inconvenience from it. The insufferably cold nights and mornings undid the good service of the sunny day, and on arriving at Thebes, I was as ill as ever. I am better, much better now—the balmy—the delicious air—(delicious is the right word)—which I draw in while riding (on donkey back) or sitting in my walking-stick chair, is of infinite service. I then do not cough for hours; but my nights are very, very distressing. But I must abandon my scheme of remaining in Upper Egypt for some eight or ten months.



I am compelled to return to Cairo. No communication by post—no means of conveying money or letters exist. I shall take up my abode under the great Pyramids, in one of the Tombs—which can be made quite comfortable—odd a place for lodging a living body as it may seem.

Cairo, 16th March.—I arrived here on the 11th. Among other gladdening things that welcomed me, I found the *Sheffield Iris* up to the 15th January. There are others, I know, on their way from Malta: my friend by whom the office of forwarding them is kindly undertaken, could not get them in time for the February packet to Alexandria; but I shall have them in a few days, and they will come accompanied by several other consolations and comforters. Now, pray turn to your hearth occupants—tell them my recollections of their kindness increase in strength by time and distance—speak my wishes for their constant enjoyment of health and happiness. You will not forget, I am sure, to say something to each of my friends in Sheffield whom you may chance to meet or make a point of seeing. I am not well this morning—my night was bad,—how, I cannot guess—but I have taken a fresh catarrh, which will leave me with another layer of inflammation. Neither the strictest caution, nor the utmost watchfulness, nor thorough carelessness, can secure me from these attacks. They seem to come without a cause—a reason—without why or wherefore. I must put an end to my scrawl—aching and fagged I can't go on. Report, pray, that on the whole, I believe my health is improving.—God bless you! Farewell.—Truly yours, my dear friend.

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In a Tomb at the foot of the Great Pyramid,  
March 24th, 1839.

Come, now, don't be frightened, my dear friend, and fancy it is a ghost that sends you a letter: I write in a tomb, but am not dead; no, nor more than half dead yet; and, what may appear very strange, I came to the tomb in the hope of leaving it less than half dead after a month or six weeks' living in it. Mine is a comfortable lodging; not richly furnished, nor finely upholstered:—nor is it papered or painted, but it suits me—I pay no rent. My Landlords are the blue sky and heaven: Ali Pacha calls the rocks and sands his, but he lays no tax on them:—the Pyramids too he calls his, but he levies no rent from them. Would an English Landholder forget to do so if such tombs, such Pyramids, such wonders, such mysteries, such stupendities stood on his estate, and commanded the curious from all parts of the world as these do? Oh, no—he would have guards and watchmen, and warnings and walls, and rent-bailiffs and fee-takers and tax-impounders at every point of the compass; at every corner and cranny you would have your footsteps blocked up by a fresh demand on your pocket—and guess what would be his reason—"Not that he is covetous of the money, oh, no! but he

wishes to keep the place 'respectable!' Were I to begin about the Pyramids, oh, my stilts! I should be up in the clouds immediately, sailing, soaring, and swimming hither and thither, trackless and ungovernable through the expanse, blind to my course and utterly out of the reach of your vision—not that you are short-sighted, but that I am wilder than most folks. Even this long, body devouring, limb, muscle and sinew consuming cough of mine (*mine!* mark ye, mine—it is my property) cannot tame me quite—it dumps and damages my pinions a few, and makes me fly hobblingly, yet I can—I do fly a little occasionally: and flap and flutter helplessly at times. I am a poor thing. \* \* \* I was told that weapons of war were necessary to have at one's elbow. Not for me—I carry no defences, and none thinks it worth while to offend. I have a Ghoffer—i. e. a guard, every night at my door—I pay him 2½d. Cheap soldiering isn't it? Up the river, when my boat banked for the night, near what the Ryio (the Captain) thought an ugly neighbourhood, I had two guards for a penny farthing the pair!!! \* \* \* Visitors to look at the Pyramids—or to say they have seen them, and ascended the summit of the largest and penetrated to its mysterious chambers, are frequent. They come and "do the Pyramids" all in an hour.—Farewell, truly yours.

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*Sheffield Iris, May 28, 1839.*

In a Tomb at the Pyramids of Gheezah,  
April 4th, 1839.

A VOICE from the Tombs, indeed; but my gallant friend, it is a living voice—a cheery voice, or to speak in truth's exactness of my power to speak, it is a living and cheery *whoeeze*:—voice I have none; my latest recollections of aught issuing through my lips that could be called voice, are of an indistinguishable compound of scraping sand paper, saw-filing, splintered scream and shattered growl; and now even this has quitted me; so a *whoeeze* from the Tombs be it; and, as I said before, a cheery one; for, let me tell you, than in this eccentric and solitary—solitary, old Cheops, what a misnomer—I never was more crowded and constantly busily engaged with company:—this eccentric and mystical place of residence is the very ablest physician I have yet consulted. I have been under his orders for three weeks, and intend to remain his patient *patient* for three weeks longer. He prescribes no nauseous medicines; he puts me under no restraints of appetite—he cordially approves that which is pleasant to me; and he says, (as well as he can say it,—I *feel* his eloquence,) that luckily it happens that those things which *are* pleasant to me, are exactly what his professional knowledge and experience would have prescribed, had I not taken to them of my own will and judgment. Ha! ha! Elliott, this is a doctor in a million—isn't he? Yes; it glads me quite as much to be able to tell you that my health is improving as I am cheered by feeling it is so. Of Egyptian plagues, all, except one

I live quite fearless. Flies are in myriads, but they do no further harm than tickle my face and eyes; while I am writing for instance; and they have a foolish trick of getting up my nose, and down my throat: quite silly of them, isn't it? for either is very uncomfortable fly-lodging. The vermin and I had some stout contests at first, but they've given in; they find such poor quarters on my carcass—too much of lenten entertainment: o'er many banian days: no cut and come again: and my hot blood must have caused the liver complaint in them if they had stayed to sip it much longer. But the dust—the dust is a devil: invincible and omnipresent: it more than half spoils my good, delicious, sun-aired medicine: it is indeed an ugly and unescapable retarder; however there is comfort yet: it is not dirty dust that I am troubled with here; it is the genuine sand and rock powder of the uncontaminated desert. What should I have in Cairo? Why, the sun-dried and pounded, and powdered rubbish, and most offensive filth of the crowded city, after it has been collected in mountain heaps from every weltering hole, festered nook, and nose-suffocating den that Cairo contains. What! do you dare to say thus of *Grand Cairo*? “Yah, Mynherr, if it were six times Grand Cairo: I say it stinks;”—it has a stink peculiar, a stink *sui generis*; a stink especially and expressly Qaherahean (Qaherah is the right orthography for Cairo;) and yet it can boast a glory and beauty which, I honestly think, is unequalled in any city in the world. Up to the Citadel, my friend, and view it from one of the platforms—there's a vision dazzler, a heart-grasper, a soul and spirit bather! but, Elliott, you and I must down from the platform now; you must listen, if you please, to more wheezing from the Tombs, or at the Tombs. Better in health I *believe* I am.

Had I written to you on the matter a fortnight ago, and concealed nothing, I should have grieved you: for hope of returning health, I had, almost, none. Had you come to my bedside ten days, or nights ago, at time between nine in the evening and five in the morning, you would have said, “this is too much for nature to endure much longer;” and I think you would reasonably have expected my dissolution hourly. I *believe* I am better; but I will not crow. I have been so often laid prostrate when scarcely the crowing was completed from my throat. I will accept as a sure sign and evidence of substantial bettering when I am sensible of diminished pain in ascending a flight of stairs. But of this dwelling of mine:—this Tomb, “it must be a queer place to lodge a liver in.” There is a choice of them here, my friend; I may dive 20 or 40 feet down a nicely cut quadrangular shaft of solid rock, perpendicularly, to come to the doorway, in some hundreds of these tombs: or I may pick for parlours 30 feet by 20, with adjoining snug apartments, and cellar entrances in the stone floors up in dark corners, in the excavated sides of the rock. My principal apartment is about 24 feet by 12, with an interior chamber of half the dimensions: all this was the tomb of one greedy body. The descriptions I had read and seen of these Pyramids, or rather of their site, conveyed nothing like the reality to my perceptions. Instead of starting up out of the level sand, as I

thought—certainly in lone magnificence, in isolated grandeur and mind-startling mystery they do stand—the daring genius that designed and planned the whole (if I am right in thinking the plan was *one* from the first; and I am not alone in so thinking,) selected a rocky promontory that throws itself forward from Lybian chain and desert on to a most noble plain, round which the Nile takes a splendid sweep as far as the commencing Delta. Memphis, stretched below, could send its hundreds of thousands eyes up in hourly wonder at the stupendous piles; and *On* could look on (there's a rascally pun,) with its crowded population for centuries and centuries before it knew itself as Heliopolis. The promontory was purposed to be what it was, ay, and is, the Necropolis of the mighty ones—the great ones—the oligarchic portion of the dead of Memphis, *On*, and other the then existent cities and towns, in this part of the valley of the Nile. Wondrous has been the labour expended on these tombs. Secrecy was the *desideratum*, I have read and heard :—oh, no; why there must have been hundreds, in some instances thousands, of eyes and hands assisting in the entombment of a body: hundreds and thousands employed in forming and cutting all the intricacies, and putting the prodigious stone masses together; unless, indeed, none but the initiated were employed in the labour or officiated at the funeral. No: Silence and Security, it is more reasonable to suppose, were the intentions: and silence they have to their wish: nought can the hovering spirits hear that is earthly, save the clear and shrill vibration of a hawk's scream—but they can drink in the gorgeous anthem of the light of the sun,—the seraph-hymning of the moon's flooding beams, and they hear “the morning stars sing together.” Oh, Elliott! no where on the face of the wide world do these tastes of the effulgencies of heaven pour down and around with such soul-touching power of loveliness as here! Such is the fit—the only true temple to worship in. Your bricks and mortar—your stone and plaster—your putty and paint, and pews and pens; and your tubs, and desks, and hassocks, and cushions. Pooh! dupery and humbug! Yet some of these do call together a divine communion of spirits at times: for which one good I am almost disposed to say, let them hold their place awhile: let them be “till better things come forward;” which, assuredly, “better things” will do. A tangent start this: let me leap back to these Egyptian tombs: they excite my curiosity greatly; they are many of them so constructed as to make a complete puzzle of entrance and exit: there is in the plan an evident intention to deceive scrutiny; though I have said “secrecy” could hardly have been their object; and “security?”—ay, that they did secure for 3000 years or more: but, oh! what a scattering and demolition of all their prodigious strength of caution has taken place within the last 40 years! Curiosity has pierced through all. Man's burning eternal fire of “I WILL KNOW,” has defied all obstructions, and braved all difficulties; though enough remains unknown, and unexplored, to employ the industry of research for ages to come;—the embalmed bodies, precious in their embalmment as they were sacred in their wondrous tombs, have been dragged up to

the sun's broad glare—the enfoldings torn away, the limbs rent asunder, and skulls and whitened bones are so thickly strown, upon the broken surfaces, that your foot cr Crunches on them with a dismal ugliness of sound at almost every step. Ay, there has been difficulty and perseverance enough in getting at them—so well defended, and so intricate, or rather, deceptive, has been the formation of some of the tombs. I shall make a model of *one* especially; in the hope that *you* may see it. I have examined it minutely, and measured it; but an incident of this morning, April 6th, or rather, at hot noon, has somewhat cooled the ardour of my curiosity. Yesterday evening, I crawled in and out, and examined and measured, and marked quite at my ease, except that I was compelled to stoop. This morning I was walking deliberately to the entrance again, for another note, and lo, ye! a huge devil of a snake, certainly eight inches in circumference, I can't guess how long, lay snuggled and ready, in an indent in the face of the rock at one of the entrances. Venemous or not venemous, his coil could have smashed my bones; whether he or I were the more frightened, I don't know, but he wriggled into one of the tomb's crevices out of my sight. Well, after a little lapse, I plucked up courage to go to the other entrance, and was just in the act of stepping down, making a resting or leverage place for my hand on one of the inclined planes, when, hah! pah! worse than the snake—one of those ugly, squat, squab, bloated, dirty-black, mould-spotted, poison-pawed, monster lizards, the Egyptian Gheckoe, sat, belly spread and squash, leering villanously at me with his eye of fiery, red-hot garnet! I thought this was satisfaction for the day, and so left the Gheckoe lord of his labyrinth. What a loss I have in having lost my superstition! What could I not have made of this Snake and this Gheckoe—eh?

The form into which the souls of the buried in that tomb had transmigrated—eh? The old Egyptians held to the Metempsychosis; and belief, you know, will accomplish anything: there's my lacking: some may rhyme to it and say, "there's his blacking"—eh? Well, you know that I have a loftier, broader, and deeper belief, than any, or all, the Creed tailors have dreamt of looking at; much less have they attempted to cut such a one out. Oh, it was past their skill—ay, and past their will, too; it would undo them. Let this go at present.

It is asserted by many that nothing physical, except the races occupying the soil, in Egypt, has changed,—it is merely grown older; and, it may be, the desert has, in some places, pressed the fertility into narrower limits; in others the desert has been advanced upon by cultivation: certainly reclamations are visible near Cairo; but if my small experience and observation may be allowed to deduce any thing, I should say the character of the river's banks, margins, and vicinity, has undergone great alteration. That these were once abundantly productive of aquatic vegetation, rushes, reeds, canes, the Papyrus, &c., no one can doubt who examines the narrative and descriptive pictorial writing and hieroglyphics at Beri Hassan, &c.: and that Nile was characterized eminently by these. Now all from about 15 or 20 miles

above Rosetta, is singularly bare of such vegetation for six hundred miles. You won't find flag or bull rush enough now to hide the cradle of Moses's sister's doll : I saw three or four stems of the Papyrus about 400 miles above Cairo, and almost splashed overboard in my joyful eagerness to pluck one up, it was so welcome to my senses. And at another half-acre sized island I saw reeds and rushes, and a twenty feet monster of a crocodile squashing them. Marshes there are somewhere, for mats are cheap ;—in the Delta, perhaps, and down at Rosetta, the growth is luxuriant and profuse in the extreme ; but it is not to be seen now in those vicinities which were populous in days of yore. The Nile is the strangest mode and mannered river in the world ; but I shall set myself fast in its mud if I don't hasten away ;—loitering here won't do.

My original plan of remaining some twelve months in Upper Egypt is frustrated ; and from necessity abandoned. I was ignorant that there are no regular—no official intercourses, or established communications between Cairo and the upper country ;—and I should have been succourless. This is one reason, rather a heavy one ;—but there exist others of much greater weight.

All my letters, since the date of January 10th, are lost. I am entangled in perplexities, and pressed, squeezed hard, by emergencies, consequent upon this loss. I am instructionless, without note or comment as to what I should do in case of sudden emergency, or any necessity or requirement. I have not a line or scrap of writing of any kind to certify others in any shape that might justify my solicitation for immediate help, or warrant a hope that it would be granted. I have nothing ; this state of things, and a possibility of recurrence, make flight from Egypt indispensable, and fly, I shall, from it, as soon as the "wing powder" arrives ; but before that time I shall be hard aground. At present my thoughts bend to San Lucar, at the mouth of the Guadalquivier, a few miles from Cadiz, and only a week from England ; there, *if home sickness do not assail me*, (a feeling to which, through all my wanderings till now, I have been an utter stranger,) I will quietly remain through next winter. I have written to London on my case, and before this reaches you, I think, (which means, I am sure,) the remedy and relief will be on its way to me ; so let not your kind nature be bruised by any solicitude in this affair. The newspapers do come regularly, and I can account for the letter loss. I am sure my friend at Malta put them up with a parcel for me. Parcel and letters are gone together. Mid-June will be before I can quit Egypt—then at Malta twenty days of quarantine—on to Gibraltar—thence to Cadiz by early August. All this plan I may see occasion to change, but so I chalk at present.

Blame me not, my dear friend, that I have done *nothing* in the writing matter on Shakspeare, which you so strongly urged upon me. Oh ! I have found it impossible to hold my thoughts concentrated for the necessary period, while every bone in my body was grinding in pain, and seemed to be creaking in its articulation. I must be comparatively

well to do that work. I have not touched the interleaved edition (which I prepared on leaving England) with even one dot or scratch of a pen. At how many sittings is this letter written, think you? A dozen at least; no wonder it is disjointed. There are certain letters which I must write every month—(more I ought to write,)—this and the “notifying” to which I have set myself, is quite as much as I can accomplish in the labour of writing.

By this time, I suppose, the swindling project for duping the people in their Anti-Corn Law claims, has been agitated, perhaps it is settled, in the House of Humbug; and the cheated are lulled into tranquillity by some sugared mischief that is granted them, and their “betters” are telling them how grateful, and loyal, and how obedient they ought to be for the gracious boon: and so the union is broken, and the late shivering landed aristocrat rides in his smooth insolence of triumph again over his victims and his dupes. He has won another twenty years: he thinks it earnest of perpetuity. He has two weapons of advantage, which he knows how to use: and use them he will. In the first place, he sees that, with very few exceptions, the Anti-Corn Law question does not rise into a boiling and agitation on any fixed principle of right and justice; it becomes sensible only when the belly is the monitor—when dire necessity and apprehension of its continuance are felt, then do the millions stir, and call for their “right,”—then they acknowledge the principle, and claim to act upon it. Allay the rigour of necessity; give the belly temporary provend, and you put the principle to sleep, and oblivionize the sense of right. The Corn Monopolizer sees all this, and plays with it accordingly—he throws the tub to the whale; and all the strength of union is smashed. When men will gather together to agitate on this question on principle only, and will urge it on principle, when necessity does not pinch, and the belly is comfortably qualified, they will gain their end—not till then. And as to the House of Commons, constituted as it at present is, doing justice in this matter, it is absurd to suppose it. They can’t, and they won’t. Nor will the people be “properly” represented even through universal suffrage: they will run at the tails of “the quality” for the next fifty years, and landholders will predominate in both houses. But there is one tremendous thunder cloud will burst before another generation has passed away, if the landholders do not become humanely wise. The question, “By what title do you, or you, or you, Sir, claim to be the owner of that land of which you are now the holder?” Sift the matter closely, and if it come to this, (and to this it will come, I say, if—) it will be sifted closely; there is not one in a hundred who will not shiver and sweat as he gives his answers. Some, confident in the omnipotence which they deem there lives in cash, will answer with a smile of defying readiness—“Sir, I gave £100,000 sterling, money on the nail—here are the bills of sale—the lawyer’s papers, and the receipts for the whole amount.” That’s a poser. No; not so to me if I should be one of the examiners. The question then comes, “By what right did *he* who held it sell it to you? Where is his title? Is it good? Was the land really, justly

his?" I know of one estate that recently sold for some two or three hundred thousand—the greater part of which was actually cribbed, stolen from the parish. Nor will it, in such examinations, be a satisfactory answer that the statute of limitation had passed, and no claimant appeared. Some with stiff nerves and thick brains, which they will call stout heartedness, will vauntingly answer—"My ancestor won it by his sword." From whom? Oh! he murdered first, and then he proceeded to plunder. Men won't consult law and lawyers when these things are—nor custom, nor prescription. By justice, equity, the law of God, and the law of nature, the question will be put—the answer sifted, and judgment given. Champion Dymoke and Scrivelsby will part company: the country will say "we no longer require such a mummerly of service, as that which conditions your tenure, we will dispense with it; and, of course, you can claim no more pay, so Scrivelsby is the country's." There are some hundreds of estates—I may say thousands, that are yet held on condition of certain service; which service has not been rendered for generations—the service is no longer required—very well, then, no work, no wages—let the estates revert to the nation. One "property" is held (I think it is in Kent; but I speak positively as to the fact) on condition that the holder shall, every time the Sovereign passes on the road near it, leap before him or her, three times—tumble head over heels, and let a ——— i. e. sigh downwards lustily. The taste of the present Sovereign (I judge from its manifestations in wild beast feeding) may render the abolition of this service rather premature, should it occur just now—so it will remain intact awhile, and then the country will say, "we can dispense with this mummerly and nastiness now; so let us have the land again." My wish is not the father of these thoughts and prophecies. No, no: convulsion and tearing strife would be the partners of such a state of things and such an inquiry—and the grand *desideratum*; the "great good" would by any such convulsions or strife, be delayed 50 years. Hear my prophecy! hear it and laugh me to scorn—200 years hence no man in England will be singly, a landowner: and the land's fruit will be the property of him who tills and sows the land. Men will not toil to fatten and feast and feed those who do not work for it, those who now lord over it and call the land theirs. And this change will be effected without an outbreak. The volcano is now, and has for some years, been boiling under us, the lava will speed on its course, without rending or cracking the incrusting surface—will do its work and roll innocuously away into stony hardness and coldness: and the mighty change will come, is coming, so gradually and so silently, that change will seem none. Unless, indeed, some of the darker angels among men, having keener and broader perception, and fouler spirits than others, dreading this good, which to them seems evil, shall attempt to delay or frustrate the end, by stirring the volcanic fires into fierce irruption. Oh, Elliott, there are hundreds such dark angels in England—and they live honoured and revered: surplined and ermined, and gold laced.

I cannot finish my letter—I am too ill—six days after the last word



"laced." The Khamascen wind has killed me almost—I am out of my tomb, and in Cairo—very ill—very ill—but, oh, for God's sake don't tell my friends so. The letter-losing brings manifold distresses—I was warned on every hand against these winds—these Khamascen—(they commenced last Friday, 12th, and continue at intervals for 50 days)—on no account to be in their way; but to abandon Egypt, or to go so far up as the Cataracts. I am fixed for their whole career in their very worst domain. I have not the means of escaping: though I shall try to get to Alexandria, where the misery is modified—if I can find a house—that is, four sides and a lid to creep into—there are no "apartments to let" in Alexandria, and living at an Inn is impossible—more per day than I dare spend in a week. I am in a house here with five up stairs rooms and a kitchen, and I don't know what below, for 3s. 6d. per month. I must end—God bless you, one and all—bless you—bless you!—Your's.

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### THE WONDERS OF EGYPT.

*Sheffield Iris, June 11th, 1839.*

LUQSOR and its stupendities, Karnack and its vastnesses—its endless architectural wonders, its combinations of magnitude with delicate beauty, its chiseled freshness of yesterday on its 3,500 years old sculpturings,—all its magic eloquence of old mystical purposes, are at my back. Glimpsing out for an instant or so through one of the loop-holes of my den, and catching, with one vast draught, a sense of the surpassing loveliness of the moon and star-jewelled night—the moon and star-jewelled Nile: lamps and lustres suspended and swinging in the silver-toned ether, at various heights—ay, suspended and swinging; not stuck in the arched roof as they are with you—no, no—I could see for miles between them and the vast, silent, sublimely tranquil vault, and all repeated clearly, distinctly on the face of the mirror-smooth Nile—an inverted celestialty: such moon-and-star nights as would make the veriest drudge, the grubbing point pig, whose senses and soul are in his day-book and ledger, think that there is something in the wide universe that may claim a little the appellation of good, well done or beautiful, besides a neatly and correctly drawn account current. Condemned to deny myself the pleasure, the bliss of gazing on this by the horrors of the night's cold air,—I am doomed by the keen, piercing winds, to imprison myself in a den, in which I could neither stand upright, nor sit without stooping, from six in the evening till nine the next morning, fleecy-hosiered from head to heel—coated, great coated and cloaked, and cut through all. Oh! the beauty—the expressive beauty of the ever screening palm groves and clusters that shade and fan the villages, making one dream of the villages as the most innocently blissful places in which human beings congregate—'tis but a dream;—they are, one and all, mud and dirt piles, mounds of rubbish, dens of filth. But rare, delicious

milk have I found there ; sweet butter, sweet as any, if they would but keep it clean. And two huge crocodiles, of such a size as I never before saw, 20 feet long at least ; they were basking on a sand bank : on our disturbing them, they crawled horribly and slowly into the water. Pondering half the night, the wretched-long, long, long, never-never-to-end-night, on the crazy imprudence of venturing on such an expedition in my enfeebled and decaying state ; half resolving to return, to abandon all chance of Upper Egypt's half madly desired influence—to go back and die ; and the other half an alternity of cough and groan, groan and cough, to get up in the morning astonished at the elastic life that yet was in me, and when the sun had climbed sufficiently high to warm the air, that I might thrust my nose and eyes into it, to bless God, myself, my friends, and the whole word, that I was living to enjoy that genial breath of heaven—that luxury of looking on palm groves, as one glided on the graceful, beautifully, majestically flowing, and sweeping, and bending Nile.

Had I bodily strength sufficient to carry me through the physical toil of indulging my fiery curiosity, my burning desire, among the matchless wonders, the incredible realities, the soul-swelling sights of mystery and magnificence, among which I am now centred, and at easy distance from them all while I write these words, I think I should and could say “no : I will not !” if there were the least probability of throwing even the smallest check on the current of improvement : but I am not put to this trial of sublime courage : I *cannot* indulge : and acute is my regret that I cannot. By the aid of an ass's back, all that is on the plain, on level ground, and above ground, I may see, not only without forfeit of principle, without health's damage, danger, or obstruction, but with salutary result ; for hours together I never cough when gently, gently walking and sitting in the sunny air, or riding donkey-back through it ; but, oh ! I did visit the tombs of the kings—grand and easy going and returning : but there ! I descended into the famous tomb first opened by Belzoni—(no writing, painting, word-sketching and filling, however masterly,—no description, no assertion that it *is what it is*, no declarations a million times corroborated, with all the “pon my honour” swearing and oath-taking that can be given or taken all put together, can fully persuade the unseeing of the wonder, the strangeness, the glory of this *sepulchre* !) and I was compelled to turn back, ere my eyes had settled from their first astonished stare, or my gasping senses had panted themselves half down to an easier pulsation : ay, I felt that I must go : because I *was* “going”—and my Arab guide lifted me in his arms, and carried me up the many flights of steps, into the open air : I was well again in a few seconds—but do think, now, do, will you ? what my sanguine temper, my nature, my curiosity must have suffered from this rebuff ! Come now, good folks, do me justice—don't you think I have earned a niche among the Martyrs ? Gridirons and oil cauldrons, and red hot pincers ! pooh ! what are they ? Air cushions, tepid baths, and skin tractors. (Should not like to try them, though.) There was something grandly poetical in the brains of

these who-the-deuce-were-they? These nobody knows who, Theban Egyptians, notwithstanding the humbug which I will charge upon them, that commands respectful wonder.

This valley, now, this Babel Malouk (gate of kings) (I won't swear to the words exactly, nor to their orthography,) in which the Tombs of the Kings are, hollowed out of the solid mountain. Such a valley! "desolate" does not express its character; in "desolate" we associate an idea of fallen to a waste, gone from a state that was into ruin or sterility. The whole of this valley, its rocks, its sides, its sands, its stones, look as if to-day created; thrown out of Nature's blast furnace dead, born dead—to be dead—for ever dead. There may be such, but I searched, and sought, and watched, and could not see, nor hear, nor feel, nor smell the least sign of animal, reptile, insect, or vegetable life after once entered and passed the few creeping plants previous to entrance; yet does the sun blaze there with all its splendour and life-giving power; and, mark, the west front of the mighty temple of Karnac, three miles distant, and on the other (the east) bank of the Nile, looks directly up the gorge of the valley: oh, they were magnificent, indeed, in their combinations! were they not? More of this anon: *now* I wish my paper were six times as large (not thinking of mercy to you,) though every bone in my body will ache, six times over, at least, before I have filled this. In approaching any of these temples, or other massive ruins, one is really apt to forget that they *are* ruins. The impression the rather is, that they are stupendous edifices, *to be*; in progress now of building—that the materials (the fallen stones and masses) are here collected to complete what is partly done: that the masons have only just "knocked off," and gone to dinner,—so sit down and wait a few minutes, and you will see the apron men returning to their work. Ha! you see your error now—your seat stone is part of the roof curb of a temple, buried, in all its elaborations of sculpture and painted walls, and columns and ceilings to the depth of 60 feet beneath you. This *new* edifice was finished, and its builders were dead, more than three thousand years ago! dating from this 18th day of February, (1838, as we call it,) or the 18th February 400 years back if you like.

Karnac is, of all the temples, the most extensive, the grandest, most sublime and mysterious, bold and open, intricate, celled, secret spell looking, yet stupendously daring, commanding, overawing—full of dark suggestions and concealments, remote hints, and thundering proclamations. What use was made of that lake within the temple? There it is, even with some water in it, to this hour. Karnac is also (Dendyra excepted, which is not in the city of Thebes, nor its plain, but 45 miles lower down Nile,) the most rich and tasteful in its architectural forms and decorations. The Luqsor gate (commencing the impossible, but nevertheless true, avenue of Sphinxes,) is a gem of beautiful proportions, to my eye, and quite as juvenile looking, gigantic as it is, as the entrance to Hyde Park by Duke Windlestraw's mansion. The temple of Medinet Haboo, on the Theban plain, contains, on its ceilings and columns, the most remarkable freshness of painting. The Cerulean of

one ceiling there, which covers the four sides of what in one of our religious houses might be called a cloister, is as soft, and undisturbed as if laid on yesterday : it is really amazing. In the tombs all is new and fresh, though spoilers and curiosity-mongers, and enquirers, and scientific and philosophic hands, have mauled them sadly. Their "decorators," too, whip our room furbishers to shreds—their ornamental skill was so varied, inventive, suggestive, and tasteful. In human and animal life they were not good delineators, i. e., limners. This, it is said, was necessitated by a conventional manner to which, by the laws of their religion, or the tyranny of their superstition, they were restricted. There *is* the Memnonium. There lies the amazing granite statue ; the immense, unbelievably immense, considering that it was cut from the granite mountains at Syene, 240 miles distance ; and in its vast oneness transported to the Theban plain—there is the groove cut at the head thus  $\frown$ , which, it is said, may have caused the musical sounds. Oh, eloquently and intensely the broken wonder spoke ; but I did not bear him sing ; his singing days are over. Of the two remaining colossal statues that sit the awful watchmen of the Theban plain (remaining, I say, for I am sure there were many of them once, and perhaps they formed a temple of themselves), the far off view of them has a gloaming in it of the terrific ; approaching nearer to definition there was something in them Brobdignagically queer and comical. May I be condemned to eat green peas, for a whole season, with a two-pronged fork, (there's a torment !) if they had not the appearance of two huge, gigantic Titan apes, that some ape amateurs had been teaching and training to imitate the clumsy manners and postures of clumsy, bumpkin, pudding-bag men : and that they had so far succeeded as to make them "sit proper" and "behave themselves before company." Shoulders square, back upright, angularly seated, elbows stuck in the sides, and hands, palm downwards, resting one on each its proper knee. But, oh, go nearer, nearer, and all your fancies of the ridiculous are knocked into ribbons. It is a "thousand pities" that their noses are knocked off, their mouths so mauled, their brows so battered, and their cheeks and chins so chopped ; yet, mutilated as they are, there is a kind of deific grandeur, a supreme majesty, in their immoveable and everlasting calm-invincible power and will, hushed into the soft tranquillity of a sleeping babe (only there is not the babe's unconsciousness,) that makes one feel every way disposed to treat them with "proper respect." Oh ! a deeper sense and impression are made than ever was known in "respect." That they were once worshipped and adored surprises me not at all.

We know of no other nation which could have excited the Egypto-Theban to a rivalry in rearing and producing such wonders—none existed ; there was no other people to imitate in these things—no examples to emulate. Nor are gradation or progression discernible : that they were is certain ; but the marks are not left. The genius for ponderosities, stupendities, immensities, seems to have blazed forth at once, without a preparative light, or kindling spark. Any other people might

have pointed to *one* specimen of huge stone coping, one example of the massive, awful and beautiful columns, one of the immense statues, one sphinx, one sculptured wall, as the glory and pride of the nation. Here are acres and acres of sculptured walls—thousands of ponderous uplifted stone copings: columns multiplied till you are bewildered in walking among them; and such columns! great Jove! that double middle range in the great Temple at Karnac! They were lavish of stupendities, as if they were mere toys—they multiplied ponderosities, as though they were merely collecting nine pins for a game; and they squandered and scattered wonders of gigantic force, labour, and skill, as if such were things which *THEY* could manufacture by the gross. Take the avenue of Sphinxes—they are positively crowded as they crouch. There could not have been less than a thousand of these immense and beautifully carved masses, in each line of the avenue; on less than one-fifth of the  $2\frac{1}{2}$  mile street I counted, on one line, the vestiges, distinct, of 93, and judging from the space between each where they are in better preservation and uncovered by the earth, there were three, four, and five oftentimes, in the space in which I could find but two.

By the bye, the plain—the Nile running through it—the islands are splendidly arranged. Can't talk of them now: but it was a magnificent "pick" they made in fixing on it.

I think of trying the Pyramids of Ghezah atmosphere for five or six weeks—choosing a *nice tomb*, sweeping it out, and hanging up my hammock in it. Cairo I am afraid of, on account of what I fear more than ought else in Egypt—the dust. Cairo's dust is worse than any other: it is the sun-dried rubbish, sweepings, offal-filth (the most offensive) that are heaped up in huge, and daily increasing mounds, all round the city, dried to a powder—the least wind blows it about like smoke. The Pacha's eldest son has removed some immense heaps, and made gardens in their place—hundreds of human beings must have died in the process, but it "did good." No matter who died: he thought only of how many piastres he should pocket from the sale of crumb (cabbage), fool (beans), bussal (onions), khuss (lettuce), (try the fish bone again for this khuss), &c. He is a great farmer too; the Coke of Egypt (Egypt is his Holkham), and a great soldier to boot.

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*Sheffield Iris, July 9, 1839.*

Alexandria, May 10th, 1839.

SHOULD circumstances, the political working of events, combining with time and place, make it nothing but an act of ordinary prudence in a man to go to bed in his boots, and sleep with his hat in his hand, to be ready for a leap through the window and a run at half an instant's warning; what shall he do whose legs are too feeble to carry his body, and boots are far too ponderous a load for his legs to bear? eh, my trusty friend? Of late days, the possibility of such circumstances

arising, and my being, inescapably, in the heart of them, has been matter of consideration to me; and I have arrived at the happy conclusion that I must lie still and submit my jugular to the knife; for there is neither leap nor run in me: my legs cannot support my body, nor can my body carry my legs; and what is as bad as either, or both together, I cannot call out in my danger for assistance, nor beg for mercy from my executioners; my voice is quite gone. But, "oh, nonsense! how can such circumstances arise? Where or whence is the remotest probability of the necessity of such a prudence?" My answer is—in the war newly stirred up between the Sultan and Mohamed Ali—in the anarchy which would run wild and riot throughout Egypt should one defeat of the Pacha bear an aspect of permanent disaster to him: to the councils and interference of the English nation, whether right or wrong, would that disaster be attributed by him, and by all his tribe: "but he would not dare to molest the English under any circumstances—he fears their power too much." Umph! this is the invulnerable shield which my contrymen hold up ever if these matters be touched upon. In the condition of things to which I am referring—the circumstances to which I allude, such a shield will be as protective from savage assault as a sheet of whitey-brown paper would be from the heat of the liquid iron at one of the blast furnaces at Ridings. A desperate man has no fears:—if you pin a rat up in a narrow corner, from which there is no escape, you'll trust to his fears that he won't bite you, won't you? So of this Rat-Wolf—with all his faculties of keen perception—his deep policy—his astonishing energy—his grasping enterprise, he retains all the sly craft, and watchful cunning, and ferocity, and vindictiveness of a barbarian well educated, and experienced in merciless, remorseless savagery: for years these ugly qualities have been held in abeyance—forcibly chained down by his own individual strength of policy and calculating forbearance: it is folly to believe they are eradicated:—that they are dead: signs of their existence have ever and anon crept forth: have they slept? No. They have but winked, and seemed to sleep;—and the Wolf the while has hereby sniffed in a recollection of debts which are due; and finds his heaviest score with those he has most fawned upon, and feigned to love, the English. Does not the remembrance of the unjustifiable (such it was) destruction of his splendid fleet, at Navarino, blaze in his heart and brain, think you? The fact that he has taken that affair with such seeming quietness, has exhibited no violence, or great anger on the occasion, may be held as evidence that it is recorded, and is working in a suppressed and concealed volcanic fire.—"Oh, but his own interests are so deeply involved and connected with with a friendly alliance with England, that his mere selfishness will be the safeguard of English sojourners in his dominions." Hitherto it has been their safety: and I incline to think their only guardian; but I again beg to remind you that a desperate man is blind to his own interests;—he has no policy in his selfishness—no craft in his fury—and I really believe that desperation would be the consequence in Mohamed Ali, of a crushing defeat in battle, and that English throats would be

the first at which he would make his spring, though he were encompassed by barrels of gunpowder, each with a lighted match sticking in it.

Now, I really am not troubled for my throat's safety, though it does give me some twinges; for the Doctor has clapped on two blisters, which are to be kept open for a week or fortnight, because my trachea is affected. And though the awful man, the Pacha, arrived here this morning (May 12), there is no head chopped off yet, and people go upon their legs as usual. And there is now less occasion for my croaking as to my health, than has been since I arrived in Egypt. In my letter from the Pyramids, I commenced very cheerily; but before I had finished the missive I was struck down into a condition of bodily debility and misery more wretched than ever. The Khamascen wind did it; exposure to such another life-drier would kill me. It is no less strange in some of its phenomena than it is fearful altogether. In my tomb I was comparatively cool, but on thrusting my hand forth into the outward air, the effect was of a hot flame playing round it. All the circumambience was one, a universe of, hot oven, just preparing for a batch—the blaze (the wind) roaring with the lungs of all the wild beasts of Africa congregated there, and all running mad together; the roasted dust and sand rushing screaming along on the current of the wind, and cloaking all things of heaven and earth within five yards of you, in one thick, dull-brassy, dirty-yellow obscure impenetrable: then in an instant all was hushed, dead calm, and all the world was simmering and baking in the settled fire and burning dust. For four days (a most unusual length of time for a Khamascen visit) this state of life continued. On me the effects were such as I had never heard any one speak of: copious bleeding at the nose, and (it may have been fancy only—but it felt like reality) the blood in contact with the skin, seemed to scald as it ran; my knees swelled, and my legs became utterly incapable of supporting my body. From crown to heel I felt baked into a hot paste that dried and crusted, and for several days after I endured a sense as if my whole body were burning to a cindered stake of wood, from which the hot ashes were momentarily dropping. It was thorough misery. This Khamascen was the first genuine one of the lot, which come in season in April and May. Khamaseen is the Arabic number of fifty, and this wind is so called from its visits being made at its pleasure, during 50 days of April and May. Another such, I say, would have killed me. I therefore had recourse to the only way in my power of avoiding their worst influence, by coming to this place; where they are also felt, but in a much modified and mitigated form: and here I am much better every way. I must make confession now, that I have been so ill ever since I started from Alexandria, that all hopes of recovery were completely bruised out of my spirit. The excessive dryness of the atmosphere, however beneficial (and I know it is so) it may be to some of the pulmonary affected, is not fit for my complaint: warmth and moisture (not damps) is what my cough requires. The delicious purity and geniality of Upper Egypt's atmosphere is the most fascinating

breathing—for it really has a charm in it—I ever tried. When neither dust nor wind are going, but a gentle breeze is in motion, it is so balmy, so softly fanning; making one so buoyant and elastic;—but, oh! the piercing cold of the mornings on the River, even at Thebes, in lat. 25 or 26. But come, I am in Alexandria again, to wait for the June packet from England: full of hope as ever: I cannot walk—I crawl half a mile each day; but I am indeed very much improved since I left Cairo, and I now believe I shall return to England unaccompanied by a distressing cough, if I can remain away another winter. About three weeks ago I had no belief of living to return at all, well or ill. And now, although it is positively ascertained, within the last 36 hours, that the plague is at Alexandria, I am as free from all fear of it as if I were in England at this time. What I do dread is the prolonged imprisonment by quarantine in the Lazaretto at Malta. The twenty days will be doubled on persons coming from an infected place; and an expense of little less than twenty pounds will be forced upon me; all in submission to a mere prejudice and superstition, and some touches of official cupidity and covetousness. I must pay half a dollar per day for a man to watch me! that's only one item in the bill. It is odd enough that a man should be compelled to pay money for being imprisoned. Plague or no plague, this is quite enough to make a plague break out. This quarantine is much more likely to induce fever and pestilence than to prevent them. Well, well!

So; there could be found five men in the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society so utterly soaked and sopped in folly, so thoroughly plaistered over with love of humbug, so teeming and reeking in paltry spite, as to blackball Ebenezer Elliott!\* Who are they? get their names—let them bespread on a good stareable wall; spitted as the farmer does rats, polecats, and other vermin, so that every ray of the sun may light them to the derision and scorn of every gazer. This is not the right finish to a letter, but I am compelled to end abruptly.

I commenced this on the 10th—it is now the 16th—all this time my health has steadily progressed in improvement: and Dr. Laidlaw is sure he shall put me to rights, with the aid of Alexandria's salubrious atmosphere; so in spite of the plague, he begs—he is quite earnest upon it—that I will remain in this place awhile.

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\* At the monthly meeting of the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society, held on the 7th of March, 1839, it was proposed that Ebenezer Elliott, "the Corn-law Rhymer," should be elected a member of the society. When the voting took place he was blackballed: there being eight votes for his admission, and five against it. On the 4th of April, he was unanimously elected by a very numerous meeting of the same society; but in a letter, entered in the minute book of the society on the 2nd of May, he declined to become a member.—J. F.



*Sheffield Iris, August 27th, 1839.*

Algeciras, in the Month of July, 1839.

AT the sign of the brass basin, from which a good mouthful of the rim has been bitten, (Vide Don Quixote's helmet,) I am living : on each side of the door is a wooden grille, chequered fashioned : adjuncts of significance with the bitten brass basin are they : over the entrance swings a double valance of old teeth, (molars and others,) which seem to have done much work in their day—other significant ornaments are visible : instance, a daub drawing of a Fan, accompanied by the information that "Se componen Abanicos y Paraaguas." Look right before you through the open door, and your retina will have reflected on it two open mahogany cases, in which several goodly rows of razors are ranged, ready for your chin ; or for the chin of any other customer. Now look here and there—it's all free—your eye catches hold of high-backed, square-armed chairs ; towels are idling about on chair backs or elsewhere ; a mirror (rusty and cracked it is) spare specimens of head spoils are dangling and dusty, or fixed and shining, as the case may be with respect to their owners : there is a deep jar of water, and, near, bits of soap. A dapper, brisk, but bullet-eyed, plump-muscled, flexible-limbed, trim, natty-habited fellow presides here, lord of the basin, razors, &c., and high priest of the temple. From all which you may be instructed in the important fact that I am domiciliated in a barber's shop. True : and he is an Andalusian barber ; not ~~he~~ of Seville—the renowned, the inimitable Figaro ; but quite as dapper a blade, though not so crafty, except in the art of high demand for low lodging. But then he shaves so deliciously ! Ye Gods ! how he does manœuvre the razor over one's chin and the adjacencies ! Charming ! charming ! Poor woman, I pity her beardless state. Unequal are the pleasures of existence dispensed. She, alas ! knows nothing of the bliss of shaving with a good razor ! To his trade of chin-scraper my barber links those of dentist and blood-letter—remnants of a higher range of respectability, now grown obsolete elsewhere, but preserved in tact in Andalusia ; then he is visible maker of fans (Abanicos,) and mender of parasols and umbrellas, and *invisible* (though all Algeciras knows the fact,) manufacturer of cigars. And his wife is also a natty, dapper, little body too, and she does nothing but sit swinging her legs under the chair "from breezy morn till dewy eve," except for some occasional five or ten minutes of dabbling in an olla : savoury it is, though it consists of about a quarter of a pound of meat to some dozen pounds of vegetable conglomerate. Before the door is a line of beautiful flowering Accacias, under which are ornamented seats : forming one of the four sides of a paved square, all similarly accacied and benched. In the centre of this square rises a very graceful fluted column out of a fountain of porphyry, that receives the deliciously clear and cool water through the mouths of four hook-nosed Satyr heads. A range of steps, and a green iron railing circumscribe the fountain ; so that it is not invaded by filth, but access to its stores is given to the

public at another fountain in the street at the east side of the square. Here, as in the olden days, is the grand rendezvous of idlers and gossips of the toiling-class in hot weather. A big church is at one of my corners, and a little one at the other ; and the bells of both unite their confusion's devilry of bang, clang, dang, jang, twang, dong-dang, dong-dang, clang-clang, hour by hour. This square is the Plaza de la Constitucion. Each evening, at nine o'clock, a really good band commences its musical labours, and continues till about eleven. The expense is paid by a voluntary tax of ninepence per month from each house. In this very warm season, with such miraculously beautiful nights, there is something enchanting in the music, time, place, and promenading. The music ceases, the crowd disperses—the sober (I mean the prudent, for there is no drunkenness here) go off to lounge at home. The more restless, or racketty, or frolicsome, keep it up with guitar and castanets and song through the greater part of the night. Here live I : and I purchased in the market this morning as many tomates (I think they are called love apples in England,) for one farthing, as would be paid for by not less than half-a-crown at home ; for a halfpenny more fish than enough for my dinner ; and I am in the very region of grapes and figs ; and nightly I am devoured on by myriads of mosquitoes ; I must quit—other houses are free of them.

Now with all these pleasures and allurements I would rather be (at this moment, if the sun shone,) sitting under a hedge in a deep, green lane, roasting potatoes with purloined sticks, in England ;—a thousand to one, for a thousand reasons.

The current events—the Chartist movements—the violences, the injury to truth, the obstruction to the progress of right and light ; the seas of defaming and damnable lies which hypocrites, bigots, aristocratic and “better class” people, will seize this occasion for pouring forth ; (and that, too, with a seeming and shew-off sincerity and truth,) when the timid and the thought-limited, and the slavish-minded, are all agape to drink in the lies with a greediness of suck for “more, more !” —the prudent cooling of warm friends to the cause, and the eager and crafty abandonment, and adoption of avowed enmity of cool friends,—load me with painful solicitude : grief and indignation, contempt and sadness, scorn and intense sorrow alternately engage my senses as I read and think.

August 5.—I have “shifted my birth,” as the Nauticals would say, and am now complacently lodged at San Roque, with my host of 1837. At this moment I feel *so well*, elastic, and free from all pain, and full of strong hope ; though my voice is still an absentee, and my whole frame very feeble. I *am* improving—existence is becoming desirable again, and life has charms ; but—this blessed condition is only a morning visitor ; and stays till about three o'clock, P.M. ; then discomfort comes ; and from four till seven or eight (such has been the case for the last month,) miserable and frightful convulsions of coughing tear me to fragments : then “oh, that some kind soul would spread a bundle of clean straw, here on this spot, in the street, that I could lie down and die quietly,” is my often thoughted wish ; but I am right again in the

morning, and have faith in getting rid of this vile visitor: for two or three afternoons past he has grown much gentler. I am irritated by not being able to find the cause of these convulsions; they are Catarrhal: but what brings on the Catarrh, I can by no means discover. Suffice it, I am positively better than when I last wrote. Thank you truly, truly, for the *Iris*—it comes very regularly. The *Spectator* is also sent from Sheffield. I know not by what good soul; if you know him, do say that I am sincerely grateful for his kindness.—Adieu,

C. R. PEMBERTON.

LETTER, ON RECEIVING AN INVITATION TO DINNER,  
ADDRESSED TO THE REV. B. T. STANNUS,  
OF SHEFFIELD.

Worksop, 18th October, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,—Dine with you?—or with any one, next Friday! I must improve wonderfully to be able to table, with anything approaching to within a thousand leagues of decent comfort, in the presence of others. Why, Sir, my columnar vertebræ are all creaking, awry, and rusty. Scapula and clavicle are tugging away as if maliciously bent on each other's destruction—my arms, hands, and fingers are like a process of crumbling flagree, and my legs mere articulations of burnt rushes: and, worse than all, every nerve in my system is ten million times more rapidly and burningly vibratory than ever. I am skin, bone, and nerves only—not body. I am a mere bag—a sack—a bladder (kinked and collapsing) of strings and fibres of moral sensation,—miserable, agonizing acuteness of perception of touch. Oh, no! Dine! I should make you all miserable, and wish myself at the bottom of a deserted coal pit. So excuse me—pray do. I dare not come.—Very truly yours,

C. R. PEMBERTON.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM KEPT AT HUCKNALL  
TORKARD CHURCH, WHERE LORD BYRON IS INTERRED.

C. R. PEMBERTON, (A WANDERER,) 30TH JULY, 1836.

He lies not in obscurity, though here  
This humble dwelling gives his dust a home,  
For Byron has not—ne'er shall have—a tomb;  
That name—the spirit's blaze—will flash its dear  
And animated light for ever there,  
Where thought can roam, where mind can mock the doom

Of mouldering mortality—the wing  
Of Time will fan into a brighter ray,  
That glory as he passes on his way,

And o'er that name a lusted record fling,  
More strongly splendid, wider radiating  
Through cloudless and interminable day.

But if on earth a spot were chosen meet  
For this his earthly part to rest in, well  
Mighty Niagara, and that alone, should tell  
The traveller who yearns that grave to greet—  
That ever rolling stream, his winding sheet !  
That deep-toned thunder voice his endless knell.

C. R. P.

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WILLIAM C. MACREADY AND J. P. KEMBLE IN THE  
CHARACTER OF MARCUS BRUTUS.\*

My memory can trace distinctly the first deep impressions which were made on my senses by a perusal of this drama (Julius Cæsar;) the noble, gracious, and beautiful qualities of head and heart, which are so conspicuous in Brutus, were struck indelibly on my mind—they grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength: and how much did I wish to gaze on a living representation of the man! There came one before me of whom all spoke as the realization—a second life—of Brutus: all voices were loud in his praise: the sympathies of all glowed in admiration of this noble impersonation of the noblest of Shakspeare's characters. I gazed with fixed delight, I listened with concentrated eagerness of eye and heart. The stately beauty of his form, the glowing grace of his gestures, and the majesty of his repose, touched me with a feeling of reverence. The rich and piercing light of his intellectual eye, was haloed round with an intense sorrow:—he looked an eagle speculating in deep grief. The tones of his voice came upon the ear as floats the continuous breeze through the multitudinous foliage of a forest:—it swept through the auricular channels, into brain and heart, with a mighty and irresistible influence. I was at once astonished, delighted, and subdued—I admired equally with the most admiring—I applauded with the most enthusiastic. *But it was not the Brutus which my imagination had created out of Shakspeare's glorious illuminations.* I could not recognize in *that, the living soul and throbbing heart*; yet its power over me was sufficiently strong to obscure, for a while, the massive substantiality, and distinctness of outline of my former creation: but time and thought brought it back again, in mightier strength and deeper beauty than ever: and I longed "till hope had hopeless grown"—though I was not one of those who thought that with John Kemble had died the last representative of "the last of all the

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\* A passage from a lecture on Brutus delivered by C. R. Pemberton at the Bath Saloon, Sheffield, August 8th, 1838, and furnished by him, at the request of a friend, to the Editors of the *Sheffield Iris*.

Romans." I saw Macready—my desire was accomplished. If the stately form, and the cautious, though beautiful, artistical elegance of Kemble, manifested in the gorgeous folds and abundant drapery of his toga, and entire personal costume, struck me with admiration, how much more intense was the effect of Macready's invisible art and profounder acquirements,—the massive simplicity of thorough gracefulness—the strict though bountiful preservation of all that combines to make a picture of pure, noble, spontaneous, and exalted manly beauty! So he stood, as the slight lifting of the folds across his bosom told of the painful presages that were heaving in his heart beneath them. I will not attempt to go into detail of this masterly development: to particularize the beauties, the graces, and the grandeur of the massive strokes, the delicate touches, the sublimity of tenderness, the heart-crushing gentleness, the soul-elating strength, and swelling magnanimity, would excite my nerves to a sympathy far too intense for my enfeebled body to endure, without a reaction of physical suffering. All was the exactness of masterly talent catching, swaying, and directing the impulses of genius—the expansive blaze and the subtle sparks—the vast soarings of imagination, were thrown forth or kept back at the volition of reason; helmed on their undeviating course by the steady hand of perfect judgment. I soberly regard that personation of Brutus as the noblest intellectual triumph that ever was exhibited on the English stage;—I doubt whether it has been surpassed by any thing of dramatic power the world ever saw. It was a lovely thing—it was beautiful, gracious, pure, and, ay, holy—holy is the word; for every sympathy which it awakened was generous or kind, or gentle, or soul-elevating. From first to last the voice was a varying and noble music—but who that heard the words—

" You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart ;"

can forget, during life, the tenderness of the rich melody in which they passed through Macready's lips into the heart of every hearer? Who that remembered the stately and gorgeous demeanour of Kemble was not penetrated to the very soul by the truer, nobler, the more exalted and melting kindness of Macready, towards the boy Lucius? In one, we saw, and admired, the lofty superior graciously condescending to a consideration of the comfort or convenience of his humble servant:—in the other, a gentle and generous nature impelling the holy and beautiful sympathies. How strong was the contrast! how heart-grasping was the thrill of approving delight with which Brutus was then gazed upon! But I must quit this theme, dear as it is in every intellectual and moral sense of my being.

## SIXPENNYWORTH OF TRUTH.\*

**PREFACE.**—This small book will give large offence to knaves, and to their friends, the fools and hypocrites.

**NOTES TO "MAMMON-MOLOCHISM."**—**NOTE I.**—He who will assert that the reformed Church by law established, did not originate in the licentiousness of its first head, would talk of snuffing out the sun by a pinch of his finger and thumb. He who will deny that it has been a persecuting church, will swear that the crater of Etna is an ice house.

Here at once I soberly disclaim the wish to "put down" Kings and Bishops, and all such like growths of the age of Green Dragons, Scaly Griffons, Fifty Feet Giants, Necromancers, Magi, Augurs, Broom-riding Witches and Wizards. Kings, Bishops, &c. were somebody then. I desire to do my little towards making humanity sick and ashamed, and repentant of its Anti-Christian worship of them; and, if it be possible, to encourage, Kings, Bishops, &c., to laugh out frankly, instead of chuckling in their sleeves at their own mummery and the dupery of mankind.

**NOTE II.**—The repetition of a villainy sanctifies the act. Custom purifies grossness, and, by custom, grossness becomes decorum. The pal of the pickpocket, street thief, or shoplifter, has a tremulous compunction when he mounts the witness box to swear to a lie in favour of his comrade. Not so the parson when he swears. "Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness." In the other case, "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." "One murder makes a villain, millions a hero"—one perjury makes an abandoned outcast; a hundred or a thousand, a "respectable" man: on which principle it is, I suppose, that this oath ridden, oath-swallowing, and oath-vomiting people, is the most religious and the most moral in the world. More oaths are sworn in one year in England, (where a religion is professed which forbids oaths) than in all the civilized nations of the earth besides, in a *whole generation*.—Taking oaths is, here, but a thing of form, though it be at the instigation of the Holy Ghost; which, in the Rev. divine's vocabulary, signifies *money*, or its equivalent. The thief's pal stammers at a false oath;—the Rev. divine is

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\* Sixpennyworth of Truth, Good Measure. By "One of the Faction," (according to the *Standard* newspaper) "Without a God." Containing Mammon-Molochism; Wellington's Oxford Installation; Caste; Pack together Reformers; and Warning and Advice to Reformers: with copious notes. London: W. Strange, 1836. In this pamphlet the author gave vent, with great bitterness and power, to some of his views on Politics, Morals, and Religion. The various subjects are introduced in rhyme, but the pith and marrow of the arguments are to be found in the prose notes. The verses are now omitted for want of room, but the notes are given nearly entire.—J. F.

hardened in it : he goes to it with a smirk, or a devotional smile. The former is whipped for his single offence : the Rev. gentleman becomes more respectable, and more reverend upon it : it helps him along in his course of holiness.

Is he not inducted to his office by perjury ? What else is his swearing that he believes he is called by the Holy Ghost ? (unless Holy Ghost means money, as I before said.) He *believes* he is so called ? ay, that "believes" is a nice convenience,—yet, as I wish to be merciful in my justice, I will admit that occasionally a *rara avis* appears among the reverends, who does feel a something which he calls, nay, perhaps, thinks is a movement of a heavenly spirit, the divine *afflatus* ; when such an one does appear, his brethren regard him as the simpleton of their order, one who, as they reasonably doubt his orthodoxy, must be well watched. Such a man is always subjected to their most severe process of examination, as if, in spite of his oath, they suspect the Holy Ghost has made a mistake. Is my talking thus half so irreverent as their doing thus ? O yes, they *do* it "decorously."

Does he not swear that he has sought the office—(I forget the words of the black mummery,) from no worldly motive ? that he has held no negotiation of money—no pecuniary bargain—no buying, selling—no commerce, or "consideration" in the seeking, or arrangement of the affair ? ay, every one of them, sleek and slim, bronze, black, red, and pale, all swear this. Ho ! how the oath administerer must chuckle in his pious sleeves as he dribbles out the form to the swearer !

Do they not all swear to belief in the Athanasian Creed ? which no man ever yet could comprehend ; and which the monster who fashioned it, intended should be an utterly inexplicable puzzle ; blasphemously screening his duplicity by the word MYSTERY.

Does not every one of them, when inducted to a living, make oath that he will reside on the spot ? and is this oath any more binding to their consciences than a rotten rush would be to their limbs ? Is it not an undisputed—nay, unblushed for—and avowed fact, that six-thousand of the ten thousand of them, live, move, and have their being\* in open perjury on this score ? If they can wriggle out of the perjury *de facto*, they cannot shuffle out of the spirit. Six thousand ! the more the merrier : perhaps he was reckoned rather a bold bad man who leaped this Rubicon : but as I said before, "Custom hath made it in them a property of easiness"—the frequency of the villainy sanctifies the act. The perjured parson's non-residence, is a feather in his respectability cap : it is an added certificate of his being one of the wealth and education class : all's right if he be but decorous. Any man may cheat his conscience, if he be decorous in his habits : it will be very right to do very wrong, so you behave with propriety, and take your family regularly to church.

Does not every one of them swear on his induction to an Irish living

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\* O ! I forgot, the Bishop's dispensation makes it all right.  
Admirable Morality !

that he will keep up—superintend the education—nay, himself be the schoolmaster, literally, of his parish? And how many comply with this condition, by doing literally nothing, except urging the bayonet, and process serving education?

There are some score other oaths at which they are equally apt in taking, and equally apt in breaking. Their slippery cunning may squeeze their pliable and contractile consciences through loop holes, out of the bonds of all the former: but in the following I hold them bound (if oaths could bind) head, neck, breast, hand and foot, without the capability of a single wriggle.

By all the Canons, Ordinances, Customs, Legalities, Dues, and Duties of the Church established, they swear they will faithfully abide. One of these Laws binds (no, bids;—there is no *binding* a parson in these matters,) every clerical tithe receiver to pay the first year's income of his living, and one tenth of that income every succeeding year of his holding the living, into the treasury of first fruits and tenths.

They do pay—(sometimes they shuffle out of even this shuffle) *according to the value in Liber Regis*—thus, ten pounds for a holding of two hundred:—and one pound instead of twenty, for the tenths! The clergyman pays by *Liber Regis*—receiving is another affair: but a parson's conscience becomes capital caoutchouc at the touch of money.

In the presence of God, the ambitious priest cries out *Nolo Episcopari*.

Now I know there is nothing wrong, nothing criminal in all this:—it is only departure from custom that is criminal. They are the bad ones who do not do as others do: and of course, I am a very wicked man for *proclaiming these things*; the guiltiness is not in the doer; the exposé of the doing is the *wretch*, the *vile*, the “infidel.” I should be thought a very good man, doubtless, if I would write a pamphlet in vindication of the roguery: a “staunchly religious and sincerely pious.” “They are a very respectable body of men”—Well: I am sure there is not a word here which calls their respectability into question, or tarnishes it in the least. A man's heart may be nothing but a reservoir for toad spittle, and his veins nothing but channels for coursing venom; and the lobes of his brain may be the perpetual motion of hypocrisy, fraud, blood-letting schemes, envy, spite, and mischief; yet will his respectability be unsmirched, if his exterior be decorous, and his customs exhibit his deference to the proprieties of custom and “respectable” society. “The clergy are a class of men,” said a defender of the holy brotherhood to me the other day, “who follow the dictates of their consciences.” Ay, they do—they drive all before them.

It is possible that in the foregoing list of oathings of the clergy, verbal mis-statements may appear. I must remind the reader of what I have said elsewhere in this six-penny worth. I am not endeavouring to aid the Conservative—the Royal and Constitutional—the Morality and Religion—the Altar and Throne Cause: consequently, lying and slander are not my weapons. Radicals of my cast can afford to be strictly honest, and what is more, we cannot afford to be false. I



should be sorry, for the sake of our cause, if an untruth were sent forth either by myself, or by any other of its friends. If, therefore, anything in this list of oathings be not true, I will retract and atone as publicly, and as sincerely, as I have made the charge. But I must be convinced that I have erred: saying I have told falsehoods, or the calling me a liar, won't do: that's a common trick of your Altar and Throne Men.

They do seek a Kingdom of this world, they do lay up treasures, they do worship the lusts of the flesh. And it is as gross a piece of humbug as ever was palmed on priest-ridden apes to say that the same compassionate consideration for their frailties (the frailties of the Priesthood) which is claimed by and yielded to the Laity, ought, in justice, to be extended to them. This will not do—unless we impugn the power and truth of that Holy Ghost, by which they have sworn they are called. "There are many good men among them"—I freely admit it—I wish there were more—a hundred times as many, the sooner would they leave off priesting it.—All of them have some good in them. But it is out of the pale of their office that the good exists, not within it. It is that bounty and beauty of original nature which education and habit can never, entirely, obliterate. Out of their trade of Priest, they may be good men, good fathers, good husbands, affectionate sons,—agreeable in companionships. I have known Pirates who were so, *out* of their trade; who cut throats and dashed out brains remorselessly, nay, exultingly, by the score, *in* their trade. The annals of Newgate will furnish hundreds of illustrious examples of similar out-of-business virtue. I have shewn by what course the Clergymen is initiated,—if he defend himself in that position when it is attacked, he will surely not hesitate to employ criminalities equally great. The Robber who has shut himself up in his tower with a determination to defend his plunder, will endeavour,—he will do his utmost,—to slay every assailant: but are we to respect the Robber for his charity and his benevolence, if, when unassailed, he give back a sixpence to the man from whom he has stolen the guinea?

Why, the process of education by which our Clergy are prepared for their office, utterly and for ever—except in some most rare instances of superior enlightenment, an electric and seething flash of conviction of the wrong—utterly and for ever unfits them for the task of teaching the benevolent, the heart-touching, and universal beauty of the system of Christ. In childhood and in boyhood, and at those seasons of life, when, as we know, the constitutional tendencies, and the habits of feeling and thought, take their *tone*, settle in their channels, and become fixed and determined, their faculties are all employed, and their interests and feelings absorbed, in the acquisition of knowledge of Heathen Mythology—the pruriences of Ovid, and, worse, a thousand times worse in its lasting effects of direct antagonism to Christianity,—the refined ferociousness, and the polished and fascinating brutality of Homer's heroes. These impressions cling to them through life, and tinge their whole conduct through life. Hence is it that they love, admire and

laud, and teach others to love, admire, and laud, a wholesale slaughtering of man,—to reverence such scourges while the benefactor of his species,—the true follower of the master (whom *they* dishonour,)—scarcely obtains from them a passing comment, unless it be of censure, or a warning to their flocks to avoid him. Jesus Christ, were He on earth now, would be as much hated and despised by them as he was eighteen hundred years ago. Priests are the same now as then: they have changed in nothing but dogmas.

The friendliness of cassock towards bayonet,—the laudation of soldier by priest—the alliance of Clergy with Military, which are observable throughout the kingdom, are admirable policy. By it the parsons hope to regain and secure peace;—not that peace which the Master (professed) taught—but that peace which alone is estimable in their eyes,—Tithes unquestioned, and Church revenues freely poured into their coffers. *This* peace secured, the other may go to the devil, for them, and “infants’ cradles may become nests of sleeping adders.”

NOTE III.—The nasty, lubberly habit of spitting to windward, is a very common trick of the Tories, and it offends none but themselves. No people are so blunderingly dextrous at flinging filth in their own faces, and kicking their own seats of honor: but of all the grossnesses of which combined folly and knavery was ever guilty, what can compare with their “no popery” cry! For what did the Tories plunge the nation into the last war?—and on what plea?—by what cajolery did they prevail with even those who were opposed to the war, to approve of it as just? What, but the damage done and the danger threatened to Religion! To restore that order of things,—to reinstate that legitimacy which would adhere to “popery” to the last gasp. It was for this that the “*great Captain*” “*SAVED*” England! To this end was Waterloo covered with Tory Glory. In succour, in protection, in fosterage of that religion which our patriots, par excellence—the “Old English Oak” men called *a device of the Devil, and an invention of hell*, did England expend a thousand millions of money, and nearly a million of lives. For this were illuminations flashed, and bonfires kindled, and bells rung, Te deums sung, and huzzas shouted, and wine vats emptied, and drunken head-aches achieved, and “Heroes” pensioned, and Warriors belauded, and prayers and thanksgivings belowed and droned, and hallelujahs and anthems chaunted and chorussed in Protestant Churches! for this—*for this alone!*—For this it is that Tories now pack, and Royal and Gracious Dukes *now*, now join in bewailing the fall of Legitimacy, and secretly or openly praying for the success of Don Miguel and their dear friend Don Carlos: and *here* they cry “No Popery!”—and with the cry would if they could—if they dared begin,—yes: Pistols are bulletted,—Bayonets are fixed,—Swords are sharpened,—Knives are whetted:—Boo, boo, boo—Bug-a-boo! “No Popery” is the word.

The Tories are as they ever were.

“Nought they’ve forgotten and nothing they’ve learned.”

They have not forgotten that they did gull and humbug John Bull most

successfully ; but they have not learnt that the people have learnt something ; that such tricks won't do again ; nor that the people are not the nincompoops which they contrived to make them, a few years ago.

Keep, only keep these blessed Conservatives, these Altar and Throne zealots,—these Religion and Morality beauties, without a chance of returning to power, and, in a few years, every man and woman of them will be—not a Radical—no :—we should be truly ashamed of such a gang of desperadoes,—but a thorough thick and thin, ranting, revelling *Destructive* :—then Altar and Throne may go to the Devil—Religion and Morality follow them.—And capital ferrets will they make ;—when they find there is no longer a chance of *their* plundering the nation, they will tell all the secrets and tricks, and wriggle into every hole and cranny to hunt out the State's vermin :—they know all the manoeuvres, and all the twistings and all the doublings in all the dark and filthy places. No doubt they will furnish us with a correct topography of these regions : so, for the sake of geographical science, if for nothing else, keep the Tories out, my Countrymen.

But for this service let them not dream that they have the least claim on our thankfulness, or on our respect. They will then be just, and no more, so elevated in our estimation as is the house-breaker who turns King's evidence to save his own neck :—or they may be even so far advanced in our respect as to be valued exactly as we value the thief, who, being nettled because his allotted portion of the *swag* is not so great as that of his comrade's, in revenge sends secret information of the Fence to the Police.

Indeed they are the very Cavaliers and Knights errant of Religion and Morality just at this time : disgusting hypocrisy ! Though, in truth, it can scarcely be termed hypocrisy : hypocrisy does deceive : but this is broad, bluff-visaged, deep-bronzed impudence, from which the hypocrisy has evaporated, and nothing visible is left but the grim ugliness, and weather-beaten hardihood of the practiced bully. I saw the walls of a manufacturing town, during the last election, placarded with an appeal from the Tory Candidates' wiseacres to the friends of Religion and Morality :—a call to such to rally round the Tory standard ! Stupendous and sublime audacity ! Shovel hats, of course, were in a whirl of ecstatic activity. To my certain knowledge, their head man did go to a neighbouring town, and there propose and urge that two thousand pounds should be expended in keeping open certain ale-houses and grog shops, for three weeks previous to the Election :—for there was a number of the bribeable voters among the poorer classes, (the unwashed, the rabble—of the other side,) “ whose votes might be secured by such an act of liberality,—that ‘by such a measure the desired success’—the return of the ‘Religion and Morality Candidate’ was certain.” I know also that this recommendation was carried into effect ; and I know also that among these votaries of religion and morality, certain godly people, who are members of a religious book society, which excludes any book that is not religious, *par excellence*, were as busy and as buzzing as flies in ordure in the affair ; and did go to those dens of filthy orgies, of licentious and drunken idiocy, and

themselves conduct their brutalized victims up to the poll-booths. Moreover, these godly people did go to prayer and thanksgiving for this blessing of success in the cause of Religion and Morality: their Altar and Throne man got in: how, my masters? that is an account which has yet to be settled with the insulted nation.—I am neither a Tory nor an Altar and Throne man—nor a Religion and Morality man, therefore I do not tell lies: the cause in which I avow myself to be zealous, can afford to be honest and truthful. If you want names I can give them. I'll watch the party at the next election; and if they repeat their tricks, let them expect to see their names, in enormity of type, plastered against all the walls in the kingdom. Religion and Morality! Good Lord deliver us!

NOTE IV.—In all ages and all religious sects, the influence of priests has been and is, to produce bitter bigots and infidels. If scepticism and infidelity *are* rife, it is the work of priests. And what foolish impudence is it in them to denounce the scoffers of religion, while their own practice is a running comment of derision on the lessons of which they profess to be the teachers!—and claim to be the elect, the inspired teachers too! the men who hold by divine ordinance the office of the Apostles, and the immediate disciples of Christ!—Measureless effrontery! To me it would be no matter of surprise, if every truly Christian hearted man in the universe, felt a sickening disgust at the very word religion, when it comes from their lips, and shunned, as a leprosy, a contact with any professor: or, what is much more likely, braved a martyrdom through pestilence, in the charitable hope of effecting a cure.

"If the Priests do not destroy the Bible, the Bible will inevitably destroy them:" therefore for "the better security of Religion," (the Almighty lacks help, I suppose, as they are so fond of this phrase,) it behoves the Bishops to lose not a moment, but instantly to bestir themselves in the places which they so fitly occupy in the House, and in their dioceses out of it; and for every man who writes Reverend, or Very Reverend, or Right Reverend Father in God, before his name, or aspires to either of these, or any other sanctified prefix or addendum, to lose not a moment in denouncing the Bible, as, (what, if *they* are right, it certainly is,) an infamous, infidel making,—religion and creed opposing, priest and hypocrite confounding book; the fruitful sower of seditions and blasphemies! and to band themselves into Clubs,—Carlton, Orange, and such like,—with the pious and unalterable resolve of utterly, and for ever, exterminating that book: for unless some such "energetic and decisive measures," (and all the men of "energy and decision" in *good*, are on their side) are adopted, and that speedily too, it will soon be impossible to stop the wide, deep, and rushing torrents, the channels of which are opened in the brain, heart, and soul of every man and woman who reads the Bible without the *assistance* of priestly glossary or comment. The Bible contains an ethereal element that will burn up Kingcraft and Priestcraft so utterly, that not a grain of their dust or ashes shall be left for the Christian's eye to gaze upon. "Beware of the Bible!" shouts the invincible WILLIAM HOWITT: "Beware

of the Bible!" is my faint and distant echo of WILLIAM HOWITT'S warning appeal.

Forgiveness of wrongs and forbearance under insults and injuries, are the most lofty of the Christian virtues,—and also the most difficult of practice: but of all wrongs and insults, those which demand the greatest strength of virtue to endure meekly, are impositions on the intellect, deceptions on the mind, insults on the understanding: to this virtue I have not reached: other wrongs, other insults, I most sincerely and seriously believe, I have sufficient strength to forgive. I am but one: but I am sure (and I am not aware that this subject has ever been alluded to by any writer or lecturer) I speak the sentiments of tens of thousands, when I say that the disgust I feel on recollection of the impositions which were attempted, and practised with success, on my mind in childhood (I escaped in boyhood) and in youth, by way of making me what the miserable wretches called religious, is deep, intense, indescribable, immeasurable, and I fear, ineradicable. When I took to reading the Bible on my own account, I was not long in discovering that what they palmed on me as the will of God, was no more than the will of the Priests. I am but one:—but, I repeat it, there are tens of thousands whose experience on these matters is similar to mine: and if all who are priest-gulled, and priest-ridden in childhood and youth, will, in riper years, take up the Bible, and read intently for themselves—taking no heed whatever of the interpretation of the "Fathers" or of the Priests: and have the courage to read with a will to understand what God really means there, perhaps every one so reading will rise from his labour bonded to Heaven with this resolve, "NO MORTAL MAN SHALL EVER BE MY PRIEST."

Multifarious are the forms, and numerous are the devices through which young intellects are swindled out of their rights and power, by the zealous piety and charity of religious teachers, (alack! for the perversion of words!) who cunningly aim at impressing the wax while it is too soft to resist, and sagely imagine that the hypocrisy and falsehood indented there will grow indelible hardness, so to be applied to *their* use as stepping-stones to mind and soul domination;—for intrenching the intellectual slavery they inculcate, and for building up walls that shall securely inclose *their* usurpations. A few of their victims may continue, through life, too cowardly indolent, too bigotedly depraved, too hypocritically dissolute to make an independent effort towards ascertaining in their riper years, whether those tales were true: but the many, the majority will read, and will find other interpretations of Scripture than those which were imposed by the fraudulent tyranny of an Established domination, the craft of a creed, or the selfishness of a priestly greediness of lucre. The *Man* will remember,—and he will have all the scenic getting up of the gorge-heaving mummery strongly placed before his mental *retina*,—how, when he was a poor child in one of their fens of cant, craft, and catechism, the *National* Schools,—he and his little comrades were examined on texts of Scripture, in order to prove to the pious patronesses present, how religious was their training.

He will remember his quoting, or rather gabbling like a Parrot—"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's:" and he will again see the pious and condescending smile on the face of the begowned parson; again hear the said parson's "Well, my child, and what does that text of Scripture teach you?" and he will feel sick at the recollection of the answer which said parson had taught him to squeak—"to pay taxes and tithes cheerfully:" and his face will burn with shame and self-scorn at the remembrance of the delighted vanity, (under which he blushed even to the tips of his fingers) with which he received said parson's pat on his glowing head, and the parson's "right, my good child." And the bitterness of pity will swell in his heart for those clever women and those bright-minded men, who then and there lauded the success of their scheme, and prophesied the important and fruitful results to the "true religion"—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

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*They* (the Priests and the Tories) are the people who claim the merit of establishing the strength and freedom of England and Englishmen:—*they* swagger of the nation's growth in grandeur and intelligence:—*they* trumpet the superiority of commercial enterprize, and the successes of industry,—the breaking off of the shackles of feudalism, and the gradual expansion of franchise, and equality in the spirit of the laws. *THEY*! God help their silly brains, and rectify the throbbings of their foolish hearts! The aim of their Conservative (Tory) tricks, and of their mighty prowess, also, has ever been to check all these:—to bind all Englishmen, who are not of themselves, in a fixed, present, and hopeless-of-escape-futurity, of servitude to them. *They* boast of the "Old English Oak!" It has grown to what it is,—and will grow more noble, more magnificently beautiful,—not by their nurturing,—but in spite of all their combined machinations and united efforts to blast it. It is the native indomitable character, the bold energy of resistance, the untiring industry, and unquenchable perseverance of the MEN—the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, which have made her as beautiful as she is.

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One word more on the English edition of the Bible. Why is that most foolish and disgraceful dedication still printed and circulated with it? The first matter which meets the reader's eye in opening the book, is something which must excite suspicion. \* \* Let that dedication be torn out, never to be restored: it stains the Book. It is not God's word while that dedication is attached to it. Reader, turn to your Bible instantly, and tear it out: it disgraces your reason, and offends your religious feelings while it remains there. That dedication has the look of the Duke of Cumberland signing an Orange Lodge warrant, just as he is going to lift the Sacramental Cup to his lips.

NOTE V.—During the recent struggle for, and in opposition to, a Church Rate in Louth, the Curate, that "very good man" as he is

called—the “truly pious Clergyman” as he is called—in a sermon after a prayer for a blessing on the preacher’s word,—in a favoured moment of inspiration,—doubtless, an inspiration from his Mammon Moloch,—expressed his fervent hope that “ten thousand times ten thousand swords would leap from out their scabbards to enforce the rate levying,”—and this was followed by the prayer for “the peace which passeth all understanding!” Yes, truly, there are some very good, worthy, pious men among them; and the Reverend J. Collinson, is a sample. “They bite with their teeth, and cry Peace: and he that putteth not into their mouths, they even prepare *War* against him. They build up Zion with blood, yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, is not the Lord among us?”—*Micah*, chap. 3rd, passim.

NOTE VI.—The Parsons know that their dupes and friends are more afraid of a foul nick-name than of doing a foul deed. *Profligate wretch*,—*blaspheming infidel*, &c. are terms applied to men, whom I can name, whose sincere piety no human being can call in question, and whose every act of existence is as close an imitation of the great Exemplar’s, as the present false position, and vice-compelling construction of society, will permit their utmost endeavours to achieve: not deferring to Church and State makes them all that is vicious and depraved, in the mouths of the Altar and Throne Men, who are always careful to send their slanders to a distance: the lie would be choked on the spot.

NOTE TO CASTE.—Broad staring, blazing and flaring as the fact is, (that the rich sit in cushioned pews and the poor sit on hard benches) every Sabbath-and-in-all-churches-occurring, massively palpable as is its truth, there will be found Altar and Throne men in abundance who are sufficiently foolish and impudently stupid to say it is false. Of course any thing that a Radical like myself may say on this matter, must be a lie.—So Messieurs Altar and Throne men, and CASTE worshippers, I refer you to one of your props, the Bishop of London; surely you will admit that he does not mean to upset you by false statements? Do you ever condescend to read any thing which E. L. Bulwer writes? If you do not, look at the Bishop’s own evidence before the “Committee on the better observance of the Sabbath.”

If you do, just look at the bottom of page 332, Vol. II. of “England and the English,” and read on to the close of the paragraph.

“You assert in your evidence, my Lord Bishop, that you are frustrated in your benevolent desire, that in the new Churches the seats of the poor should be distributed among those of the rich, in order that the former might be so enabled to hear better the common Word of God;—you assert that you are frustrated:—by what? *the refusal of the rich whose contributions sustain the Churches* to allow so undignified a mixture! What an exemplification of the Aristocracy! They subscribe to build Churches, but on condition of retaining *there (!!)* ‘the distinctions which out of Church separate them from the poor. We unhappily direct that ‘the gorgeous palaces and the solemn temples’ shall stand in the same street, be lit by the same lamps and guarded by the same watchmen!”

What a pity it is that our CASTE worshippers cannot pew off the light and warmth of the Sun!

And these folks have the gross impudence to call themselves Christians!

Do away with Pews, and all means of making distinctions and Castes there, and in three months half the Churches and Chapels in England will be deserted. *Three months?* In three days such a revolution would be completed as might leave all other—the mightiest revolutions that ever shook states and empires since the world began, in unregarded corners of the thoughts: in three days would roll off, like the vapours which have hung over a stagnant ditch, all the religion of all the respectability-worshippers in the Kingdom.

CONCLUSION:—IN SERIOUS SADNESS.—Were not these samples of the charities, and the benevolences, and the condescensions, and the considerations, and the sympathy for the Poor, of our Aristocratic, and our wealthy, and our Parsons, so trumpeted on the highways, so placarded in the streets, so be-preached in the pulpit, so be-praised by maudlin and frippery, and skilfully knavish writers, so blazoned before our eyes, and dinned in our ears, every where; I should not speak of their other acts of callous selfishness, of their domineering insolence, of their strip-pings, oppressions and ejectments, as I do,—*and I feel I do so speak*,—in denunciative scorn: nor in the ferocity of malignity, as my speaking will be called; but which, the Omniscient is my judge, I do not feel. No—no; mine would then be the tone and language of earnest exposition to the authors of calumny, degradation, and suffering; dictated by intense grief and sympathy with the sufferers. It is the gross cheatery,—the humbug, the opinion-swindling that is every where, and in so many forms practised throughout the kingdom in these affairs, (by-the-bye—there are blockheads who deem such humbug, proofs of patriotic feeling, and love of England;) which exacerbates strong patience out of her propriety, and agonizes her into vehemence of scorn and indignation.

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#### CASTE.\*

GOD! that some spirit, stirr'd by Thee,  
 Would rise to set all nations free,  
     By bursting one dread chain;  
 Whose festering links chafe at thy will.—  
 They bid the sun of mind stand still,  
     Or make it shine in vain.

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\* I have chosen these lines, (from "Caste" in Sixpennyworth of Truth,) expressive of his faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, and of his ardent longing to assist its progress, to be the conclusion of this collection of the writings of Charles Reece Pemberton.—J. F.



One heart, that panted to the dead,  
 The wide, grand grasp of thought to feed  
     With its celestial flames ;  
 And fling the spreading blaze o'er all ;  
 To scorch—to crack that cord of thrall,  
     Which mightiest daring tames.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rise, rise great Genius, whencesoe'er  
 Thou may'st arise—this is my prayer—  
     Oft times in this, my brain  
 Throbs up to agony :—disperse,—  
 Quell, crush for ever, crush this curse !  
     Did, did Christ live in vain ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Come, Genius of immortal birth,  
 And sweep this monster from the earth !  
     Disease him with thy eye :—  
 Thy glance shoot palsy through his herds,  
 Each germ blast with thy burning words,  
     And let his spirit die !

The time will come : Truth's mighty aim—  
 As the damp torch so slow to flame,—  
     When every shatter'd spark  
 Struggles to life—faints, glows, then spreads  
 It's bursting flash o'er hearts and heads  
     Where all was cold and dark,—

So Truth's great aim—though panting, slow  
 At first, while foul obstructions throw  
     Their barriers in the way,—  
 Shall gather swiftness as it flies,  
 Concentred strength, and in all eyes  
     Flash its all gladdening ray.

Oh, could I do, of my vast will  
 One millionth part,—what joy would thrill  
     My soul ! though lone and lorn  
 I die :—ennobled by this shame,  
 I'd court as worthiest holiest fame,  
     Contemporaneous scorn !

## ON C. R. PEMBERTON.

By W. J. Fox.

My knowledge of Pemberton commenced in 1833, when I was editing the *Monthly Repository*, and endeavouring (without the usual resources for making a Periodical profitable) to establish it as the organ of those who aimed at carrying out Reform Principles to their legitimate consequences in social life. An article, entitled "The Victim," or the melancholy history of Mehetabel Wesley, caught his attention and secured at once his strongest sympathies. He immediately became a contributor; a gratuitous and generous one; and continued so, as the contents of this volume may testify, to the utmost extent which his health and avocations permitted. This was with him a labour of love. His heart was in it; and his pride. To his connexion with this work it is owing that we have so much information of his eventful, but otherwise unrecorded life, as is intimated by the "Autobiography of Pel Verjuice." How far those papers may be construed literally, I have not the means of determining. They may certainly be relied upon for what constitutes essentially the *Life* of the writer. They are a delineation of the mental and moral being, not less faithful than vivid; sometimes completing the conscious picture by the transparent implication of traits of which he was unconscious; and furnishing that real biography which we often desiderate in the most careful chronology of birth and death with all the intermediate external events. Not only the Pel Verjuice papers but, with few exceptions, all Pemberton's contributions to the *Monthly Repository* may be regarded as autobiographical. He wrote from himself. He was his own book and study. His observations and experiences became a part of himself before he gave them out to others. His present thoughts were his past sensations. They were indelibly burnt into his being. The vividness with which any thing by which he had been affected returned upon him seemed absolutely preternatural. The minutest objects of a scene, in their dimensions and proportions, were retained by him with the fidelity of the Daguerrotype. His recollection was more accurate than most persons' perception. Some may have known themselves more philosophically, no one ever saw himself more distinctly. The moving Panorama of his life engraved itself on his mind as it passed. He was the very man to write autobiography. He could write nothing but autobiography. And what else is so valuable? The revelation of another human being to us, is the revelation of the world as it appeared to that other. Pemberton should have been pensioned to complete Pel Verjuice. And yet, perhaps, he has done enough. His life itself was fragmentary, like the record. What would more external facts, or appended dates, have signified? The being is there, as it is. He is there, misnomer and all. There was no real verjuice in his composition. What he mistook for it was only the

milk of human kindness soured by circumstances. Added events and chronological arrangement would have told little more that is worth knowing. They would not have shewn more of the writer, but only something more *about* the writer. The picture of his feelings is better than a chronicle of his coats. It is his own fault, if the reader of these disjointed papers does not know Pemberton. There is enough to shew the fineness of his organization, the fervour of his feelings, the alternate depth and superficiality of his acquirements, the irregularity of his development, and the real consistency of the apparent incongruities of his career. The impressions made by the autobiography are analogous to those which the being himself produced. It will be soon thrown aside, or it will strongly fascinate the reader. If his sympathies be touched at all, they will be affected deeply. Thus was it with the author. He was eminently fitted to attract affection. Who did not love "Poor Charles?" He won the hearts of the young and the old, the eminent in station and the lowliest, the logically severe and the poetically enthusiastic. The list of those who sympathized in his sufferings embraces all these diversities. A mere acquaintance with that man was scarcely *in rerum naturâ*. He was promptly avoided, or permanently cherished. His weaknesses and his strength were both endearing. An affectionate interest was unfailingly excited in all whose penetration, or whose opportunities, enabled them to look below the mere surface of his conduct. Some might tax his faults more rigidly, and others rate his powers more admiringly, but all voices were harmonized into an affectionate tone. A halo of regard ever surrounded him; too often encompassed by a wider sphere of repulsion. For Pemberton had no arts of conciliation for those who were not attracted by appreciation of his nature. It is saying little of him that he had no servility; he had no suppression, no dexterity, no accommodation, for those whose intellect he despised, or whose qualities he disapproved. To many he was offensive. And yet, that he was so, was the fault rather of the offended than of the offender. Of ill-will, he was utterly incapable. The coolness of malice was to him as impossible, as the warmth of reprobation was familiar. There was something loveable in the fervid simplicity and uncalculating earnestness in which he often plunged headlong into the most glaring offensiveness towards those on whose countenance his success was most dependent. All his prudence was done by proxy. His heart was open to friend or foe. The unguardedness of that honest bosom made those who loved him at all, love him the more and better.

A very prominent characteristic of his writings, as of himself, is a burning hatred of oppression. To endure wrong, where resistance was impossible, and redress hopeless, had been the bitter lot of his early life. On whatever relates to political institution or social arrangement, his principles were passions. He could never reduce justice and injustice to matters of calculation. There was no blind antagonism to authority in his feeling. His intellect had been well exercised on the subject, and was applied to it honestly. Fury is said to be indistinct in its perceptions; but his emotion was rather the intensity of light that en-

kindles by being brought into a focus. He was indignant because he knew the sensation of being wronged, and perhaps often realized it more strongly than the injured themselves. His associated feelings were not those of their blunted sense but of his own thrilling organisation. The language of his writings may sometimes appear exaggerated, but it is strictly true to himself, even when most vehement. The "words that burn" in his compositions, had first shaken his frame, flushed his cheek, clenched his teeth, and fevered his pulse. His dramatic power forsook him in metempsychosizing with tyrants, political or social. The loathing of his nature refused the identification. He forgot all artistry, and became careless or unconscious of the effect of his vituperation upon the minds of others. Oppression was a viper in his way. His soul held no terms with its pretensions. Its impunity, so often extending not only to immunity from external retribution, but from that of opinion, augmented his abhorrence. It was to him the great devil of the world's idolatry, and he would spit at it, and curse it to its face.

In the exposure of insincerity, he was always most unsparing. He had no toleration for cant. And he was eminently successful in the detection of those subtler forms of hypocrisy and conventionalism which so much pervade the profession of religion and the conduct of education. The article entitled an "Escape," and the review of the Rev. C. Taylor's "Social Evils and their Remedy," are specimens of the keen scent with which he hunted down game of this description, his moral instinct ministering to the acuteness of his metaphysical analysis. "Once for all," he says in the Autobiography, "I will declare my creed of moralities. All virtue I sum up in two words, benevolence and sincerity. All crime I comprize in cruelty and hypocrisy. There is cruelty in a smile, sometimes. There is cruelty in a cold look; there is cruelty in withholding a kind word." He pounced at once upon a *sham*, like a hawk upon its quarry. Lowly looks could not hide from him the spiritual assumption, nor gentle tones the hard and self-complacent thought, nor sounding common-places the practical lesson of servility or sordidness.

These qualities were continually apparent, not only in Pemberton's writings, but in his lectures and conversation. Some shrank from him, not liking to be probed so deeply. Others hastily concluded him to be a man of antagonistic mind, an habitual fault-finder and censorer, whom it would better have become to look at home. Many were glad to catch any floating stories that might sanction the language of superciliousness or aversion. How little they knew of the man. His hatred sprang from love, and his sarcasms were full of reverence for humanity. The rights of all were to him a sacred thing, and truthfulness the jewel of the soul. Those who are so sorely shocked at the intemperateness of his style, should remember that charity has other vocations in the world besides palliating the inflictions of the wrong-doer, and recognising the respectability of conventionalism. A glowing sympathy with unmerited suffering, and an undimmed transparency of character, are not the most fitting thing to put beyond the bounds of toleration.

Pemberton's love of nature was intense. His descriptions evince its power over him, both in its simplest and its grandest forms. Cold and fasting, he would tramp for many a mile to fling himself down on some hill-side and enjoy a prospect. His feet loved to feel beneath them the elastic sward. Happy man could a bouquet make him, and he gloated, like a miser over gold, upon his treasury of sea-weed. He would fondle the hare-bell, and worship the Aram-lily. No child ever so delighted in flowers. No liberated village school-boy ever dashed with more bounding step along the common. The roughnesses of life that had sharpened his intellect and lacerated his nerves, left unimpaired this freshness, or made it more fresh than ever. It was invigorating to see him, and to hear his ejaculations. He had an eye for the minutest object, and yet took in all the diversity of the most extended scene. Get him into a beautiful country, and the simple, unsophisticated, ebullient being seemed like new-made man, in loving and joyous union with all creation.

There was in Pemberton the same quick and vivid perception of moral, literary, or artistical beauty as of natural. The recital of a generous or heroic action suffused his eyes with tears. His heart leapt at it. Any new book with pith and truth in it became, for the time, his Bible. His judgment waited not for the opinion of others, nor for the calculated result of his own rapid analysis. It was grasped instinctively, and his next lecture was sure to be full of it. Of his first play he has spoken at length in the autobiography. The last he saw was the *Tempest*, as revived by Mr. Macready, at Covent Garden Theatre. It was the only time that absence and illness allowed him to visit the theatre during a management which realised his brightest dreams and fondest wishes. He was then in a state of great debility and suffering, resting for a few days in London before setting out on his last and unsuccessful pursuit of health and strength. That night was, I have no doubt, the intensest theatrical enjoyment of his life. His feelings were as vivid as in boyhood, his nerves tremulous from disease, and here was the combination of the acting in which he most delighted with all the accessories which he had so often desiderated. The perfection of the stage-arrangements, not less appropriate than beautiful and splendid, the appreciation and enthusiasm of the audience, the personation of the great magician by one as great, whose managerial success then seemed to promise the existence of a theatre worthy of the national character, and of the imperishable name of Shakspeare, wrought upon him with a power too strong for his feeble frame. Big tears of rapture flowed down his hollow cheeks; and in broken accents he repeatedly ejaculated, "Thank God, thank God, I have lived to see this." The never-failing kindness of Mr. Macready had provided for his going, during the time he remained in London, under circumstances as much accommodated as possible to his invalid condition. But the excitement was too strong for him to venture on a repetition.

The Drama was Pemberton's main object of attention, as actor, lecturer, and writer, through a long portion of his life. Of his merit in the first of these capacities, nothing need be added to the eloquent de-

scription, reprinted in this volume, by one whose praise is of enduring worth. Of his Dramas the reader will judge for himself. I cannot help wishing that it had been practicable, or had consisted with the author's wishes, to fill the space which two of them occupy with the metrical stories written for introduction in his lectures, and admirably adapted to that purpose. Unless my memory deceive me greatly, they had much of that lyrical melody and facility of expression which characterize his contributions to Miss Flower's musical work, entitled "Songs of the Months." The snatches of personation by which his lectures were illustrated always produced a great effect. But they were never the mere pegs on which to hang such illustrations. His worship of Shakespeare was an intelligent and discriminating homage. The criticisms were often most felicitous. They combined an exceeding minuteness of detail with the broadest generality. The admiration was never vague, nor was there any pettiness in the particularization. In acting, he had no toleration for mere mimicry; or for the making "hits" by violent transitions, unwarranted by the spirit of the text, though perhaps seemingly sanctioned by the verbal expression. According to his theory, the actor, having ascertained by induction and analysis the character intended by the Dramatist, should then study his part synthetically; and inducing a sort of secondary life upon his own consciousness, follow the guidance of its impulses and tendencies in his mode of enacting each particular scene, both in the enunciation of what was set down for him, and in the bye-play, wherein so much of the personation necessarily consists. Few performers could satisfy his requirements. Only one gave him entire satisfaction. And the same canons of theatrical criticism which Pemberton had arrived at by intense, devoted, and practical study of the art, have been suggested to other minds by the delighted observance of Mr. Macready's performances.

A few such critics as Pemberton, upon the newspaper press, would do much for the public taste and appreciation, both of players and plays. But his Shakspearian lectures in London were chiefly delivered to the frequenters of the Mechanics' Institutes, by whom they were highly relished, while the criticisms read by other classes were evidently furnished by hands far less competent. It is much to be regretted that the substance of these lectures was not preserved, as he once intended it should be, in a series of theatrical annotations upon the Dramas of Shakespeare. He took an interleaved copy with him, for that purpose, on his last melancholy expedition. Weariness, pain, and harrassment, kept it "a blank."

The privations of Pemberton's life were severe. He was often but scantily supplied with the means of subsistence. The world does not want its taste to be refined, its heart expanded, or its conventional admiration rendered intelligent; and whoso undertakes such a work without "distinguished patronage," should lay his account with a very beggarly remuneration. He felt the wrong; and it sometimes made him irritable, but never mean; for he had both the sensibility and the pride of genius. Yet while, with a tattered coat, an empty stomach, a wearied

frame, and an aching heart, he would have spurned back the proffered donation of a supercilious patron, the cordiality of kindness ever elicited his frank and overflowing gratitude. For a friend, as for a principle, he would have done or endured any thing.

“I would climb up an ice-glazed precipice,  
To pluck a weed you fancied.”

And the inherent elasticity and buoyancy of his heart rose up against all pressure. One half hour of pleasant strolling or friendly intercourse set all right again, even in his darkest seasons. And there was of late years an obvious mitigation of the occasional bitterness of spirit that shews itself in some of the autobiographical papers. Blander views of society and of men became more decidedly predominant. He was also in the way for becoming better appreciated. But his constitution had yielded, and was too far impaired for renovation. The fitful dream is over. He rests in peace; and be his memory so cherished as to help on the time when mankind shall have learned to deal more justly, not to say generously, with those who are qualified and willing to minister to their refined enjoyment, intellectual culture, and social progress.

FINIS.











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